# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 29, '18

5cts.

Irvin S. Cobb—David Lawrence—Roland Pertwee—William J. Neidig—Harold E. Wright
Charles E. Van Loan—Albert W. Atwood—Mary Brecht Pulver—Eleanor Franklin Egan

# Welch's

THE NATIONAL DRINK

THAT breakfast glass of Welch's. Like a breath of October mornings. Crisp, fresh, bracing. It's a fast-growing custom to drink a small glass of Welch's as the fruit course to begin the day. How it sets you up! What an appetite it whets! It puts sparkle in your eye and spring in your step.

Welch's, the National Drink, is an aid to national efficiency. Founded on the principle of keeping heads clear instead of muddled, it raises the nation's standard of manhood by making the individual more fit.

Welch's is an energizing food as well as a thirst-quencher. Just the pure juice of Concord grapes. Not ordinary grapes, either. Extra-quality Concords are demanded for Welch's and a premium price is paid for their growing. How many ways do you know to serve Welch's? You have some delightful surprises coming when you get "Welch Ways"—the book of 99 recipes for making delicious drinks and other good things. Write for this beautifully illustrated book today. It is wholly free.

Buy Welch's in bottles, 10c and up, from your grocer, druggist or confectioner. Say "Welch's" at the soda fountain. ***Look for the store where Welch's is displayed.***

Canadian Plant: St. Catharines Ont.

## The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

*Below is photograph (actual size) of a cross-section cut from Barrett Specification Roof on the National Aniline & Chemical Company, Buffalo.*

# Above photo shows why we dare *Guarantee* Barrett Specification Roofs for 20 Years—

Above is a photograph (actual size) of a cross-section cut from a Barrett Specification Roof.

*Note its great thickness.*

*Note the five alternating layers of Specification Pitch and Felt Waterproofing.*

*Note the heavy wearing-surface of Slag bound with Pitch.*

No other type of roofing approaches a Barrett Specification Roof in the amount of protective waterproofing material used in its construction.

The weight of this waterproofing material is about 250 lbs. to 100 sq. ft., compared with 175 to 100 lbs. used in other types of roofs.

The wonder is *not* that we dare guarantee such a roof for twenty years, but that some people still buy light-weight, poorly constructed roofs and expect them to give long and satisfactory service.

### *Lower Cost per Year of Service*

The buyer naturally asks, "Do such roofs cost more than others?" Our answer is, "*No, they do not.*"

The experience of many years has proved that Barrett Specification Roofs *cost less per year of service* than any other kind. It is because they give such long service at such low cost that this type of roofing now covers most of the permanent structures of the country.

It is because of these facts that leading architects, engineers, and roofing contractors everywhere are coöperating with us in the better-roofs movement and why large construction companies like the Turner Construction Company, the Fuller Construction Company, The Austin Company, and many others, are so strong for Barrett Specification Roofs.

### Guaranteed for 20 Years

On all roofs of fifty squares or over, in cities of 25,000 or more, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available*, we will give with every Barrett Specification Roof a *20-Year Surety Bond* issued by the well-known U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore.

*This bond exempts building owners from all roof repair and maintenance expense for a period of twenty years.*

There is no charge for this bond. Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor be approved by us and that he strictly follow The Barrett Specification of May 1, 1916.

*Booklet explaining our 20-Year Guaranty and a copy of The Barrett Specification free on request.*

New York Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville
**The Barrett Company**
Boston St. Louis
Detroit Birmingham
Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria
THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S

*A few of the recently concrete buildings erected by the Turner Construction Co. of New York City. In one year, practically all of which were covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.*

# *Oat Meal Drop Cakes*—*Wheatless Dainties*

Any one in this country who can get along with less wheat and is not doing so is helping the German cause. —*United States Food Administration.*

OATMEAL drop cakes are savory little morsels. The blend of oatmeal and barley flour gives them an unusually gratifying flavor. They are shortened with Crisco instead of butter and therefore measure up fully to the war-time demand that we use vegetable fats.

CRISCO
*For Frying—For Shortening*
*For Cake Making*

Crisco is wholly vegetable, a rich cooking fat, which, having neither odor nor taste, gives only delicacy to foods. It is the solid cream of edible oil, sweet and wholesome.

It is so pure and of such high quality that housewives find it a satisfactory economy to discard butter in all cooking and depend wholly on Crisco.

Crisco comes in one-pound, air-tight, sanitary cans. Try it the next time you order a cooking fat. You will understand why millions demand it.

## *Oat Meal Drop Cakes*

***A recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.***

MILDRED MADDOCKS, Director.

| | |
|---|---|
| ⅓ cupful Crisco | 1 egg and 1 yolk |
| ½ cupful sugar | ¼ cupful sweet milk |
| ½ cupful raisins | 1 cupful barley flour |
| ½ cupful nut meats | ¼ teaspoonful soda |
| 1 cupful rolled oats | ½ teaspoonful salt |

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Cream the Crisco, beat in the sugar, the raisins and the nut meats chopped together and the rolled oats; beat the egg and yolk, add the milk, and stir into the first mixture, alternately, with the barley flour mixed and sifted thoroughly with the soda and salt. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a Criscoed pan, allowing one and one-half inches between each cake, make smooth and bake in a quick oven.

### *A Cook Book for all Seasons*

"Oatmeal Cookies" are recommended by Janet McKenzie Hill in "Balanced Daily Diet", as deserving a place among mid-summer foods. This book, by the editor of American Cookery and head of the Boston Cooking School, contains hundreds of other recipes that require no butter and many that require no wheat flour. They are carefully chosen to build for physical strength and mental activity. The book is illustrated in color and contains the interesting Story of Crisco. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy for ten cents in stamps. Address Dept. K-8, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1918, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, H. D. Walker,
E. Dinsmore, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

*Volume 190* *PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29, 1918* *Number 52*

# Being Bombed and Seeing it Done

## By IRVIN S. COBB

AS I GO to and fro in the land I sometimes wonder why the Germans keep a-picking on me. As heaven is my judge I tried to tell the truth about them and their armies when I was with them; but then, maybe that's the reason. At any rate I am here to testify that whenever I stop at a place in England or France either a battery of long-range guns shells it or else a hostile aëroplane happens along and bombs the town. The thing is more than a coincidence. It is getting to be a habit, an unhealthy habit at that. There must be method in it. And yet I have tried to bear myself in a modest and unostentatious way during this present trip. If in the reader's judgment the personal pronoun has occurred and recurred with considerable frequency in my articles I would say: Under the seemingly quaint but necessary rules of the censorship as conducted in these parts the only individual of American extraction at present connected in any way with war activities over here whom I may mention in my writings other than General Pershing is myself. Since the general to date has not figured to any extent in my personal experiences I am perforce driven to doing pieces largely about what I have seen and heard and felt.

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*One of the Paris Subways After an Air Raid*

Particularly is this true of these bombings and shellings. I repeat that I cannot imagine why the boche should single out a quiet simple private citizen for such attentions. It does not seem fair that I should ever be their target while shining marks move about the landscape with the utmost impunity. The German has a name for being efficient too. More than once in my readings I have seen his name coupled with the word efficiency. Take brigadier generals for example. Almost any colonel of our Expeditionary Forces in France, and particularly a senior colonel whose name is well up in the list, will tell you in confidence there are a number of brigadiers over here who could easily be spared and who would never be missed. Yet a brigadier general may move about from place to place in his automobile in comparative safety. But just let me go to the railroad station to buy a ticket for somewhere and immediately the news is transmitted by a mysterious occult influence to the Kaiser and he tells the Crown Prince and the Crown Prince calls up Von Hindenburg or somebody, and inside of fifteen minutes the hands, August and Heinie, are either loading up the long-rangers or getting the most dependable bombing Gotha out of the sheds.

For nearly four weeks the raiders stayed away from London. I arrived in London sick with bronchitis and went to bed in a hotel. That night the Huns flew over the Channel and spattered down inflammables and explosives to their hearts' content. One chunk of a shell fell in the street within a few yards of my bedroom window, gouging a hole in the roadway. A bomb made a mighty noise and did some superficial damage in a park close by. It was my first experience at being bombed from on high, and any other time I should have taken a lively interest in the proceedings; but I was too sick to get up and dress and too dopy from the potions I had taken to awaken thoroughly.

But the next night, when I was convalescent, and the following night, when I was well along the road toward recovery and able, in fact, to sit up in bed and dodge, back came Mister Boche and repeated the original performance with variations.

In order to get away from the London fogs, which weren't doing my still tender throat any good, I ran down to a certain peaceful little seaside resort on the east coast of England, reaching there in the gloaming. What did the enemy do but sprinkle bombs all about the neighborhood within an hour after I got there? He went away at ten the same night, I the following morning at six-forty-five.

A delayed train was all that kept me from reaching Paris coincidentally with the first raiders who had attacked Paris in a period of months. The raiders covered up their disappointment by murdering a few helpless nonbelligerents and departed, to return the next evening when I was present. I was domiciled in Paris on that memorable Saturday when the great long-distance gun began its bombardment of the city from the forest of Saint-Gobain nearly seventy miles distant. The first shell descended within two hundred yards of where I stood at a window and I saw the smoke of its explosion and saw the cloud of dust and pulverized débris that rose; the jar of the crash shook the building. Throughout the following day, which was Palm Sunday—only we called it Bomb Sunday—the shelling continued. I was there, naturally.

On Monday morning I started for Soissons. So the gunners of the long-distance gun playing on Paris took a vacation, which lasted until the day after my party returned from the north. We got into the Gare du Nord late one night; the big gun opened up again early the next morning. I am not exaggerating; merely reciting a sequence of facts.

For nearly two years the Germans had left poor battered Soissons pretty much alone, though it was within easy reach of their howitzers; moreover, one of their speedy flying machines could reach Soissons from the German lines south of Laon within five minutes. But, as I say, they rather left it alone. Perhaps in their kindly sentimental way they were satisfied with their previous handiwork there. They had pretty well destroyed the magnificent old cathedral. It was not quite so utter a ruin as the cathedral at Arras is, or the cathedral at Rheims, or the Cloth Hall at Ypres, or the University at Louvain; nevertheless, I assume that from the Prussian point of view the job was a fairly complete one.

The wonderful, venerable glass windows, which can never be replaced,

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*A Street Corner in Paris After Hun Aëroplanes Had Gotten by the Antiaircraft Defenses*

had been shattered to the last one, and the lines of the splendid dome might now only be traced by the curves of tottering arches, swinging up and out like the ribs of a cadaver, and by a lacework of roofage where thousands of bickering ravens, those black devil birds of desolation, now fluttered and cawed, and befouled with their droppings the profaned sanctuary below. Altogether it was one of the most satisfactory monuments of Kultur to be found anywhere in Europe to-day.

Nor had the community at large been slighted. Everybody knows how thorough are the armies of the anointed War Lord. Relics which dated back to the days of Clovis had been battered out of all hope of restoration; things of antiquity and of inestimable historic value lay shattered in wreckage. Furthermore, from time to time, in 1914 and 1915 and even in 1916, when no military advantage was to be derived from visiting renewed affliction upon the vicinity and when no victims, save old men and women and innocent children, were likely to be added to the grand total of the grander tally which Satan, as chief bookkeeper, is keeping for the Kaiser, the guns had blasted away at the ancient city, leveling a homestead here and decimating a family there.

However, since the early part of 1916 they had somehow rather spared Soissons. But the train bearing us was halted within three miles of the station because, after keeping the peace for nearly two years, the enemy had picked upon that particular hour of that particular afternoon to renew his most insalubrious attentions per nine-inch mortars. Therefore we entered afoot, bearing our luggage, to the accompaniment of whistling projectiles and clattering chimney-pots and smashing walls.

### *Followed About by Bombers*

IN SOISSONS we spent two nights. Both nights the Germans shelled the town and on the second night, in addition, bombed it from aëroplanes. It may have been fancy, but as we came away in a car borrowed from a kindly French staff officer it seemed to us that the firing behind us was lessening.

From press headquarters near G. H. Q. of the Amex Forces we motored one day to Nancy for a good dinner at a locally famous café. Simultaneously with our advent the foe's airmen showed up and the *alerte* was sounded for a gas attack. As between the prospect of spending the evening in an *abri* and staying out in the open air upon the road we chose the latter, and so we turned tail and ran back to the comparative quiet of the front lines. A little later a cross-country journey necessitated our changing cars at Bar-le-Duc. The connecting train was hours behind its appointed minute, as is usual in these days of disordered time cards, and while we waited hostile airships appeared flying so high they looked like bright iridescent midges flitting in the sunshine. As they swung lower, to sow bombs about the place, antiaircraft guns opened on them and they departed.

That same night our train, traveling with darkened carriages, was held up outside of Châlons, while enemy aircraft spewed bombs at the tracks ahead of us and at a troop convoy passing through. The wreckage was afire when we crawled by on a snail's schedule an hour or so later.

Two of us went to pay a visit to a regimental mess in a sector held by our troops. The colonel's headquarters were in a small wrecked village close up to the frontier. This village had been pretty well smashed up in 1914 and in 1915, but during the trench warfare that succeeded in this district no German shells had scored a direct hit within the communal confines. Yet the enemy that night, without prior warning and without known provocation, elected to break the tacit agreement for localized immunity. The bombardment began with a shock and a jar of impact shortly after we had retired to bed on pallets upon the floor in the top story of what once, upon a happier time, had been the home of a prominent citizen. It continued for three hours, and I will state that our rest was more or less interrupted. It slackened and ceased, though, as we departed in the morning after breakfast, and thereafter for a period of weeks during which we remained away all was tranquil and unconcussive there in that cluster of shattered stone cottages.

Another time we made a two-day expedition to the zone round Verdun. The great spring offensive, off and away to the westward, was then in its second week and the Verdun area enjoyed comparative peace. Nevertheless, and to the contrary notwithstanding, seven big vociferous shells came pelting down upon an obscure hamlet well back behind the main defenses within twenty minutes after we had stopped there. One burst in a courtyard outside a house where an American general was domiciled with his staff, and when we came in to pay our respects his aids still were gathering up fragments of the shell casing for souvenirs. The general said he couldn't imagine why the Hun should have decided all of a sudden to pay him this compliment; but we knew why, or thought we knew: It was all a part of the German scheme to give us chronic cold feet. At least, we so diagnosed the thing privately.

As a result of this sort of experience, continuing through a period of months, I feel that I have become an adept of sorts at figuring the sensations of a bomber. I flatter myself also that I have acquired some slight facility at appraising the psychology of towns and cities persistently and frequently under shell or aërial attack. In the main I believe it may be taken as an accepted fact that the inhabitants of a small place behave after rather a different fashion from the way in which the inhabitants of a great city may be counted upon to bear themselves. For example, there is a difference plainly to be distinguished, I think, between the people of London and the people of Paris; and a difference likewise between the people of Paris and the people of Nancy. Certainly I have witnessed a great number of sights that were humorous with the grim and perilous humor of wartimes, and by the same token I have witnessed a manifold number of others that were fraught with the very essence of tragedy.

All France to-day is one vast heart-breaking tragedy that is compounded of a million lesser tragedies. You note that the door-opener at your favorite café in Paris uses his left hand only, and then you see that his right arm, with the hand cased in a tight glove, swings in stiff uselessness from his shoulder. It is an artificial arm; the real one was shot away. The barber who shaves you, the waiter who serves you, the chauffeur who drives you about in his taxicab move with a limping awkward gait that betrays the fact of a false leg harnessed to a mutilated stump.

### *Middle-Aged Heroes at the Rear*

IN A SUFFICIENTLY wide passage a couple coming toward you—a woman in nurse's garb and a splendid young boy soldier with decorations on his breast—bump into you almost, it would seem, by intent. As mentally you start to execrate the careless pair for their inexcusable disregard of the common rights of pedestrians you see that there is a deep, newly healed scar in the youth's temple and that his eyes stare straight ahead of him with an unwinking emptiness of expression, and that his fine young face is beginning to wear that look of blank, bleak resignation which is the mark of one who will walk for all the rest of his days on this earth in the black and utter void of blindness.

Behind the battle lines you often see long lines of men whose ages are anywhere between forty and fifty—tired, dirty, bewhiskered men worn frazzle-thin by what they have undergone; men who should be at home with their wives and bairns instead of toiling through wet and cold and misery for endless leagues over sodden roads.

Their backs are bent beneath great unwieldy burdens; their hands where they grip their rifles are blue from the chill; their sore and weary feet falter as they drag them, booted in stiff leather and bolstered with mud, from one cheerless billet to another. But they go on, uncomplainingly, as they have been going on uncomplainingly since the second year of this war, doing the thankless and unheroic labor at the back that the ranks at the front may be kept filled with those whom France has left of a suitable age for fighting.

*(Continued on Page 54)*

PICTURE BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Opera House in an Italian Town Wrecked by Austro-German Artillery*

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*A Square in Paris Torn Up by Bombs from German Gothas*

*Above—Agricultural Machinery Destroyed by the Germans*

# BILLY THE KID

## By Charles E. Van Loan

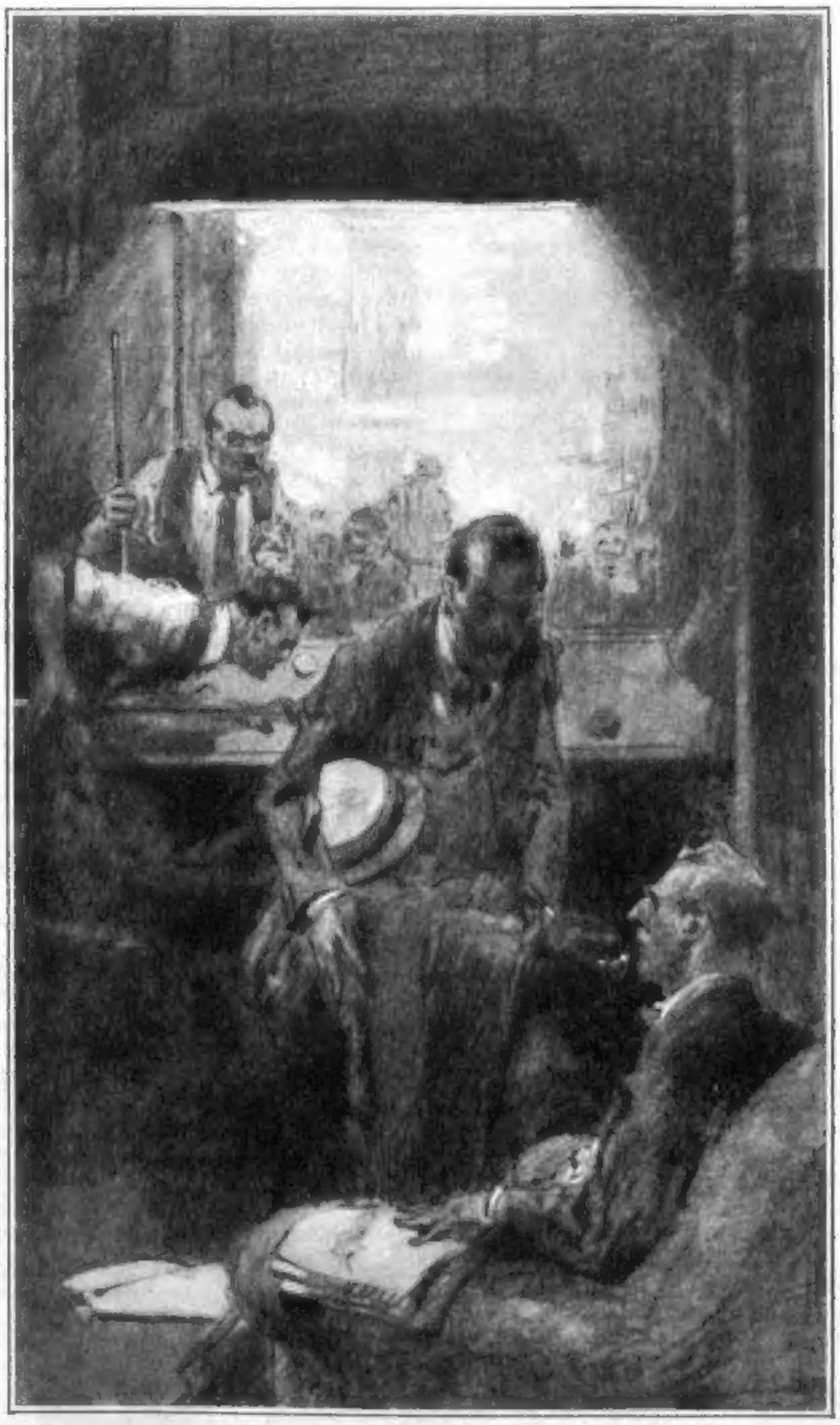
ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AWAY back in the dark ages, when third basemen wore mustaches and ball players never dreamed of five-figure salaries, George Sauers, lean and mean and long-legged as a sand-hill crane, played right field for the Terriers. Sauers was a good outfielder, but he was even more of a success as a business man—so much of a success that he found it a simple matter to persuade John McCoy to invest twenty-eight hundred dollars in a certain gold-mining stock, which Sauers knew was not worth twenty-eight cents. It is not much of a trick to trim a friend, and McCoy was the only friend Sauers had.

Later, quite by accident, the peppery little shortstop discovered that Sauers had pocketed half his savings as a commission for making the sale, and that same afternoon Sauers went to the receiving hospital with three broken ribs and a piece of chuck steak over his left eye. That was the real beginning of the Sauers-McCoy feud. The end of it might have been justifiable homicide had the men remained on the same team; but Pop Wandle, manager of the Terriers, traded Sauers to the Mudhens—George went to them with a puffed nose, a split lip and fourteen hundred dollars, all of which he got from McCoy—and the incident seemed closed. But when a man is born with the itch for money and does not care how he gets it he sometimes becomes a millionaire and sometimes he goes to jail. George Sauers steered a conservative middle course, playing the stock market in the morning and the outfield in the afternoon, and at the end of five years he purchased an interest in the Mudhen franchise and became the manager of the club.

That same season John McCoy broke his right leg sliding to the plate, and Sauers rejoiced when he read the news, for he thought he had seen the last of an enemy. This was one for George's error column. The broken leg made McCoy the manager of the Terriers, and Pop Wandle went back to his Iowa farm.

The feud grew larger, for now it included all the members of the two teams. No longer able to satisfy the ancient grudge with his fists, McCoy fought Sauers with a ball club, and the long-legged financier responded in kind. Whenever the Mudhens and Terriers met the air was full of feathers and fur, and this was the condition of affairs when William Alexander Finch, otherwise Billy the Kid, came up "out of the sticks" and attached himself to McCoy's pay roll.



*"You Ain't Sore, Too, are You, Henry?" He Asked by Way of Greeting*

Billy Finch was that rare and beautiful piece of human machinery, a shortstop without a weakness. He drifted into the spring training camp with the other recruits, and John McCoy watched him for three weeks before he unbosomed himself to old Henry MacLagan. Henry was the veteran instructor of cub pitchers, the consulting member of McCoy's board of strategy and John's closest friend.

"For ten years," said McCoy, "I've been looking for the same kind of a shortstop I used to be. Ten years, Mac, and there is such an animal after all!"

MacLagan was a large, solemn, quiet sort of man, who chewed an idea as a cow chews a cud and dropped his words one by one—a trick which sometimes irritated the enthusiastic little manager beyond all bearing.

"Meaning Finch?" asked MacLagan.

"Who else? I tell you, this kid will set the league afire."

"H'm-m. . . . You haven't seen this sand-lot demon hit against any real pitching yet."

"Don't need to, Henry. I can tell by the way he stands up there. Me all over again. He meets 'em sweet and clean; and oh, what a pair of hands he's got! And a ball player's instinct too. Once in a while you find a kid that was born with baseball sense. I was like that, Henry. Nobody ever had to tell me anything."

The solemn MacLagan wagged his head slowly.

"Nobody ever could tell you anything, John. That's what you mean. If you have one great charm it is your shrinking modesty. You make the poor little violet hang its head for shame. . . . Well, I hope you're right about this kid."

"When have I been wrong?"

MacLagan sucked at his pipe and pretended to think deeply.

"When have you been wrong, John? To the best of my knowledge and belief, never in your whole life. Your judgment has been at fault, your confidence has been betrayed and misplaced, your enthusiasm has led you into rash statements and foolish bets, but you have never been wrong. You never will be."

"Hell!" snapped the pudgy little manager. "Who should know a great shortstop if I don't?"

"Nobody," was the calm response. "Nobody, John. Isn't that what you expected me to say?"

MacLagan little knew how many times he was to be reminded of this conversation. An unknown from an unknown league, Billy Finch justified McCoy's wildest expectations. He had the eyes, the hands, the whip, the legs and the brain of a great infielder, and he leaped into the limelight during his first month in fast company and stayed there for two seasons.

Pitchers of national reputation had no terrors for him; famous goat-getters found that they could not distract his attention and gave him up as a bad job; opposing base runners discovered that spikes did not frighten him; seven managers coveted him. Finch fielded his position with a wonderful combination of brilliance and caution—he never made an easy one look hard, but he made many a hard one look easy; and he was a desperado on the base lines, worrying the life out of all the catchers in the league. It was the cool daring with which he stole bases that earned for him the significant title of Billy the Kid.

He was the idol of the home fans, and the star attraction when the team was on tour; but popularity did not ruin the boy, and in spite of his personal triumphs he remained the same modest, unassuming, happy-go-lucky youngster. From the first the Terriers took Billy Finch to their hearts and lavished upon him the affection which hairy maturity sometimes bestows on precocious and unspoiled youth. His team mates loved Billy, but the two men who would have fought for him were John McCoy and Henry MacLagan.

"A couple of tough old roosters," said Red Keeney, the second baseman, "taking a bullfinch to raise. John acts like that kid was his own son; and MacLagan is even worse. Well, it's all right if Billy likes it. He sure is one fine boy."

Billy did like it, for he liked McCoy and MacLagan. From the veterans he learned much about his profession—the strategy of attack and defense as practiced by masters past and present; the analysis of plays, ordinary and unusual; the how and the why of everything that might happen on the diamond. When they had taught him all they knew of baseball they gave him other instruction quite as valuable. Billy had the benefit of the experience which McCoy and MacLagan had bought and paid for in the open market.

"He's a good kid," said McCoy one day, "and he won't make many mistakes. In a year or so he ought to be about ripe to captain the team on the field. He's got all I can give him, Henry, and sometimes I think he's surer on a ground ball than I used to be."

"Impossible!" said MacLagan.

"He's the best in the league," said McCoy, "and I'm proud of him. There's only one thing, Henry: you mother him too much."

"Mother him!" growled MacLagan. "Why, if he didn't have a pretty level head you would have spoiled him months ago!"

But the best-laid schemes o' mice and big-league managers gang aft agley. Billy Finch was never to become the field captain of the Terriers. The inexplicable slump which broke his heart showed itself during his third trip to the spring training camp. John McCoy noticed it immediately, but thought little of it.

"He's booting 'em round a bit down there at short," said he to MacLagan; "but it's probably just the winter lay-off. He'll round into shape all right."

"Of course he will," said MacLagan. "I can remember when you looked pretty bad, John."

"When was that?" demanded McCoy.

Billy the Kid did not round into shape. His batting fell away alarmingly, and his fielding caused the ambitious recruits to make sarcastic comments.

"The best shortstop in the National League, eh?" said these hopeful ones. "He goes after 'em nice enough, but he acts as if something was wrong with his hands. And every little while a thrown ball hits him on the wrist or gets away clean. No excuse for that. And his batting is awful."

"I don't know what's the matter with me," said Billy one afternoon after practice as he was trotting back to the hotel with Red Keeney. "I don't seem sure of anything. I can't judge 'em any more. And that bush pitcher from the Three I League didn't have anything on the ball but the stitches, and still I couldn't hit him. Ever get like that, Red?"

"Lots of times," said the second baseman. "You're in a slump, that's all. I've had one hit me right in the middle of the season. Get it out of your system down here in Texas, where it won't make any difference."

"But a fellow feels like such an awful sucker," said Billy earnestly. "Of course, a booted ball ain't anything to worry about, but my boots are coming pretty regular. Balls come down there to me looking as big as a balloon, and I—I smear 'em all over the place. I'm not sure of anything, I tell you. I can't understand it. I used to pick 'em clean as a whistle, but now ——"

"Oh, forget it!" interrupted Keeney. "Be thankful you haven't got a lame arm. It nearly murders me to whang one over to first."

"Well, my arm is all right, anyway," said Finch. "You think I'll work out of this?"

"Sure you will! Why not?"

Why not? This was the question which McCoy began asking himself shortly after the regulars started to play their way north for the opening of the season. Finch had all his wonderful speed, but drives which he should have knocked down went for safe hits, and ordinary infield bounders caromed off his glove. His batting was a sad exhibition.

"This won't do," said MacLagan to McCoy. "What do you suppose ails the boy, John?"

"You can search me," said the manager. "He looks bad in there, and that's a fact. If he doesn't brace up I'll have

*He Misjudged the Ball Just Enough to Break His Right Forefinger*

to put him on the bench when the season opens. Emerson can go in at short and make a stab at it."

"It'll break Billy's heart to be benched," said MacLagan.

"There's no sentiment in baseball," grunted McCoy; "and he's breaking my heart now, the way he's booting everything down there at short. What on earth ails him, Henry?"

"I've been thinking," began MacLagan, and paused.

"You've been thinking what?" asked McCoy.

"Oh, nothing. Never mind."

The last exhibition game before the opening of the season was played in Newark, and the forty-four-ounce bat of big Mike Sheehan saved John McCoy the performance of an unpleasant duty. Mike, the demon slugger of the International League, "got hold of one" in the sixth inning and shot a vicious liner between second and third. Billy Finch, attempting to knock down the drive with his bare hand and cut off a run, misjudged the flight of the ball just enough to break his right forefinger.

"Tough luck," said McCoy to MacLagan; "but it gives me an 'out' and it gives Billy one too. I'd have had to bench him anyway. Couldn't keep him in the line-up the way he's going. Too bad all round."

So when the season opened the Terriers were minus their star infielder. Billy Finch sat on the bench, his right forefinger swathed in adhesive tape, and the home fans mourned openly.

A broken finger, though painful, is nothing in the life of the average ball player, but it was the first one for Billy the Kid and he took it very much to heart.

"Same old stuff!" he grumbled. "Ball coming right at me and I didn't pick it clean. And they used to say I had a beautiful pair of hands too."

That night McCoy and MacLagan, dining at Tony's place, as was their bachelor custom, had a serious conference concerning the gap in the infield caused by Finch's injury.

"We're up against it," said McCoy glumly. "It's just like taking away the keystone of the arch. Emerson won't do—can't think quick enough. And even if Billy hadn't been hurt I couldn't have used him. I can't understand his going wrong this way, Henry. If he'd been an old-timer now—but he's barely twenty-two."

"I've been thinking," remarked MacLagan.

"What—again? Well, let's have it!"

"John," said the veteran, "do you remember Pete Ryan?"

"Remember him! I should say I do! What a great third baseman he was until his eyes —— Holy Moses, Henry! You don't suppose that's what ails Billy?"

"I don't suppose anything, but Ryan blew up the same way—got to booting everything—finally broke a finger or two. You don't have to have a great deal of eye trouble to ruin you as a ball player. The least little bit of nearsightedness makes all the difference in the world."

"But—wouldn't Billy know it—if he had it?"

"Ryan never knew it until an oculist got hold of him. Now we've always said that Billy was the surest man in the league on a ground ball, and you know how he used to stand up there and hit any kind of pitching. His fielding has gone all to hell, and he can't even meet a straight ball. If it isn't his eyes, what is it?"

"I'll take him down to Doc Boyle to-morrow morning!" said McCoy suddenly.

"Yes, and if you find what we're both afraid of—what then?"

McCoy crumbled a bit of bread between his fingers and stared out of the window.

"What then, Henry? Why, it'll be tough luck for me, tough luck for the club, and the toughest luck in the world for the boy. He'd have to find another job. He'd be through—washed up—finished. Yes, tough luck all round."

MacLagan stared hard at his crony.

"And that's all you see in the situation?" His tone was an insult in itself.

"What else is there to see?" asked McCoy. "What good would Billy be to me—or any other manager? It would be easy to sell him or slip him over on somebody in a trade; but Ballard owns this ball club, and Ballard is on the square. He wouldn't sell a blind horse, let alone a blind ball player. No; if the trouble is there it's just a case of letting Billy go. It makes me sick to think of it."

"John," said MacLagan, "where is your head? Ballard likes you and he likes Billy. It's just possible that he'll allow you a certain amount of latitude. Why not see Doctor Boyle beforehand and have an understanding with him? Billy needn't know the result of the examination; it would be better if he didn't. In the first place there's no need of frightening him; in the second place he must be an innocent party to any deal that might come off. If you work it right only four people will know whether Billy's eyes are bad or not—you and me and Ballard and Boyle. Don't you see it yet?"

McCoy shook his head.

"And yet they say you have brains! Here's Billy on the bench for weeks to come, and his broken finger is the best alibi in the world. And if it's a question of conscience, old horse, a blind shortstop is every bit as valuable as—as a bunch of bogus mining stock. Now come to life!"

McCoy brought his fist down on the table with a crash.

"And Sauers owns a half interest in the club too!" he cried. "I'm a damned fool, Henry, and blinder than an umpire!"

"I've been thinking so for the last ten minutes," said MacLagan.

In June the Mudhens came cackling down upon the Terriers, led by the saturnine Mr. Sauers, longer and leaner and meaner than ever. The visitors were in third place, with a chance to win the pennant, and John McCoy preached the holy war in the clubhouse before the opening game of the series.

"We may not get anything this season, boys," said he; "but that's all the more reason for stopping these birds! Nothing but a clean sweep of four games will satisfy me. Heads up now and we'll put a crimp in that long-legged stiff that a steam roller can't iron out of him!" In twos and threes the Terriers drifted out to the field, and on the way they encountered certain of the visitors, who sneered and rubbed salt in the open wound.

"Not going so good this season, hey? The second division for yours!"

"Even so," replied Red Keeney, "we'll get just as much of that World's Series dough as you do. Think it over."

When John McCoy left the clubhouse Billy Finch picked up his glove and followed him.

"How about it to-day, John?" asked the boy. "I think I could do you some good out there."

"No, Billy. I'm sorry."

"But one bum finger ain't going to lay me up all season, is it? And besides, it's been well for weeks. I feel fine, John, and my system is just full of base hits. I'd like to help lick these birds!"

"I know it, Billy, but—nothing doing."

The pudgy little manager went on his way, swaggering a bit, as he always did when in uniform, but the shortstop lagged behind, his spikes dragging along the turf. Of course John knew his business, and John was his best friend, but the long period of idleness was breaking Billy's heart; nor did he understand why McCoy had refused to allow him to take part in team practice before the games.

That day the visitors played like men with the smell of much money in their nostrils. They fell upon Tenspot Kehoe, McCoy's best bet in the pitching department, and drove that veteran to the shower bath with the sound of many base hits ringing in his ears. The Mudhens were famous for never knowing when a game was lost, but on this occasion they seemed not to know that a game was won, and they continued to circle the bases until the score board became an offense in the eyes of the home fans roosting dumb and disconsolate against the setting sun.

The Terriers were licked, soundly licked, though not made to like it, and they snarled at each other as they trotted to the clubhouse after all was over. As they passed the wing of the building set apart for the use of visiting teams they heard sounds of rejoicing and the voices of strong men uplifted in song. The Mudhens were a singing club—when they won.

*Mike, the Demon Slugger, "Got Hold of One"*

"Listen to that, will you?" growled John McCoy. "The end of a perfect day! Sing, you fatheads! We'll teach you another tune to-morrow!"

Later, as Sauers was strolling slowly toward the exit gate, his heart at peace with nearly all the world, he heard a voice behind him—a brisk, vibrant voice that he would have recognized had he heard it in the heart of darkest Africa.

"There's no use arguing, I tell you! You're on the bench because I put you there, and that's where you'll stay!"

"But, John ——"

"Cut out the 'John' business with me! And as long as you're with this club you obey orders—see?"

Sauers was a man who never left a white chip lying on the floor or overlooked a bet no matter how small. He slipped into the gloom beneath the deserted grandstand and effaced himself against a pillar. Two men came down the runway—John McCoy and Billy Finch. McCoy was loudly abusive; Finch seemed to be trying to explain something.

"You're just sore because we lost to-day," said the boy. "If you'd let me go in there ——"

"You'll stay on the bench till I get good and damn ready to let you play; and if you bother me about it any more ——"

George Sauers strained his prominent ears, but the rest of the sentence was lost.

"Well, well!" chuckled the manager of the Mudhens. "Teacher's pet is in bad, eh? Now I wonder why—I wonder."

*Sauers Slipped Into the Gloom Beneath the Deserted Grandstand and Effaced Himself Against a Pillar*

Sauers was still wondering at nine o'clock that evening as he sat coiled up in a big leather chair watching a three-cushion billiard match. The man had but two diversions—baseball and billiards. To one he gave his afternoons; to the other his nights. In every city on the circuit a billiard parlor was known as his hang-out.

A large solemn-faced individual entered the room, started to cross it, saw Sauers, noted that Sauers also saw him, changed his course and sought a seat against the opposite wall. It was Henry MacLagan, the bosom friend of Sauers' bosom enemy.

Now MacLagan and Sauers had never maintained any private feud, and when they met off the field they spoke to each other, but without any surplus of good feeling. And now there was something which Sauers wished to know. The chance was worth taking. Sauers took it; also the vacant chair at MacLagan's elbow.

"You ain't sore too, are you, Henry?" he asked by way of greeting.

MacLagan turned his solemn eyes full upon his questioner.

"What do you mean—sore too?"

"Well," said Sauers—and when he smiled he looked like a half-starved wolf—"I didn't know but that it might be catching. John McCoy was certainly sore when he left the park to-night."

"Was he?" asked MacLagan carelessly.

"Yes," said Sauers. "He was giving Finch a bawling out and a calling down. Say, Henry, what's the trouble there?"

"What trouble, George?" Again the solemn-eyed stare.

"Why, the trouble with Finch! You know and I know that a broken finger ain't anything; but that kid has been on the bench since the beginning of the season. And McCoy was telling him to-night that he'd stay there. What's it all about?"

"Well," said MacLagan, choosing his words carefully, "the trouble with Finch is —— Oh, I guess you could call

it a private matter. And you know how John is. He—he takes notions against people."

"I'll say he does," growled Sauers. "John McCoy was always the stubbornest fool in the world, but if he's letting personal prejudice or spite keep a good man on the bench ——"

"I didn't tell you that," interrupted MacLagan.

"Didn't I hear him handing it to the kid to-night?"

"Oh!" said MacLagan. "John ought to keep his trap shut. He talks too much. And as for getting rid of the sweetest little shortstop in the league ——"

"Getting rid of him!" Sauers shifted suddenly in his chair and fixed MacLagan with his shrewd light-blue eyes.

"Well," said MacLagan uncomfortably, "maybe that's letting the cat out of the bag. I'm growing old and garrulous. I seem to have a tendency to sit round and cackle like a superannuated hen. Want to shoot a little billiards, George?"

"Some other time. Not now. You don't really mean to say that McCoy would let this fellow go?"

"I don't really mean to say anything, George. I've said too much as it is."

A long silence followed this remark. It was broken by Sauers:

"That's John McCoy all over! First he's your friend, and nothing is too good for you. Then he's your enemy, and ——"

"You ought to know, George."

Again there was silence.

"I could use another infielder," mused Sauers; "but I don't suppose McCoy would even consider a proposition—coming from me. Henry, be a good fellow and—and sort of sound him out for me, will you? I'll talk trade or I'll talk a straight purchase. See what he says."

"Not on your life!" MacLagan spoke emphatically. "What do you think I am? If you want to talk to John about it, why not ring him up on the telephone? He can't any more than hang up on you."

This time the silence was a long one.

"What's his number?" asked Sauers.

Three days later the news that Billy Finch had been sold to the Mudhens came like lightning out of a clear sky, and was instantly followed by the low mutterings of an aggrieved populace.

As for Billy the Kid, he was the most surprised young man in seven states. His little world had suddenly rolled upside down. His interview with McCoy in the empty clubhouse after the last game of the series had been the first intimation that any change was contemplated.

"I've sold you to Sauers," said the manager, not even looking at the boy as he spoke. "He's leaving on the ten o'clock train to-night, and you can report to him any time between now and then. I'm sorry to have had to do this, Billy; sorry to lose you, but it seemed to be best for everybody, and—I wish you all the luck in the world. See you later."

A quick handshake and he was gone, leaving Billy Finch to sit down on the bench in front of his locker and try to realize what had happened to him. Sold—and to the Mudhens, of all the teams in all the leagues! For twenty minutes there was no sound but the slow dripping of water in the shower room and the ticking of the clubhouse clock. Sold, without a word of warning. So this was the reward of faithful service; the end of managerial friendship! A wave of bitterness and resentment swept over the boy. What had he done to deserve such treatment? The door opened softly and Henry MacLagan entered. He found Billy cleaning out his locker, red-eyed and sullen.

*"I've Got a Notion to Quit This Game and Go Home to Kansas!"*

"Don't take it so hard, kid," said the veteran. "Baseball is only a business, after all. Trades and sales—they're part of the game. A manager does what he thinks is best for the team. In this case John did what he thought was best for you."

"For me!" ejaculated Billy. "Why, he sold me like he'd sell a dog—without a word! Didn't even have the decency to let me know what was coming off. 'Here's your hat; what's your hurry?' What kind of treatment is that? I've got a notion to quit this damned game and go home to Kansas!"

"Now, Billy," argued MacLagan, "use a little sense. You're not the first man to figure in a sale, and you won't be the last. Keep a stiff upper lip. Pretty soon you'll see that everything is all right; and as for John, he feels as bad as I do about losing you."

"Yes," said the boy; "he acted like it."

"You can't always tell what John is thinking about by what he says. Mark my words, Billy, you'll live to thank him for this."

"Thank him!" cried Billy. "I never want to see him again!"

"And that's all right," said John McCoy when this speech was repeated to him. "So far, so good; and the sorer he is at me for selling him the better for him and for me and for everybody else—everybody but that long-legged, petty-larceny, penny hound, George Sauers! Oh, won't there be a circus when he tries out his new shortstop!"

The season ended with the Terriers at home to their ancient enemies, and this time there was no singing in the visitors' wing of the clubhouse. The Mudhens had skidded badly during August and September, and the World's Series checks were to be distributed elsewhere. In the words of Red Keeney, they had smelled the big money, but that was all.

After the final game of the year the ball players hurried into their street clothes, eager to begin celebrating their release from the long grind. Billy Finch, dressing in the visitors' wing, heard his former team mates skylarking in their own quarters and had some vague notion of joining them later in the evening; but Sauers knocked all thoughts of a celebration out of his head. With the careful malice of a thoroughly mean man the manager of the Mudhens waited until the very last minute to deliver his bad news. Billy's hand was on the knob of the door when Sauers stopped him.

"Just a few seconds, Finch. If there's anybody here that you think anything of you'd better say good-by now. You won't be with us next year. So far's I know you won't be with any big-league outfit. I don't say that you deliberately threw me down or kicked games away on purpose, but I do say this: McCoy knew what he was doing when he got rid of you. That broken-finger stuff was a pretty good stall. You had four chances to deliver the goods for me; a week was the longest you ever lasted. On the rotten showing you've made this season I can't get seventy-five cents for you; and you cost me seventy-five hundred, cold cash. Nobody in this league wants you, but maybe some bush manager might be sucker enough to trade a real ball player for you. Lord! You must have been the luckiest infielder in the world your first two seasons! Well, good-by, young man; and if I was in your place I think I'd be looking for a job. As a shortstop you're all through—fizzled out; but you might be able to hit a couple of truck horses—with a long whip."

"You don't feel any worse about it than I do," said Billy. "You've been riding me ever since June."

"Maybe that's one reason I haven't been able to get going right. To hell with you, and to hell with your ball club! I'd rather be down in the sticks working for a white man than up here with you!"

"Down in the sticks is where you'll finish," said Sauers. "On your way!"

As Billy wandered out into the street the chill of approaching winter was in his heart, and the early gloom of the October evening seemed no darker than his future.

"As a shortstop you're all through—all through—all through."

*That Was the Real Beginning of the Sauers-McCoy Feud*

The words made themselves into a sort of funeral march, keeping time to his dispirited pace. Was it true, then, that at twenty-two years of age he had reached the end of his usefulness? He had planned to play baseball until well into his thirties, and had counted on retiring at the end of his big-league career, with a fat nest egg to be invested in a small business of some sort. How often McCoy and MacLagan had urged him to save his money against the inevitable stoppage of the salary check! Billy had a few dollars laid away—a very few, as he now realized—and he found himself in the position of an improvident grasshopper facing a June blizzard. Next season is always the season when the ball player figures to save money. Billy had often thought of the final salary check, but always as a thing very far away, shadowy and remote. If Sauers had told him the truth that last check might even now be in his pocket. And he had no trade, no special training of any sort outside his baseball experience, and absolutely nothing to sell except the strength in his body. Well, perhaps he could dig ditches!

"All through—all through—all through."

Billy hunched his shoulders, buried his chin in the collar of his overcoat and settled down to a long walk. He wanted to be alone with his troubles. All through, yes—but why? He had taken good care of himself and had not wasted his strength in dissipation; he had tried as hard as ever in his life, yet his whole season had been a pitiful failure. Four times Sauers had put him into the line-up; four times Billy had disgraced himself. What was this thing which had come upon him so suddenly, robbing him of his skill, destroying his confidence in himself and cutting off his earning capacity? The boy did not know. The question was one which he had asked himself a thousand times.

"Well, Billy, this is luck! We were just talking about you!"

Finch stopped in his tracks, and as he hesitated John McCoy grasped him firmly by one elbow and Henry MacLagan took charge of the other.

"Been waiting for you," said MacLagan. "We're going downtown to dinner. It's a long time since we put our feet under the same table. How would Tony's suit you—and some of that special spaghetti?"

John McCoy's smile disarmed Billy before he had time to remember that he had a grievance which needed airing. An open heart is never a safe receptacle for resentment, and there came to Billy the realization that he had missed these two old friends. He was surprised to hear himself greeting them quite in his usual manner:

"Hello, Mac! Hello, John! No, I wasn't going anywhere in particular; just walking along. Tony's will suit me fine."

"Good business!" exclaimed McCoy. "Pile into the back seat with Mac, and I'll drive. It's like old times, eh?"

Tony's place was a rather small restaurant, not too well known, located on the second floor of an office building and looking down on the bright lights of a great city. The window tables were the choice ones, and Tony himself escorted his three patrons to the best table of the lot and grinned as he took McCoy's order.

Now when a boy is twenty-two and full of trouble he cannot keep it to himself for any great length of time. Billy's reticence lasted no longer than the special spaghetti. The opportunity for relief came with a question from MacLagan.

"What about next season, Billy?"

*(Concluded on Page 54)*

# UP THE RIVER TIGRIS

## By Eleanor Franklin Egan

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

*Troops on the Way to the Front at a Marching Post on the Tigris*

ONE Colonel Chesney, a great-uncle of the present inspector general of communications in the Mesopotamian war zone, led the expedition which launched the first steamboat on the River Tigris.

He started in 1835. From first to last, it took him a good many years; and the record of his achievement reads less like history than like the fevered kind of fiction that is written not to convince but only to thrill and to convey one in dreams to far-away and unimaginable regions.

The expedition started from England with two boats, which, being landed near Antioch on the Orontes, were transported in parts across the desert to the upper waters of the Euphrates, where they were set up and launched. Only one of them succeeded in finishing the perilous trip down to the Persian Gulf, and that one then started up the Tigris toward Bagdad.

No Arab of those days had ever seen any kind of steam-run miracle of machinery, and to many of them the new craft was a thing to fear and sometimes to propitiate with prayers and offerings. But even so they were not so very far behind the times. This first modern navigator of the Tigris was born along about the time the steamboat was invented; and one remembers that on the occasion of the Clermont's first trip up the Hudson the wholly Christian crews of other Hudson River boats "in some instances sank beneath the decks from the terrible sight, or left their vessels to go ashore, while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster which was marching on the tides and lighting its paths by the fires it vomited." This being from a contemporary review.

### *The Busiest River on Earth*

ORGANIZED resistance against the intrusion of such a monster in peaceful Arab lands was inevitable, and the old British pioneer, with his associates, played a merry game with constant and fearful danger, with extraordinary hardship and with heartbreaking delays in his then unprecedented venture.

But no doubt he had wonderful visions to encourage him and keep him going—visions of the rapid development of a great business undertaking which should bring to early realization the even then much-talked-of tapping of rich regions as yet untapped by the unfolders and expanders of world commerce. He did not live to see the successor of his steamboat on the Tigris, nor to reap any of the fruits of his intrepidity and enterprise; but perhaps his gallant and courageous spirit stalks to-day up and down the ancient river and along the banks of the Shat-el-Arab in company with his so typically British great-nephew—Major General Sir George F. MacMunn—to whom, curiously enough, it has been given to bring his visions to spectacular materialization. If so, his spirit should be satisfied.

The Tigris is to-day, without possible exception, the busiest river on earth. The Thames at London, the Seine at Paris, the Hudson at New York, the Chicago River, the Mississippi at New Orleans and St. Louis—these are busy streams that are crowded with things afloat, but for short distances only. The Tigris is a busy stream for a full five hundred miles and is filled with a variety of craft such as was never before in all history gathered together to serve one single purpose in a single area.

Before the British landed in Mesopotamia in November, 1914, there was one British trading company, with headquarters at Basra, which had two or three old boats that had been plying for years in a leisurely and intermittent way between the gulf and Bagdad; but these naturally were commandeered by the Turks, along with everything else under steam or sail that could possibly be of service to them on their retreat up river. So the British found the conquered waterways empty of everything but a few ancient, snail-paced dhows and mahaylas and a seeming myriad of long, slender Arab canoes called belums. And the waterways were the only avenues of communication they had; boats were the only means of transporting supplies and the materials of war to the far-away and constantly advancing armies.

From the gulf up to about twenty miles north of Basra the Shat-el-Arab is deep enough to admit ocean-going steamships; but above that point the shallows begin, and the Tigris—which flows into the Shat-el-Arab at Kurna, forty-odd miles north of Basra—is navigable for no craft that draws more than three to four feet of water.

What, then, was to be done for river boats when the Expeditionary Force, pursuing the Turks to the northward, got to Kurna? This happened within two weeks after Basra was taken, and the subsequent operations, which carried the army on and on, proceeded with a rapidity that could do no less than greatly strain even a fairly adequate transport service. What it did to a transport service that was practically *nil* is better left to individual conjecture. Later on the subject came under solemn British investigation; but in the meantime men had been doing things—and things were different.

It was only ten months after the first landing was made by British troops that General Townshend occupied Kut-el-Amara, two hundred and eighty-five miles from Basra; and by that time—thanks to the contributions of a few near-by ports and river towns—the available river shipping amounted to something like six steamboats of sorts, a few barges and an established chain of mahaylas and dhows. And when, some six weeks later, General Townshend began his fatal advance toward Bagdad, which resulted in the disastrous battle of Ctesiphon, the long retreat and the terrible siege of Kut, the inadequacy of his communications in comparison with present conditions was all but criminal and wholly unbelievable. For instance, he was provided with hospital transport for not more than five hundred wounded; he was one hundred and eighty-two miles by river from his hospital base at Kut—and in two days' fighting he had four thousand five hundred casualties!

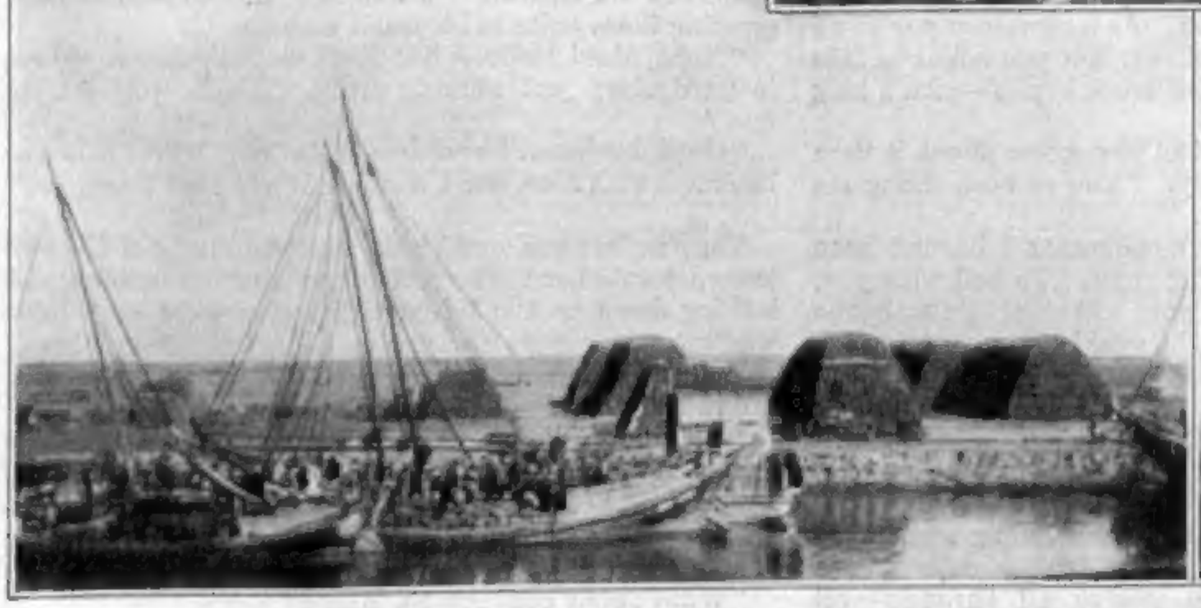
### *General Maude, the Wonder-Worker*

MOREOVER, at that time, with every ounce of material of every kind being brought in from overseas and unloaded at Basra, where there were neither piers nor warehouses, the supply and transport service was taking care not only of General Townshend's army but of another force as well that had advanced one hundred and forty miles up the Euphrates.

Those were difficult days, but I think I must pass them by—pass by all the worry and the toil of them, and incidentally the disgrace which eventually overwhelmed the men who were held responsible for England's unpreparedness to meet them—and come to the time when General Maude went north. By that time the British had paid in full for pressing their luck and for underestimating the strength of their enemy and had settled down to the grim business of exacting payment in return. It was a little more than seven months after General Townshend surrendered at Kut when General Maude launched the victorious campaign that landed him in Bagdad, and when he started he had behind him lines of communication fully organized, with more than one thousand steam vessels and power boats of various kinds plying up and down the River Tigris. What a difference! And what an achievement!

There are more than sixteen hundred bottoms now, and naturally the first question the interested visitor asks is "How on earth did you do it?"

(Continued on Page 29)



*Piled and Pyramided Supplies on the River Bank. Above—The Stockade at the Edge of the Palm Grove*

# MARY ELDON'S AUNT

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

"AND so you have endured all you can?" asked Eleanor.

Frank nodded gravely. "Yes. Looking back, I am surprised that I have stood it so long."

"Perhaps you were fond of me."

"I may have been; but the thought of leaving you frankly exhilarates me."

"That's a new attitude, Frank."

"But you will hardly mind."

"Perhaps I am a little amused, even."

"Probably." He rose and buttoned a glove. "You will miss the amusement I have so long provided." He looked at her critically. "You are infinitely clever, are you not?"

"Oh, sir!" said Eleanor.

"In all sorts of useless, exacting ways. If I had not admired the genius by which you twisted my lightest and most trivial word into all sorts of emotional and intellectual crises, it is not unlikely that I should have throttled you."

*In an Instant Mary Was Beside Her, Pouring Forth an Avalanche of Affectionate Protestation*

She laughed at that, and he continued:

"And yet I cannot see one single issue in which your cleverness was not a weed—a weed to be rooted up and thrown on the nearest rubbish heap. It's all you have, Eleanor—your whole stock in trade; a weed of cleverness—a parasite that has overrun every decent thing of value God gave you."

"And yet, Frank, I have not been clever enough to keep you."

"Did you want to?"

"I believe so. You are very eligible. People will argue that I was a fool to let you go. Eligible fiancés are rare. Now I have all to start afresh."

"Then be a bit more merciful with your next."

He walked toward the door; but her voice recalled him.

"Frank," she said, "don't make an exit line of it. You have been talking like a man who had written it down beforehand. Your grammar struck me as being so accurate. You've had a bad time with me—admitted; and, in a way, I'm sorry. But you are sky-free now; so what's wrong with going out whistling?"

Her smile was disarming, and in a measure he reflected its influence.

"All right!" he said more boyishly. "Call the tune—you've done so long enough."

"Anything but The Girl I Left Behind Me would do."

And that was the way a most unsatisfactory engagement terminated.

And this is the way a more promising one began.

This is a very simple story—it possesses neither plot nor situation. Indeed, it is questionable whether it embraces even an Idea.

A man who has had a bad time with a woman—who has been defeated of understanding her by a thousand intricacies of sex—turns at last to the very reverse of his original ideals. In simplicity he finds what complexity had denied him. But here is the great injustice: He will strive against what is difficult and use all his brain to remedy the discord of jarring elements; but when the High Gods drop happiness into his lap he takes as little trouble with it as a baby with a mechanical toy. Evil he will try to better, but good he takes for granted.

Mary Eldon lived in the country with her aunt. You would have loved Mary's aunt; everyone did, for she knew all sorts of delightful things that made one feel rosy and good.

Her knowledge was not of the honey-mead, harvest-bun, lavender and potpourri order, though no one knew better than she the little secrets to put into a cut-glass jug or an Oriental rose bowl; it was of a wider kind—it was essential.

She could take hold of happiness and bottle and preserve and dispense it. Mary Eldon's aunt was a spinster; and perhaps that was why her knowledge was so delightful. What she had failed to learn by experience she asked about, and always asked the right people. Then she would depart, with her little crystal of learning, and carefully distill it in the cool clean depths of her mind. Herein it underwent refining changes, and all that was angular and unpleasant was gently dissipated. Then Mary Eldon's aunt would say to herself:

"There! I know that; and it is good and beautiful." And, like the tidy person she was, she put it carefully away in a cell of her brain, ready to be used when it should be wanted.

Sometimes her questions startled people. Here is a case in point: The curate of the parish, who was quite a young man, called one afternoon; and from his manner it was clear that his nerves were all strung up.

Little Miss Eldon soothed him with China tea and paper-thin bread and butter. And when the tray had been carried away she said:

"Tell me how you feel. I know already how a woman feels just before she has a baby. Tell me how a man feels."

The curate half rose, sat down, and rose again.

"Well?"

"I can hardly discuss such a matter with you."

"Why not?"

"You—you are an unmarried lady."

"That's why I have to ask. If you would rather not reply, may I tell you how I think he ought to feel?" And, without waiting for his consent, she went on: "I think he ought to feel the greatest happiness and the greatest pride the world can give."

The curate shook his head.

"No; there are only fear and love."

Miss Eldon pondered; then she nodded:

"I see. Fear because of love—and a much greater love because of the fear."

"Oh, but the fear is awful, Miss Eldon!" said the curate, suddenly becoming natural. "Just awful!" And, the ice broken, he confided the dark haunting alarms that possess a man at such a time.

"That was a lovely talk," said Miss Eldon when he rose to take his leave.

Perhaps the feel of his severe clerical hat restored the curate to a more normal attitude, for rather nervously he replied:

"It was perhaps hardly orthodox. In the circumstances I hope you will try to forget it."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing! I can easily forget your silly little sermons; but what you have said to-day will always live in my memory. Good-by! And I'm sure it will be a boy. They say it always is a boy if ——" But the curate had gone.

Mary was a legacy. Little Miss Eldon inherited her when the child was six years old. Of money there was very little—hardly any, in fact, to spend on education; but Miss Eldon greedily assimilated all she could learn and passed on the good of it to her charge.

So Mary was taught to sew samplers and do drawn-thread work better than you can buy in any shop; and how to cook mouth-watering dishes and how to dance nice little old-fashioned waltzes; and how to dress herself prettily and coil her pale gold hair; and how to make people happy when they were sad; and how to appreciate color and Nature, and shiny silver and beautifully dusted china; and to play the piano and make beds, and drive a pony and cart; and listen to what other people said—and, in short, all manner of gentle things the majority of young ladies never bother about.

Miss Eldon did not believe in concealment; and so, when Mary was old enough—one might say almost on the tick of when she was old enough—she told her about love and its fruit in the loveliest way imaginable.

So many people make a mess of things when it comes to revealing natural laws; but not so with little Miss Eldon. She never dropped a single stitch as she spoke, and understanding radiated from her small wrinkled countenance.

Mary sat on the bearskin hearth rug and listened beautifully, her sea-blue eyes wide open and her red-bud lips slightly parted.

"There!" said Mary Eldon's aunt. "And isn't that much more wonderful than the story of the doctor and the cabbage patch?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary—"much more!"

I dare say you think Mary was a futile little thing. Certainly she never had very much to say—about a couple of hundred words covered the limits of her vocabulary; but if you had been fortunate enough to stay at the house for a week-end, and had enjoyed the luxury of a bright fire in your bedroom, with a glowing copper kettle hissing on the trivet, a small decanter and glass on the shiniest of silver salvers by the bedside, and the milk-white sheets turned down to invite entry to the soft warmed surfaces within; and if you were told that these and many other delicate attentions had sprung from the hands of Mary Eldon, you might, if you are a cozy comfort-loving sort, think more kindly of her.

Mary was not at all well read. She was not in the least clever—she had no views—she did not know what higher thought meant—she couldn't have been neurotic if she had tried—she had never heard of Bernard Shaw, but she possessed quality notwithstanding, and to little Miss Eldon she was perfect.

As an artist looks at his best canvas, Miss Eldon looked at Mary. Ever so seldom she would make a slight alteration—tell her a little something that would eradicate a something else. Then she would say:

"I think that is better, Mary—don't you?"

And Mary, after due thought—for, surprising as it may seem, she used to think—would reply:

"Oh, yes—much!"

When the right time arrived Mary came out. The facilities for coming out in the quiet part of the country in which she dwelt were few; and so the time had to be chosen with regard to the opportunity, and the opportunity did not arise until Mary was nearly twenty. Then Lady Duffy gave a ball, and Mary and her aunt were invited. The preparations before the coming out were exhaustive. Little Miss Eldon had the furniture moved to the walls of the drawing-room each evening, and for a

fortnight before the event she and her niece, to an accompaniment of a measured humming, danced stately little waltzes round and round the room.

"They do all sorts of new dances nowadays—slips and wabbles, and that sort of thing. I can't find anyone to show me how they go; but I think if you waltz nicely your partners will be quite pleased."

"Yes, auntie; I am sure they will."

"Then we'll just do five minutes more to the Blue Danube. I can't sing it very well; but as long as it is waltz time it doesn't matter."

Halfway round the room Miss Eldon stopped, with a correction: "You mustn't draw away from me, Mary. Nowadays couples dance much closer together than they used to."

"Do they?"

"Yes. So we will try this one, hugging each other quite tightly. After all, it is much nicer—really."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, who was a cozy little thing—"much!"

Between them they made the dress, and it was all that a débutante's should be: white and frilly, and with the daintiest insertions ever seen. Miss Eldon used to powder her hands when she worked on it; and it spent the night in tissue paper and with lavender bags in all the careful folds.

When the great day came Miss Eldon took charge, with awful severity. Mary was not allowed to rise for breakfast; it was brought to her on a tray. In the morning she was sent out into the garden to read a book under the united shades of a parasol and a cherry tree. At lunch she had some whitefish, with a little sauterne and soda water to drink. She was then ordered to bed again until four o'clock, and the blinds were drawn.

At tea she was given a lightly boiled egg and three honey sandwiches. And then Miss Eldon talked to her gently for an hour. She told her what men would probably say and the kind of answers to make.

"Don't try to say anything particular, Mary; just be natural and say what you feel. When one tries to say things they are generally not very well worth listening to. If anyone wants to kiss you, and I expect everybody will, you had better say 'No'—unless he is so nice that you'd feel miserable if he didn't. There now; it's six o'clock and we must begin to get ready."

And Mary was washed in milk, and she put on the finest silk stockings and the flimsiest frillies; and Miss Eldon did her hair so that it had two gold-nuggetty curls over each ear, and smoothed her eyebrows, and passed a lick-moistened third finger over the brown sweeping eyelashes.

Then, with an infinity of care, the dress was lifted from the couch whereon it had reposed for three crease-departing hours. The tissue paper was withdrawn from the sleeves and the lavender sachets put into a drawer.

"Just lovely!" said Miss Eldon when the last hook-and-eye was fastened, and she had tucked a tiny lace handkerchief in the front of the bodice. "If I were a man I'd dance with you and no one else."

"I wish you were; for I am sure no one will be so sweet as you are," replied Mary. And a very nice little speech, too, when you come to think of it.

It occupied Miss Eldon two and a half hours to dress Mary, but she effected her own toilet in fourteen minutes. They descended the stairs as the hired carriage arrived at the door.

Miss Eldon did not believe in doing things by halves; so the carriage was a carriage and pair, and special orders had been issued that the cushions were to have clean holland covers. There was a footman, sedately liveried, who went through his paces with all the dignity the occasion demanded.

Mary was a little silent at the outset of the journey; but Miss Eldon soon rectified that. From her mental store cupboard she produced some funny stories, saved up against emergency, and by the time the carriage swung into the drive of Lady Duffy's estate Mary was all aripple with laughter.

"That's better," said Miss Eldon. "Now bite your lips—hard; that's right! Look at me. Yes. Perfect!"

She pinched the two round cheeks to brighten their color; and the carriage drew up, with a great clatter of hoofs on the cobbles, before the house.

"Miss Eldon and Miss Mary Eldon," announced the butler; and Frank Cartright, who had taken elaborate preparations to be exceedingly bored, fell instantly into an ecstasy of love.

"Introduction, please," he said to Lady Duffy as she passed her guests into the vortex of program fillers.

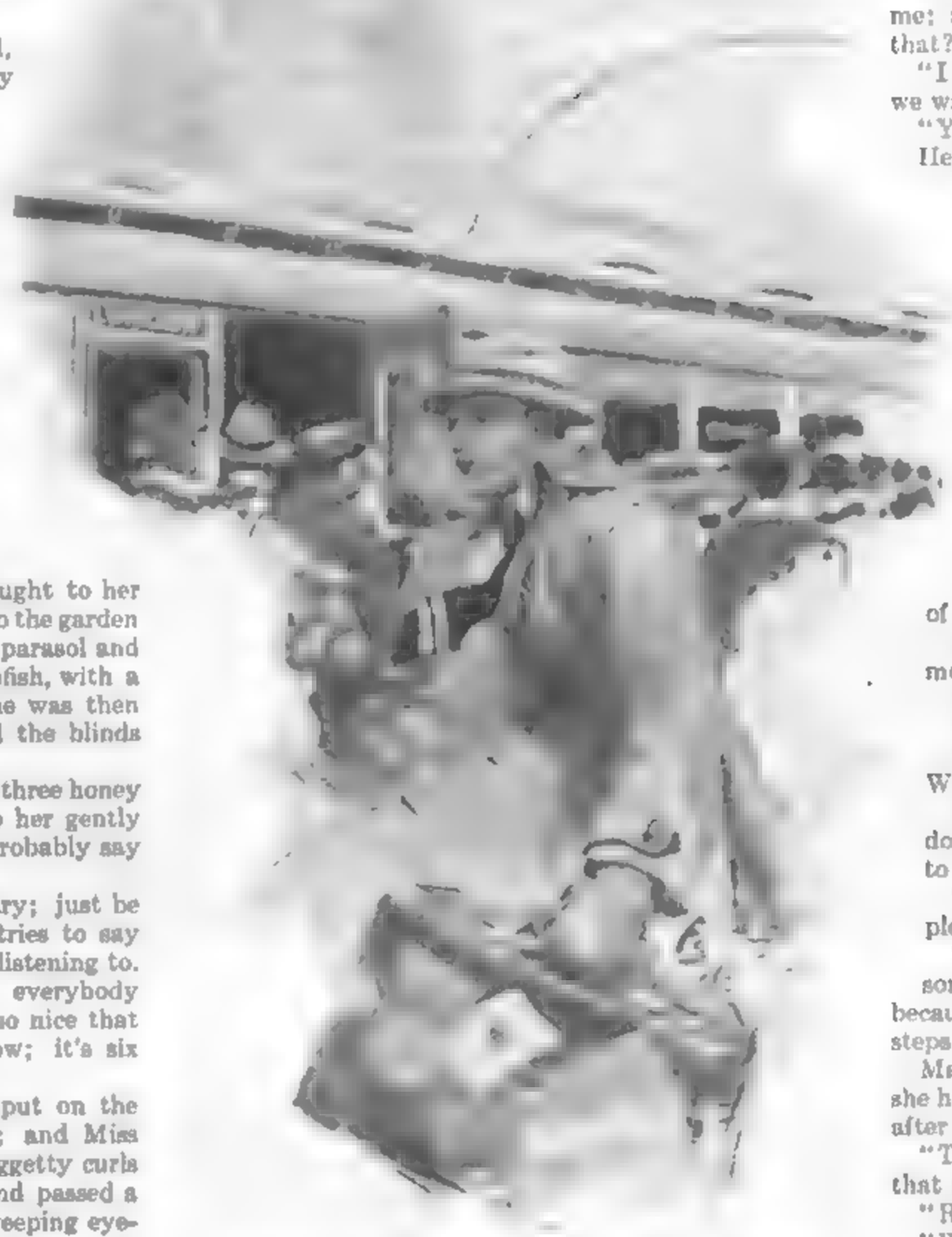
"I thought you never danced, dear man!"

"I feel young to-night."

Mary had said "Yes, with pleasure," to several dance seekers when Frank was introduced.

"Am I too late?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" said Mary.



*"If I Break My Beautiful Piece of China It Will be Because I Held it Too Tight. Good-by!"*

"Then I'll write my name against Number Seven."

"Thank you."

He took her program and considered it.

"Unless you would rather we had the supper dance together?"

"That would be a nice one, too."

"Could I pluck up courage to ask for both?"

"Thank you," said Mary.

He made the entries.

"This is my aunt—Miss Eldon. She dances beautifully—much better than I do."

Frank bowed to little Miss Eldon and, succumbing to her attractions, begged for a waltz. Miss Eldon shook her head.

"It was sweet of you to ask," she said smilingly; "but I can sit out far more elegantly than I can dance."

"And, by Jove, so can I!" said Frank. "Let's do a couple that way, Miss Eldon—after supper."

"Then write them down on Mary's program, for she is sure to be tired by then and we can all sit in a row."

After this Frank Cartright made no further efforts to fill his card. He drifted away to the seclusion of the winter garden, where he camouflaged himself behind a self-imposed smoke screen and did not emerge until Number Seven appeared on the music stand.

He found Mary sitting, with folded hands, in an attitude reminiscent of the Victorian oleograph, Waiting for the Party.

Frank bowed and Mary dropped a curtsy; the music started and, without any hesitation, she crept into his arms. They were a well-matched couple, for neither one nor the other possessed the slightest knowledge of modern ballroom methods. They navigated the room with hoppy little steps, almost original in their simplicity. For a while they did not speak; then Frank ventured:

"If everybody danced as you do I should not spend so much time in the conservatory."

"Auntie taught me," she replied, as though that were to cite the pattern of perfection.

The next remark came from Mary:

"You must tell me if I dance too close to you; only I think it's much nicer this way—don't you?"

Which startled Frank into replying "By gad, yes!"

"Oh!" said Mary. "What a funny way to answer! Do you always?"

"No; not always—only it was a rather funny question, you see."

"Was it clever, then?"

"Heaven forfend!"

When she spoke again it was to say:

"I like dancing with you more than the others. They didn't know the proper steps, and kept running away with me; and then stopping all of a sudden. Why did they do that?"

"I don't know why they stopped," he replied. "Shall we walk on the terrace? It's a lovely night."

"Yes, please."

He offered her his arm.

"It seems silly," she said, laying a small white glove upon his sleeve; "we shouldn't do this if we were going out for a walk after breakfast—should we?"

"Depends. Some do."

"Who do?"

"People who are fond of each other, for instance."

"I often take auntie's arm when we walk in the garden."

"There you are, then. This your first dance?"

"Yes."

"Enjoying it?"

"Oh, yes! It's my coming out, you see."

"I see." He looked at her absorbingly. "It was cruel of them to keep you in. But you won't be out long."

Mary looked quite scared in the mixed light from the moon and a paper lantern.

"Why won't I?"

"Someone will run away with you—and won't stop."

"You do say funny things! I don't understand most Where would he run to?"

"He'd run up Regent Street to all the milliners—down Bond Street to all the jewelers—along Piccadilly to all the florists; and he'd finish up in Eaton Square."

"That's where the school is where all the rich people's sons go—isn't it?"

"Ah, that's another Eton. This one is very plain and somber; and all the houses have sullen jealous faces, because they know they shall never be able to climb the steps of the little church that stands on the corner."

Mary wasn't used to people who spoke in metaphor, but she had enjoyed it all the same; thus it was quite natural, after a little interval of thought, that she should have said:

"Thank you." Then, after another pause: "And is that really what will happen to me?"

"Really and truly!"

"Why will it?"

"It always does when people get married."

Mary laughed joyously; it was a laugh of illumination.

"Then that's what you meant?"

"That's what I meant."

"I was silly not to see. I am silly, you know."

"Not you!" he replied emphatically.

"Don't you think I'm silly, then?"

"No; I think—but I just can't think when I am talking to you."

"Why not?"

He did not reply, and from the ballroom came the sound of violins.

"The dance has started," he said.

"Yes," said Mary, without moving.

"Aren't you engaged?"

She shook her head.

"I've hardly met anyone, you see."

"I meant for this dance."

"Oh, how quickly you change what you are talking about!"

Frank could not restrain a smile.

"Let me see your program," he said. "Yes; here we are—Number Eight, with a name against it I can't read."

She peeped over his shoulder to see, and the gold of her hair brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I remember him; but never mind."

"You're going to commit the unforgivable sin of cutting his dance?"

"I didn't ask him—he asked me; and he wasn't very nice. So it doesn't matter."

"It's a social crime, though."

"Why, if I enjoy more to be with you ——"

"You extraordinary child!" he gasped. "No one confesses so much at the end of a ten-minute friendship."

"Auntie told me to say what I felt."

"Did she? And you really felt like that?"

"Yes. Auntie tells me all sorts of things. She knows such a lot!"

"Tell me some more."

"She told me, for one thing, that if anybody wanted to kiss me I had better say 'No.'"

"H'm!" said Frank gravely.

"Unless," added Mary, "he was so nice that I should feel miserable if he didn't."

"She must be a wonderful woman—your aunt."

"Oh, she is—very!"

"Let's go and talk to her," said Frank after an effort.

And so they went. Little Miss Eldon shook her head with mock severity.

"You bad child!" she said. "Your partner has been looking for you everywhere."

"But, auntie, I was enjoying myself."

"Then you'll enjoy the next dance all the more. There he is; go and say you are sorry."

And rather poutingly Mary departed.

Frank Cartright seated himself beside the little old lady. "I love her," he said.

"Course you do!"

"I want to marry her."

"Thought you did."

"May I?"

"Aren't you traveling very fast?"

"That won't surprise you."

"How do you know?"

"You expected it. Otherwise you wouldn't have told her to say 'No' if anyone asked for a kiss."

"Did she say 'No'?"

"I didn't ask."

"Bravo!" said the little lady. She laid her small mittened hand on his sleeve. "Then take my advice and don't—not to-night. You might regret it; and so might she."

"I'll try to be obedient," he said.

After the supper dance Frank did not guide his little partner to the terrace; instead, they sat in the hall, and afterward sought Miss Eldon.

"I think I shall let you off my dances," she said; "for an old lady is better behind a teapot in the afternoon, while a young one is better with a moon behind her in the middle of the night. So dance with Mary or take her on the terrace; and—if you like—come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon."

Toward the end of the ball Frank approached Miss Eldon.

"I know what you're going to say," said she.

"You made no provision for the man's feeling miserable if he didn't," said Frank.

Judged by ordinary standards, Mary's behavior in the hall was unusual; for, after Frank had helped with her little white-rabbity cloak, she said "Good night"—and kissed him in front of the butler and several departing guests.

Little Miss Eldon saved the situation by saying "Good night, Frank!" and kissing him herself.

In the carriage, on the way home, Mary's eyes shone like stars.

"Are you happy, dear?"

"Oh, yes, auntie—very!"

"And you're not sorry he kissed you?"

"Oh, no, auntie. I asked him to."

"You asked him!"

"I should have felt miserable if he hadn't."

"May I ask her?" said Frank the next afternoon as he and Miss Eldon sat over the teacups. Mary had been sent into the garden to play.

And Miss Eldon, who had asked him all sorts of questions, not one of which touched on his banking account, gave her consent.

And on a day not many months later the sullen jealous faces of the houses of Eaton Square looked sullener and more jealous than ever, because they knew that never, never would they go down those steps with orange blossoms and rice in their hair.

"Just be as you are, dear," said little Miss Eldon when the wedding ceremony was over and the bridal dress was being changed for one for travel. "He loves you so wonderfully as you are. Take love and happiness, and all they bring, serenely—evenly."

She puckered her brow as though burdened by an acquainted thought.

"I am sure," she went on, "one should never snatch—not that you're likely to snatch, dear. If one snatches, even at the most beautiful things, there's danger they may break. Some people are forever changing their ways—their looks their ideas; and they change so jerkily that their friends can't understand what's happened, and perhaps are startled or offended. Of course change comes to all of us in time—it's only natural it should be so; but let the change come of itself. And, oh, be very, very careful not to drive out good that exists for something that may prove not so good!"

No one can expect a two-hour-old bride to listen to anything but whisperings.

Mary said "Yes, auntie dear." And a moment later the words were forgotten in the choking excitement of farewells and the white-shoe ecstasy of departure.

In the lives of even the happiest lovers moments of actual romance are very few; for the rest, we live in the sweet contentment of each other's entity. Miss Eldon had divined that secret and warned Mary to be content with the gentle routine of married life.

So Mary set about the conduct of her home with all the understanding she had been taught, and Frank Cartright was as happy as any man has a right to be. When he made a joke she never failed to compliment his humor and express gratitude for the condescension. In which case he would smother her with kisses and exclaim:

"Oh, you extraordinary little angel!"

Life in a city rather perplexed Mary—she could not understand the women she met. They were so unlike all she had been led to believe a woman should be. The brilliance of their talk staggered her and the daring of their ideas was startling. In the main they appeared to care more for other people's husbands than their own.

They knew nothing about receipts and did not show the smallest enthusiasm when, in a mood of extreme generosity, Mary confided the added luster that could be imparted to silver by using methylated spirits with the whitening. She told Frank about this when he came home, and he laughed.

"Ah," said he, "they are too clever to bother with such things."

Mary puckered her brow.

"Am I so very silly?" she asked.

"You're adorable!" he replied.

But she wasn't satisfied.

"I didn't know I was silly before," she said; "but I suppose I am."

"You're like no one else."

*(Continued on Page 65)*

*"She Told Me, for One Thing, That if Anybody Wanted to Kiss Me I Had Better Say 'No'"*

# FATHERLAND ABOVE PARTY

## By DAVID LAWRENCE

WHATEVER the rime or reason we must admit that in our yesteryears we were careless as a nation, never giving a serious thought to the idea that European troubles and controversies ever would break into our lives, and never worrying particularly about those parts of our polyglot population that hoched the Kaiser, damned the Czar or twisted the British Lion's tail.

War has meant a self-inspection, a kind of national inventory—a taking of stock. We know now, or think we know, who is for or against the United States of America; and we have learned to our amazement that while joyriding through generations of complete liberty of expression some of our citizens as well as our visitors have been abusing the hospitality and violating the spirit of free America. Under our very noses they have been seeking to pervert American institutions. Our backs were turned—we were innocently occupied in the pursuit of an economic expansion. But of a sudden the nation has had a look at itself and discovered alien influences, insidious and potent, striving to make of America rather a convenient haven for numerous nationalities interested in promoting the destinies of the respective countries from which they had sprung and not in building on firm foundations a home wherein might be slowly but surely blended all races in a homogeneous nation.

### *Catering to the Foreign Element*

WHOSE the responsibility? Why has segregation of foreigners in our midst been permitted? We indignantly make inquiry, but Shakspere gives us answer—"The fault . . . is not in our stars, but in ourselves." To go closer home, there is something rotten in the state of American politics. Our political machines, bosses, organizations—national, state and municipal—have trafficked in votes and bartered away the ores out of which true Americanism must be smelted.

Recognize a community of foreigners as such, and you perpetuate the foreign spirit which they might otherwise be quite ready themselves to dispel. Cater to the traditions and quondam prejudices of a foreign community, and you add to the longevity of those traditions and prejudices. Play to the European sentiment and ties, and the growth of Americanism is correspondingly stunted. What is true of Germanistic communities is true of every other settlement of foreigners that we have in the United States. The genus politician keeps them alive as entities. He is responsible—he and his age-old selfishness and Machiavellian lust for power, no matter how gained or at what cost.

Our political leaders and politicians have been either too craven to resist and expose the attempts at coercion by the organized foreign voters or too easily influenced and won by such suave arguments as were used, for instance, by the leaders of German societies in the United States in spreading doctrines of "true neutrality"—which meant an open schism with Great Britain and France and manifest assistance to the Central Powers.

But the American politician never would have worried about the German vote if it had been unorganized and scattered. The German vote has always been a sentimental affair, not necessarily disloyal, but in large part misled, duped, deceived by subtle propaganda and by those German-language newspapers that believed their revenue and their existence depended on the uninterrupted preaching of Germanism.

There is proof enough of a conspiracy of ballots—it has operated for years not merely in the city councils and state legislatures, where intense pressure was applied to have German the favorite language in the schools and German textbooks of Germanic flavor used, not merely in local fights but in national issues—foreign policies.

To understand the trend of the German effort one must go back before the war and examine anew the studied antagonism to Great Britain exported from Germany to our German population by propagandists.

The plain purposes and practice were to knock England and keep alive prejudices long since forgotten by our native population.

And when the European War broke out, a hue and cry was raised about imaginary British domination. Apprehensions were spread about the British fleet, that never had been or could be a menace to America, and a large part of our people were led to believe that the European War was a kind of technical quibble between Germany and England over commercial matters, and that true Americanism consisted in trying to balance or equalize the advantages and disadvantages of the belligerents with respect to America.

The Germans in this country, for example—citizens of America—through their numerous societies raised a great fuss over the United States Government's decision to censor the wireless, and shouted that England, having Canada next door, could get information across the border very easily. What the Germans would have liked America to do was to move Canada and other British possessions in this hemisphere out of the way during the war or arrange for new German colonies in the Atlantic to equalize the situation. When Germany floated part of her first loan in America at the outbreak of the war the Americans of German birth lifted no voice in opposition, but soon oversubscribed the offering. Later, however, when the British and French tried the same thing—and for larger sums—the German societies bombarded Congress with telegrams of protest against alleged unneutrality.

When England and France were caught unawares by Germany, and found themselves up against a militarized Germany that had been amassing munitions for decades, the only thing to do was to turn to America's steel plants and foundries for munitions. International law not only recognized the right of a neutral to sell munitions of war—Germany, as a neutral, had done it many times over—but international ethics demanded that we sell to anybody and let the purchasers carry the goods home at their own risk. The British had a navy large enough to insure safe delivery of American munitions, but the Germans in America wanted that advantage offset by an embargo on munitions. And they held meetings and demonstrations, and threatened and coerced members of Congress, and exhibited their political teeth time and again in an effort to scare the Administration into submission to the German vote.

### *Some Secret Political History*

IT IS all over now—that 1916 election—and we know that if Charles Evans Hughes had been elected he would have given the Germans not a bit more mercy than has Woodrow Wilson; but the true story of how the German voters tried to punish Mr. Wilson and mistakenly assumed that a victory for Mr. Hughes would force him to recognize their political power is something that has only now come to light in attested documents and statements gathered by the Senate of the United States while investigating the activities of the National German-American Alliance.

We have a native sense of sportsmanship in America that makes most of us forget about elections almost as soon as they are over. The majority wins, we say, and the losers cheerfully abide by the result. Too often have we been indifferent about how elections were won or lost and what were the forces that used the occasion to advance their own particular interests. What we have discovered about our party politics, however, since the war began, and about the alien influences that were not too strongly repudiated by either political party, is something that will stand us in good stead in the trials and the contests of the future—for we have by no means purged ourselves of the evil.

We knew, of course, always that there was a German vote; but not until recently did we ascertain how much it was a solid expression by those of German origin for candidates of the same family or nativity, and how far it was really the deliberate consolidation of foreign-born voters

(Continued on Page 73)

*Some More Raw Material Needing a Little Government Control*

# FULLER BROTHERS

## By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE was a legendary old gentleman who, it is related, about to embark on the great adventure, called his sons together and, showing them a bundle of sticks, expounded the first principles in family solidarity. Retained as a homogeneous unit they defied the stoutest arm to rend them; but one by one the sticks were easily snapped in two. The moral was of course the ancestor of the modern slogan: United we stand, divided we fall.

It was something of this spirit that was the moving principle in life of the two Fullers, John and Charles, commonly known in their community as Fuller Brothers.

But we must go back to their earliest annals—to a morning, in short, when Mrs. Davieson, who wrought on these occasions, emerged from the spare bed chamber to the parlor, where the father of Fuller Brothers sat registering patience, weariness, anxiety, nervous tension—all the usual feelings proper to an affair of this sort.

Mrs. Davieson had a furled blanket in the crook of her arm. "You can see them now," she said.

"Call Me Honey-Bunch, Charley," Mrs. Lulu Was Murmuring

"Them!" repeated the father of Fuller Brothers faintly. He sprang up to inspect, but the plural pronoun was absolutely correct. Two small objects lay in the woolen sheath; two wee, wizened men, pucker faced and crimson, with a cloud of black down on each tiny head. They were as like as two small, glossy beechnuts; and portent perhaps of coming years they lay very close together, tiny arms interlinked, small noses rubbing.

"Good heavens!" faltered their father; but after the first emotion a suitable pride must have possessed him, for within a few days, being an elder of his church, he had recorded their advent in the family Bible—Grandpa Fuller's old Bible, where the family births, deaths and marriages were duly entered. And being a methodical man, of late Victorian ideals, living in the era of abbreviation, he wrote it thus:

Born on the twentieth of February, in the year of Our Lord, 1885, to Thos. K. and Elizabeth Fuller: Jno. P. Fuller & Chas. J. Fuller.

His pen had evidently wavered a moment, as though the dual entry under the single date demanded further consideration, then had added under a happy inspiration:

And . . . the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

And it was even so with "Jno. P. Fuller" and his brother "Chas. J."

They grew apace. As like at first as beechnuts, it presently became established that they meant to continue this indistinguishable quality. Even with fading complexions and the approaching signs of human expression upon their countenances they defied you to tell which was which. It was said that even after they were three years old their mother was hard pressed to assort them properly when seen in company. And to be seen in company was apparently their preconcerted rule; perhaps a pact perfected in those cloudy uncharted regions where the new souls await their earthly summons. At any rate, you never saw Jno. P. without Chas. J.—and vice versa.

As babies they had rolled and played together like friendly puppies; and when they donned the habiliments of sex—in that era thrust so early upon the nether limbs of the wee male—they lost no whit of their affection for each other. They never quarreled. They were like a pair of courteous, considerate, friendly little men, whose very thoughts partook of duality.

At the age of six they were thrust for the first time upon public notice. They came to their first day in school.

The juveniles of their village romping pleasantly in the school yard perceived a pair of small, unfamiliar figures entering the gate. They were masculine figures, like as peas, with round, staring brown eyes; stiff straw sailor hats; gingham waists with plaid Windsor neckties; and, from the waist down, wide, straight long trousers—"cut-me-downs" made from their father's year-before-last's plum-colored pantaloons, with that unmistakable slightly wrong-side-before air the homemade trousers of the early 90's were wont to assume.

"Oh, look at the pants!" somebody shouted, and a chorus of frog voices took up the cry.

"Pants! Pants! Twin pants—look at the pants!"

"What's your name, boys?" someone else cried.

It was an acclaim, a publicity calculated to disturb even the most sophisticated infant—a species of juvenile hazing that usually sent the newcomer's finger to his mouth, caused his soul to fold up like an accordion and in some cases brought even the genuine salt tear.

But the young Fullers were of no ordinary cast. They advanced upon their questioners with quiet determination; one might almost say a shade of hauteur. They had, it is true, the advantage of numbers and the moral reënforcement that a fraternal hand tightly clasped may supply; but whatever the cause they advanced unperturbed, unruffled—a sort of family cohort, Jno. P. carrying the dual lunch pail; Chas. J. a brace of school "companions."

There was something solid, formidable in the array they made, and their aggressors fell back slightly. It was Jno. P., who had perhaps the merest trace of superior initiative, who spoke for them.

"What's your name, kids?" Cuthbert Miller, the grocer's son, repeated.

"Fuller Brothers," said Jno. P. crisply, yet with a touch of contempt.

The juveniles in the schoolroom parted like the Red Sea before the Israelites, and the twain made their unimpeded way to the pedagogical desk. "We calc'late to sit together," Jno. P. announced to the teacher

School made no break in their bond As the years passed it strengthened. If they drew maps, worked examples and studied spelling lessons together, it was equally clear that they were interested in playing mostly with each other. They had their own sports and games, and it was a lordly concession they made in joining the I Spy or Prisoner's Base of the herd at recess time. They were aristocratic in their seclusion.

"Chass an' Johnny Fuller's got a swimmin' hole of their own," it was announced, and it was true. They had a hole up in White Willow Creek, and though it was by no means so good a hole as the one at Tuckerman's Reach, where the male infants of town disported à la water nymph, it was at least their own.

The lifted two-finger challenge of the proletariat left them cold. They went to White Willow to splash and swim by themselves, just as they played in the cool brown-gold spaces of their father's barn alone.

Everything they owned was held in partnership. The firm name they had chosen for themselves had become a commonplace to their world long ago.

"I got a Nicaragua stamp an' two bully Johannesburgs," Len Feely would announce, "an' now I'm going to see what Fuller Brothers'll take fur one o' their Prooshians."

Even their pet rabbits or pigeons were shared equally, and a Christmas gift that admitted of dual ownership was welcomed as readily as the individual present.

Teacher had early fallen under the spell of their Greek-chorus effect. From announcing in the beginning on Friday afternoons "We will have a recitation by Charles and John Fuller," she presently merely said "The Fuller Brothers will recite The Clock on the Stairs for us," whereupon Johnny and Chass would rise and intone in concert:

*"Forever—never!*
*Never—forever!"*

In their studies they paced each other nicely. Though Chass possessed the imaginative mind and dwelt fondly on the rail-splitting prowess of Lincoln or the midnight ride of Paul Revere rather than sterner stuff, while Johnny's was inclined to call a spade a spade and loved to tilt with such little matters as the competitive speed of James and John in plowing round a field 70.5 rods by 48.5 rods, they balanced each other curiously. For Chass could throw a certain glamour over history or science in helping his brother with his lessons, while Johnny would relentlessly exact a pitiless accuracy from Chass and stand over him like a taskmaster until he had paid his mathematical tithes; and so neither had outstepped the other.

And in the matter of punishments they had a certain adjustment of their own. They bore them as nearly as possible in concert.

It was Chass to whom most of the punishment fell, but when he stayed to serve sentence after school Johnny usually sat on the step outside to wait or had some extra task to perform in a far corner of the schoolroom, whose completion coincided with the end of Chass' imprisonment.

When the boys were fourteen their parents died within a few months of each other, and a friend, Mr. Hiram Parlow, was appointed their guardian. They entered into their new estate in the very parlor in which their father had received tidings of their advent.

Their aunt, Miss Nancy Watkins, who had come to live with them, led them into the room, where they took seats beside the Richmond heater; and where the familiar accouterments incidental to village parlor art took on a strange, unfamiliar aspect. The white clock, with its wreath of wax flowers and flowing glass case, a very bride of a clock; the whatnot, with its riches of bisque statues, shells, albums and ornamental china; the peacock tail on the wall; the ottomans; and even the rich hues of a Brussels rug beside the sofa, wherein a beagle hound bore a pheasant of lively colors, the whole surrounded by a border of oak leaves, acorns and horseshoes—all these took on a gray misty tinge to the two sober-faced boys in their Sunday suits with new black neckties.

Mr. Parlow had cleared his throat and spoken very solemnly to them:

"As your guardeen and friend, until you reach matoor years and your friend after that I hope for as long as I am spared—consulting things over with Mr. Brodie, who is handling your pa's estate, it has seemed best to us to give you some sense of purs'nal interest in the business your pa has left you, it not being likely that you'll go separate ways when you reach matoority, and so though the store'll be managed for you your name is going on it right away, right underneath your pa's. It'll give you a feelin' of somethin' to look forward to, besides gettin' the town used to the notion of new owners by and by."

And the twins going downtown in a few days perceived that they had indeed acquired a new dignity—new responsibility.

Their father had founded and conducted a prosperous feed-and-grain store. It looked now just as he had left it. The red-brown façade with the neat legend in faded white:

THOS. K. FULLER

FEED AND GRAIN FERTILIZER

SEED POTATOES SEED ONIONS

Everything was as usual.

As they came near a cloud of sparrows rose with a whir from the sidewalk, where they had settled to feast on a windfall of scattered grain. The little platform before the open door carried its usual cargo of bags of potato fertilizer and sacks of corn. The window was not quite clean, and you could see Henry Falls in whitey-gray trousers and sweater at the high desk behind it. Even the faded floral annual, exploiting a special brand of seeds, hung in the window as of yore, along with the notice of the candidacy of Rulon Briggs for assessor, and the Weekly Courier's calendar with God be With You Till We Meet Again upon it.

It looked indeed as though their father had just stepped out for a minute, until you cast a discriminating eye upon it. Then you saw a small freshly painted oblong of white beneath "Thos. K. Fuller" with the neat black legend: "Fuller Bros."

And Johnny seeing it clutched his brother's arm.

"Lookit, Chass! It's us. An' when we're twenty-one we'll paint it in big where pa's name is."

"Oh, I dunno, Johnny." Chass had the heavier sentimental tonnage. "We could leave pa's there, I guess."

"Why, it'll be ours—'less you're countin' on doin' something else."

"Oh, no, I'm not," Chass reassured; "I'm workin' right with you, Johnny."

Why, the mere thought was absurd. Indeed, their mother, only a short time before her death, calling the boys to her side, had essayed some sort of farewell:

"Johnny, you look after Chass; Chass, you —— But what's the use of telling you, after all? I guess you'll fix it for each other."

It was Johnny who had done what "fixing" was required. Like as they were, there were temperamental differences. It was Johnny who had reckoned with Chass in his hours of temptation. Johnny it was who had sat at the head of the stairs all of one evening when they were in their middle teens, on a night when Chass went out alone—who rose as the latter came in, confronting him, an angry specter in blue-and-white checkered nightshirt and bare shins, and pointed an accusing finger at him.

"You been drinking beer," he charged.

"Just one glass," faltered Chass.

"Who gave it to you?"

"Billy Miller bought it for me."

"I'll break his head to-morrow; and yours, too, if you let him treat you again."

He led the cowed Chass to the motto his Aunt Nancy had hung over his bed:

"Touch not, Taste not, Handle not."

"That means us," he said curtly. "Our folks was always temperance."

Thus also when Chass in a moment of folly joined the Axel Miller gang, and took up smoking by stealth, up behind the Craymore barn. It was Johnny's firm, unfaltering hand that planted Chass' erring feet on the path of rectitude. He had his own theories on tobacco.

*Why, in Heaven's Name, Couldn't Chass Have Cared for One of Them?*

"You and me are not going to smoke till we're twenty-one," he announced, and Chass accepted his verdict implicitly.

With the fair sex it was Johnny's will that ruled again. Not that there was much temptation. Youths so sufficient unto themselves, so absorbed in each other's plans and ideas, offered poor target for feminine archery. Eyes that sparkled brightly on other victims rested almost with disinterest on the growing Fuller Brothers—or at best wavered only in passing as they noted Chass' shapely brown head and mild, inquiring eyes.

It was Chass, as usual, who had brought them even indirectly into their life scheme.

The boys were seventeen and sitting in the wood yard one evening.

"Chass," said Johnny, chewing away on slippery elm, "Benny Lightner tells me you walked home with Lily Mead last night."

"Well—what 'f I did?"

There was a touch of defiance as Chass looked away, stubbing his toe on the sawbuck.

"Benny said he saw you kiss her good night."

"Darn lobster! What 'f I did?" Chass' voice grew truculent. "Other fellows kiss 'em."

"I know"—Johnny spoke thoughtfully—"but it's beginning pretty young—for you and I. I don't know as we'll bother about all that anyhow, Chass. Women"—Johnny spat consideringly—"women are hell, Chass, when they want to be."

Apparently Chass had fallen in with his opinion without demur, for the twins had come to maturity with unbroken harmony.

Many years had passed since those early days of adjustment. Their father's name had long ago been painted out above the feed store and the fraternal firm name blazoned abroad in goodly lettering.

The place itself had changed little otherwise. The usual cloud of gossiping sparrows held conclave above the scattered grains on the sidewalk; the little platform outside carried potato fertilizer and sacks of corn. The window was as cloudy as ever and decorated in a familiar style—a floral annual, exploiting a popular brand of seeds, a Weekly Courier calendar, a public notice or two.

Only a very close eye would have perceived that the calendar had shifted its date with the passing years; that a new face looked out of the political notice.

But it would have required poor eyesight indeed not to have observed that the figure on the high stool at the desk behind the window was not the old-time, anæmic Henry Falls, but a tall, personable dark-eyed man of thirty or thereabouts—none other, in short, than Johnny Fuller. It was Johnny chiefly who looked after the accounting end of the business, leaving salesmanship, with its attendant drain on the imagination, to Chass.

To-day Johnny sat alone in the little store. It was four o'clock and business being dull Chass had gone up to the house to assist Aunt Nancy.

The old aunt was very old indeed by now, and the brothers had fallen into the habit of helping her out in her domestic tasks rather than bring an interloping stranger on the scene. It was an excellent arrangement, for, like many good men and true, Chass Fuller had a genuine knack for cookery—an artist's delight in the thing for its own sake. He could turn out a chocolate cake to bring a blush of shamed envy to a female housekeeper's cheek; his pumpkin pie was a triumph of gold and spice and ambrosia; and his "fried cakes" were rings of pure delight.

What Chass did for the culinary end Johnny on occasion supplied to the sterner branches of housekeeping. He could sweep and polish and dust like a veteran. To see Jno. P. Fuller, of an early Friday morning, in blue-checked apron, his head in a towel, sweeping out his front hall or parlor with the long, slow, massaging but firmly persuasive sweeps of the broom that the male of the species affects, was to see the high priest of cleanliness at his most exacting business.

Between them—the old aunt lending counsel and experience—they managed beautifully. Their life was an even, nicely balanced scheme that needed no jarring element. What time they did not tend store or housekeep they boxed or read or played chess or checkers together or went on long tramps or built a new pigeon coop or a storm door for the kitchen entrance. Good heavens, it was a busy, a sufficient life; and no one can ask more than that!

And yet here sat Johnny Fuller on his high stool with a frown of trouble, of perturbation on his brow.

The cause lay before him on his desk! A letter—one of three. The two others were business missives; one, a formal inquiry as to the price of cracked corn per bushel, and if price quoted tallied with the April rate would Fuller Bros. kindly forward three bushels to Anson McGabe, of Freeport; . . . the second, a request from the minister of the Immanuel Church for contribution on the part of Fuller Bros. to the fund being raised to build an ell on the Sunday school.

To both of which Johnny had replied in due form, signing each by pressing the little circular rubber stamp on his desk to the paper, and leaving a crisp violet "Fuller Bros." there—to which he had added in fine, small script, "J. P. F."

It was neither of these letters certainly that brought carking care to his brow and lit the beacon of anxiety in his eyes. It was the third. He had never looked at the address, had opened it carelessly as he had done the others; it was a foregone conclusion that being in Fuller Bros.' mail it was Fuller Bros.' property. But it was not a letter for the firm. He saw that after the first shock, consulting the envelope. It was addressed to one

MR. CHARLES J. FULLER
Briggsville
Lock Box 75 N. Y.

The thing was like the impact of a blow, for three conclusions leaped simultaneously to his mind.

Item One: Chass Fuller was corresponding via a lock box, that furtive foul deviltry by which the guilty evade General Delivery, and Lem Bailey in the post office had gotten things mixed! Item Two: Chass Fuller was corresponding with an alien or with foreign talent. For the letter had begun "My dear Charley," and who in heaven's name ever called him Charley hereabouts? Item Three—and most obvious, for the chirography was unmistakably feminine, a fact that naturally gave rise to the lock box: Chass Fuller was writing to a woman! If proof were needed the signature furnished it. The letter closed "Affectionately yours, Lulu."

Nor was that all. He had not read the letter. Heaven forfend! He was a man of honor; it wasn't his letter; but he couldn't help seeing the first sentence.

"Ever since you called Wednesday and we found how much we had in common ——"

So Chass had things in common with Lulu. And who in heaven's name was Lulu? Johnny shut his eyes in an agony of thought.

It was Providence that answered, for after a moment he looked out of the window and he saw a knot of women going up the street. They had that decorated festive air the ladies of a village assume for gala occasions. They wore their best foulards and carried gay little sewing bags on their wrists. They were going to assemble at some point and work initials in thingumajigs no doubt. Johnny had once won at a raffle a shaving towel covered with the sort of product they turned out. It hurt his face so much he had had to give it up.

But to-day the ladies were gay, chattering like magpies. Then Johnny saw what they convoyed in their midst, and the whole thing cleared.

There was a stranger, a foreign woman, in the center of the crowd, and he recalled instantly a squib he had casually read in the weekly paper:

Mrs. Mabel Lee will entertain the Busy Bee Towel Club this week in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Lulu Attleboro.

Yes, it was Mrs. Lulu Attleboro who was being led up the street, and she was Chass' Lulu!

Johnny craned to look at her.

She was by no means slender; indeed there would be some who might use a harsher term. At a guess she was a few years older than Chass; but when you had remarked these things you were finished with the derogatory. In spite of her bulk, carried as is sometimes the case with a certain deft lightness, there was a distinct, almost infantile charm about her.

In the first place her dress was quite different from the other women's, elaborated, modern, full of sophistications, such as beads, embroideries, Georgette crêpe. Even her hat was different—a juvenile poke with coquettish bows and cunningly encircled roses. But neither the hat nor the dress was so conclusive as the face!

Though it lacked the pristine freshness of youth and was suspiciously full beneath the chin, it was, nevertheless, that most devastating type known to the defenseless male a baby face. Mild, round, childishly puzzled blue eyes looked out at you from under Mrs. Lulu Attleboro's poke—eyes that beckoned, allured, respected, almost actually leaned upon you in pretty helplessness. And to assist them there was a nose, a little plump but prettily retroussé; a small puckered mouth; and—a halo for the whole—a mist of soft fair tendrils of blond hair. Without seeing them you surmised that Mrs. Lulu Attleboro had dimples instead of knuckles on her hands, and that outspread the hands were plump pink-and-white, helpless little starfish.

But Johnny did not speculate on her hands. He had drawn back in bitter disillusionment—his world unhinged.

So it had come to this. After all these years a woman had entered into their scheme of life! And Chass, his own brother, trusted ally and friend, had a secret, a lock box! He was calling on a woman; and corresponding with her. Leading a double life!

It seemed incredible. Yet now that the entering wedge had been applied a great many events fell easily into place. The thing had been going on for some time evidently; as long as three weeks easily, for it was just about three weeks ago that Mrs. Lulu and her meteoric wardrobe had burst upon Briggsville, returning from some years' residence in the West. Johnny remembered now that he had seen Chass in conversation with Mrs. Mabel Lee on Main Street, and that a few evenings later Chass had professed himself weary of checkers and had gone down town and stayed until quite late.

He had said—said quite glibly—that he had been in to see Hallam Parsons, a rheumatic friend who could not leave his chair. Yes, and Johnny didn't doubt for a minute that if he quizzed Hallam he would fully support Chass' story—that Chass had fixed him, had bribed and sweetened him as an accessory after the fact. A man as far gone as he seemed to be would stop at nothing! Why, on the very Wednesday referred to in the letter he had said he was going over to Minor Lockett's to see about some lumber for a boat they intended building. And he had stayed nearly all evening. He'd probably sweetened Minor too.

Oh, gullible fool that he had been not to suspect Chass, to let himself be imposed upon, made a cat's-paw!

That Chass would stoop to a thing like this in the face of their fixed theories and principles in life! Were they not happy enough together—their days a succession of smoothly dovetailed events? But the ancient Adam must stir in Chass' misguided bosom and lead their plans astray, and by stealth?

It was the stealth that after all was Johnny's comfort presently. After all Chass hadn't the gumption to go through with it publicly. He might run after Mrs. Lulu Attleboro a bit, and write notes to her and have things in common with her, but when it came to the open break—to courtship, to marriage!

Hope stirred again in Johnny's heart. If Chass knew he was found out, found himself reasoned with, persuaded, shamed. He had always been amenable in the past; a mere touch and he had let himself be guided past all dangers.

Johnny felt more relieved.

What Chass needed was brotherly remonstrance, a firm but kindly hand.

Yes, that was it. There was really nothing else to do about it. Because there was the letter. He had opened it—mistakenly—but it was not his. It belonged to Chass and must be restored. And in the restoring of it would come the golden opportunity to set the erring foot upon the narrow way again.

Though it lacked an hour of closing time Johnny got up suddenly and put on his coat. He thrust the letter into one of the pockets.

*II*

THE little Fuller kitchen was bright and speckless. Geranium plants glowed pleasantly in the windows; white lace shelf paper decorated the wall shelves; the cooking vessels and stove shone with polished lusters; and a fat-shouldered silvery teakettle bubbled and chuckled to itself complacently. The air was full of the fragrance of clove and cinnamon, and on a white-covered table a regiment of molasses cookies was spread. It was as cozy and clean and tabby a kitchen as any in the

(Continued on Page 37)

"One Day—Well, I Met Her—and I—I Love Her. I Can't Live Without Her"

# THE FIRE FLINGERS

XI

## By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

The Article by the Tribune Correspondent Did Not Read to Suit Him

RICHARD HATTON, ex-convict, locked Olwell's doors, climbed Olwell's stairs, and made his uncertain way along Olwell's hall until he came to what seemed to be a bedroom. It had been left with lights burning and door flung wide, and Ellen had not disturbed it.

"The dead man's room," he decided. "Still, one can't be too sure."

Cautiously entering he stood inside the door and looked round more carefully. There was no mistaking the masculine character of the room. On the dresser he saw two discarded collars, an empty whisky flask and a half-burned cigar, along with various brushes, stick pins, cuff buttons, and the other débris that is washed up on the shores of a man's room. To the left an open closet door revealed a man's wardrobe of considerable extent—light suits, dark suits, new suits, old suits, overcoats, raincoats.

"I could get them by gift in a week from the Salvation Army; but since he doesn't need them ——"

Richard, whose last bed had been a haystack in a field, closed the hall door, locked it and pulled down the curtains over the windows. Then he divested himself of Olwell's clothes and crossed to the bathroom, where he tempered the needle shower to suit him. After his bath he donned pyjamas, turned out the lights, raised the window curtains, made sure that the windows were lowered from the top for air, and climbed into bed, where he lay awake the remainder of the night trying to determine whether or not to follow Chris by the next train East.

His first decision was to wait in his room until evening, slip over to Chicago by interurban and take a night train for Washington. Probably they would have to separate for the present. He calculated that at the distance of Washington he might be able to keep up his pretense for a month or two. Then Richard Olwell could disappear; the police would take up the search not from Borealis but from Washington; and the chances were that the mystery would never be solved.

This plan looked promising; but it contained a serious flaw. He ought to remain in Borealis until the dead man was safely buried as the ex-convict, Hatton.

He did not yet realize the fact, but the plan contained another serious flaw; for it disregarded the position in which Mrs. Olwell would be left.

He began the day by dressing himself carefully. As before, his clothes gave him confidence. In order to obtain a better bandage about his head he tore up a white shirt. When he was ready he boldly descended to the dining room.

Ellen had set the table for one—there was no danger of seating himself in the wrong place. She had seen him the night before and tagged him as Olwell—he did not have to overcome any suspicions.

It was Ellen who introduced the subject of his injury and bandage.

"Did he hurt you very much, Mr. Olwell?"

Richard looked up in surprise.

"A pretty bad crack," he said. "Who told you?"

"I read it in the Tribune."

"What does the Tribune say?" he asked quickly.

"I'll bring you Mrs. Olwell's paper. She isn't back."

"Thank you," replied Richard more courteously than Olwell had ever done. And a moment later, when Ellen returned with the paper: "Will Mrs. Olwell return soon?"

"I don't know."

"Where did she go last night?"

"I think she went to Mr. Burly's."

Richard recalled that the chief of police of the night before was named Burly, and tried to learn whether that was the Burly she meant. But Ellen had become reticent. She could not forget Maggie Driver.

The article telegraphed by the Tribune correspondent did not read to suit him. Richard Olwell, it said, upon returning to his home the night before was suddenly confronted by a thug and felled. He was dangerously but not fatally injured. The thug when cornered fought like a rat and in the ensuing battle was killed. He was a stranger in Borealis, but was partly identified as a California criminal named Hatton.

Upon returning to his home! That was wrong. Felled! He surely had not said he was felled. Fought like a rat! Partly identified! He did not like the suggestion—it implied doubts and questions.

After breakfast he started for his room, where he intended to remain during the rest of the morning in seclusion. Now Richard had noticed the night before, and also on the way down to breakfast, that adjoining his bedroom was another room the door of which was closed. What was behind that closed door he did not know—and he felt that he ought to know.

"I am acting the part of Richard Olwell," he told himself over and over. "Richard Olwell, owner of this house. I am Richard Olwell. I have the right."

What he feared was that this was Mrs. Olwell's room. As she was not in the house he could easily see. He hoped that it was not.

"What difference does it make? She will never know."

It made a good deal of difference.

The room was not Mrs. Olwell's, however, but proved to be a lounging room and library that Olwell had fitted up for his own use.

Books! It was as though he had stumbled upon a treasure chest. Nothing could have suited him better. No need now to spend the day in his bedroom!

Closer inspection showed him that his good fortune was even greater than he had hoped. Olwell's collection of books was not large and was not well selected. Many of the volumes had been chosen for their typography or for the beauty of their binding. Others were technical works of interest only to a printer. But Richard was a printer too. Excellent typography and artistic binding pleased him as much as they could have pleased the other man.

Furthermore, the library contained a few of the standard writers in literature, such as Shakspere, Scott and Dickens, to speak only of the authors first at hand.

He spent the morning in renewing old acquaintances and making new ones along some of these shelves.

As the patrol wagon drew up before the Kirkwood Hotel, Chris Cotteril, more lately Ellery, climbed down over the front wheel with his borrowed grip.

"If you have trouble with the clerk call up headquarters," remarked Chief Burly pleasantly.

"I will," replied Chris with dry lips.

"There's always room in the jail," added Powers.

But Chris was in no mood for such ghastly pleasantries. He tried to smile and look nonchalant; the kindly shadows of night prevented the officers from seeing with what ill success. But he managed to make the acknowledgment the occasion demanded.

"Much obliged for the lift," he said.

"Glad to have met you. Don't mention it."

"Not I!"

The officers laughed and drove on, and Chris crossed the walk into the light and publicity of the hotel office. He knew that he was frightened; he knew that every one of the twelve or fifteen loungers in the lobby was watching him closely; he knew that he might as well have gone on to the jail and had it over with. But he managed to reach the desk, and when he registered his hand did not especially tremble. He asked for a room with bath, a bell boy took his grip, and in a reasonably short time he found himself alone behind the locked door of his room, where his panic to some extent left him.

His first care, as Richard had suggested, was to remove the initials, R O, from Olwell's hat and the tailor's labels from his overcoat. These he carefully burned, using the saucer of the emergency candlestick as an incinerator.

Then he turned on the hot water, disrobed and bathed. The luxury of the tiled bathroom and the insinuating comfort of the perfumed soapy hot bath dispelled what panicky thoughts remained. He allowed his body to steep in the grateful warmth of the tub until he became drowsy. Upon leaving the bathroom he donned the suit of pyjamas from the grip, emptied his pockets, and calling up the office had a bell boy sent for a suit of clothes to be pressed, to be ready at half-past seven. Then he went to bed and, unlike Richard, after a little fell asleep.

When he woke the sun was shining in through his east window. He lay for a moment without rising while he got his bearings. He knew who he was and what he had done. But where was he? Why was he here? What was he expected to do next? The catastrophe of the night before—he woke with that on his mind. He had seen it, caused it. He was not likely soon to forget those nerve-racking scenes in Olwell's house. He had been badly frightened, he remembered. He did not feel frightened now. But what was it Richard had decided he was to do?

Richard had told him, he recalled, that he was to leave the city and go to New York by the first train. Richard was to remain behind and face the thing down. Though Richard was not responsible for what had happened, and Chris was, Richard was to remain at the post of danger while his companion saved himself. The idea did not please him.

"Maybe I'll go," he mused; "maybe not. Maybe I'd rather stay here and take my medicine along with him. I'll see, after breakfast."

By this time the hotel valet was knocking at the door with his suit, and he rose and admitted him. Pressing had made a vast difference in the appearance of his clothes. He had them hung upon hangers in the wardrobe closet, and remembered to give the man a dime as a tip.

He now turned on the cold water; then he sought the comfort of the bed until his ears told him the tub was filled. The cold plunge nearly robbed him of breath. After dressing he went downstairs to the dining room and had a

bold breakfast. His mental attitude toward his situation had entirely changed. Perhaps there was an element of bravado in it; perhaps of fatalism. At any rate he was no longer in flight and no longer frightened.

Upon completing his breakfast Chris strolled out through the office and asked the clerk if the mail had yet been delivered. The question was unpremeditated; it merely struck him as being a natural one and a possible one to make. The mail had been delivered; there was no mail for him; there was no other mail until eleven o'clock. He did not ask about the interurban or eastern trains, as he had intended doing the night before. Instead, he asked to be directed to the best clothing store in town.

At the store Chris bought himself a business suit in a striped pattern of fair quality, a pair of tan shoes, an olive-green soft hat, three suits of lightweight underwear, four soft shirts, three ties, eight handkerchiefs, a dozen collars, and two suits of pyjamas. The linen he took with him. The shoes he wore, leaving his old ones to be half soled. The hat and suit were to be delivered to his room at the hotel. These purchases cost him almost fifty dollars.

When he had completed this errand he returned to his room in the hotel. Here he changed his linen. Emptying the grip upon the bed he placed the discarded shirt, collar, socks and underwear, all of which bore laundry marks, at the bottom of the grip, along with the pyjamas. The remainder of his purchases he laid away in the drawers of the dresser.

Then he carefully replaced the two-hundred-thousand-dollar sandwich package and the brushes and bottles, laying them on top, but neglecting to close the grip.

When he was through he seated himself at the table and wrote a letter to Richard Olwell, Esq., finding the street number in the telephone directory. In order that Richard should recognize it as for himself, he placed his assumed name above the hotel return card in the upper left-hand corner. He told Richard merely that he had decided not to go East, and would call that evening for further instructions. Nothing but that. He worded the letter in such a way that it would be harmless if it miscarried—harmless to Richard, that is. He of course knew that if Richard's true identity was discovered the letter would lead the police directly to himself as his companion. This, however, did not much matter; the police already knew where he was staying.

By the time he had composed his note to Richard the remainder of his purchases arrived. He now donned the new suit of clothes, hanging the old suit carefully upon the wire form in the closet. He then locked the room and went downstairs to the office, where he made further inquiries of the clerk.

"Where's the post office in this town?" he asked.

The clerk directed him. A little later he deposited the letter with its blue special-delivery stamp at the stamp window. Richard ought to receive it within half an hour.

Unless, indeed, he had already been taken in the patrol wagon to another address.

The letter was delivered to Richard in Olwell's library at five minutes after eleven. The moment he had signed the book he tore it open and read it.

The complication was one that he had not counted upon. Chris in New York was one thing; Chris in Borealis was quite another. He thought he was able to read between the lines the reasons for his partner's change of plans. The reasons were highly creditable—Chris was merely proposing to stand by the ship. He felt that in running away he would be saving his own neck at the expense of his friend's. But his action in remaining was most unwise.

However, here he was. His name was Chris Ellery; he lived at the Kirkwood Hotel; he was Olwell's new job foreman.

Richard's first act was to go to the telephone downstairs and call up the Olwell Press. If Chris was to pass as the new job foreman that fact must be arranged for at the office.

"Hello!" he began, carefully imitating Olwell's voice. "The Olwell Press?"

A voice that he did not recognize replied affirmatively.

"Who is this talking?" he asked.

"This is Stoll on the wire."

"Oh!" cried Richard, as if relieved. "Stoll, this is Olwell."

"Yes, Mr. Olwell."

"Stoll, I'm laid up at the house for a few days. Doctor's orders. You people will have to run the place without me. You can manage, can't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Olwell. We'll manage."

"And, Stoll, I'm sending you a man named Ellery to take Dean's old place in the job room. Get that? Ellery will act as foreman of the job room. Put him on the pay roll at thirty dollars."

Richard in referring to Dean was using information that the galley boy had given them.

"Yes, Mr. Olwell."

"See that he's taken care of. Introduce him to the other men and show him the lay of the shop."

"Is he in town?"

"Just in. He'll probably be round after lunch. He's at the Kirkwood Hotel."

Richard now looked up the number of the Kirkwood Hotel, received the connection and asked for Mr. Ellery. Mr. Ellery, it seems, was conveniently in his room.

"Hello! Ellery?"

"Yes; this is Ellery."

"Richard Olwell is talking. Ellery, I'm still at the house. Didn't get down this morning. Can you understand me?"

"I understand—Mr. Olwell."

"I received your letter a few minutes ago. Now, Ellery, I can't get down to the office to-day. I'm laid up at the house. But I telephoned to the office stating that I was sending you round after lunch. Ask for Stoll—Mr. Stoll. You are to take Dean's place as foreman of the job room. Dean. Get that? Stoll will explain everything. Have him introduce you to the other men, and if he doesn't speak plainly make him repeat the names. Do you get all that?"

"I understand. I'm to go to the office after lunch and take Dean's place as foreman of the job room. You telephoned to Mr. Stoll that I was coming. I'm to look up Stoll and have him explain anything I don't know. Is that right?"

"That's it, Ellery. And Stoll will introduce you to the other men."

"And you'll not be down to-day?"

"Not for three or four days, probably."

"If Stoll asks about you what shall I tell him?"

"Tell him you haven't seen me to-day, but last night I acted a little dazed."

"How about to-night?"

"Better look in for a minute. I'll tell Ellen I'm expecting you."

"I bought me some clothes," began Chris, changing the subject.

*(Continued on Page 76)*

*"I'm Sorry to Bother You About Our Bills, but the Men Refuse to Deliver to Us Any Longer Without Payment"*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 29, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## The Prussian Hope

A GREAT many times, in print and in talk, we have run across this idea: "Even though he beats the French Army and the Italian Army, the Kaiser cannot bring England and the United States to terms unless he shatters their sea power. How, then, can he hope to win ultimately?"

It is an easy conundrum. He expects England and the United States to lie down. He hopes there is enough laziness and selfishness and cowardice in them to give the game into his hands. He thinks they will get tired of fighting. He calculates they cannot stand the gaff. He banks on the chap who resents having his profits interfered with, his pleasures interfered with, his easy ways of living interfered with, his diet regulated; on the big capitalist who forestalls as much as the law will let him; on the small capitalist who will not buy a Liberty bond when he can get eight per cent on a mortgage; on the labor leader and wage-earner who will strike—even against the Government; on the farmer who would rather let his production fall off than pay high wages for help. He expects timidity and the slacker and the grafter and the sponge, in all their manifold varieties and manifestations, to get the upper hand and surrender.

The Kaiser will be disappointed; but don't let anyone encourage him.

## The New Revenue Bill

IN THE fiscal year now closing the United States has paid a much larger proportion of its war bill by taxation than any other belligerent has yet paid or will pay during the war. Nevertheless, it can stand decidedly higher taxation. In view of the appropriations for the new fiscal year it should stand higher taxation. The question is not so much the amount of revenue as the means by which it is raised.

Congress should go back to the sound principle the Senate Finance Committee adopted last year—and later abandoned. It should tax war profits, instead of taxing ideas, ability, good will and conservatism in the matter of capitalization, as the present law does. For the present law is essentially a tax on intangible assets; and, except in illegal cases where exceptional profits are due to a monopoly, taxing intangible assets is the same thing as taxing brains and character. Aside from monopoly, intangible assets resolve themselves simply into brains and character.

Congress should remove the paradox of the present law by which an earned income is taxed more heavily than an unearned income.

It should levy consumption taxes that will hit luxuries—not only a few conspicuous things, like diamonds and sealskins, but others, more commonly used, that fall within the category of clearly dispensable spending.

The present income tax takes almost two-thirds of the largest incomes. There is no point in increasing the highest rates. But on the whole range of incomes, from five thousand dollars up to a quarter of a million—the range that includes a great bulk of the taxable income of the country—rates can be increased.

The country can stand decidedly higher taxes. The important question concerns the method of levying them. Congress has an opportunity to redress the glaring blunders of last year.

## The Next Congress

THE new management of the Republican Party wishes to return a strong majority of the four hundred and thirty-five members of the lower house who will be elected in November.

Everybody knows how congressional nominations usually go in scores of districts:

X has a claim on the local party managers for party services. Perhaps he is the sitting congressman—inconspicuous at Washington, but faithful to the party. Y has an ambition to go to Washington, without anything very convincing in the way of demonstrated capacity to base it on. Z regards a seat in the House as a better job than his present law practice.

Making one of four hundred and thirty-five members of the lower house—more or less gagged and caucused and infringed upon by the President and Senate—is not an occupation which ordinarily attracts men of outstanding proved abilities, unless they happen to have a powerful penchant in that direction. X, Y and Z fight it out at the primaries amid the indifference of half the voters of the district, who regard it as a fairly negligible matter.

But it is not a negligible matter now. Lives—your son's life—and hopes—the highest hopes of the nation and of the individual—may hang upon those four hundred and thirty-five members. Being one of them now is a job worth the best there is of ability and character in every congressional district.

The spirit of patriotism runs high and strong. There is a willingness to serve and sacrifice in a national cause such as this generation has seen nothing like. Men who could not consider the proposal ordinarily may be got to stand for Congress now.

Let the Republican management forget the old game and exert itself to bring out a set of candidates worthy this great occasion—with no regard to what party services they have performed in the past or whether they care a rap about mere party services. A party management that is capable of rising to this occasion can put the congressional campaign on a new plane.

Then let the Democrats work along the same line, and the whole country wins regardless of which party gets the more seats.

## The Fourth of July

IF YOU had been an eyewitness you would have seen this: About fifty men in knee breeches and silk stockings sit in a room, by no means imposing, in Philadelphia; it is an exceptionally hot day, even for July; the windows are open and from a near-by livery stable flies swarm in and bite the gentlemen's legs: the gentlemen use their handkerchiefs industriously, first mopping their sweaty faces, then lashing at the flies; they are uncomfortable and tired.

The business that detains them is actually of rather small importance. For more than a month it has been fairly certain that they are going to declare the thirteen American Colonies free and independent of Great Britain. On the seventh of June they adopted a motion appointing a committee to draw up a Declaration of Independence. On the second of July, twelve states—New York not voting—passed a resolution of independence. The great question is really settled.

Their business to-day—the fourth of July—is merely considering some verbal changes and taking the formal action of adopting the Declaration, which Thomas Jefferson, chairman of the drafting committee, has drawn up. Jefferson himself said final action might have gone over to the next day—only the members were hot, tired, pestered by flies, anxious to finish the thing up and get away. So the Declaration was formally adopted on the Fourth.

If you had been an eyewitness you would not have been particularly thrilled. You would have been sweaty and fly-bitten and impatient yourself. You would have seen merely a number of gentlemen pushing steadily on, in considerable discomfort, with a rather humdrum routine piece of work—which would have had no more validity than any other scrap of paper, except that many thousand obscure men, in the humblest of circumstances, toiled and sacrificed and died to make it valid.

If those nameless thousands had failed, the gentlemen in the Philadelphia hall might as well have whistled against the wind as to have adopted Mr. Jefferson's Declaration. Those nameless men had a choice then that is your choice now. If the old Declaration is to remain valid in its essence you must push. It is not a dramatic climax, but the steady, sweaty, humdrum carry-on that wins.

## Why Men Embezzle

A BONDING company has compiled reported embezzlements in 1917. In the main its figures cover cases that involve a loss to bonding companies. The total is thirty-one million dollars. The true total is no doubt considerably larger, for a good many embezzlements occur of which bonding companies never hear.

The outstanding characteristic of these cases is that a man in a position of trust could not manage his living expenses; could not restrain himself from spending more than he earned. He stole to have a good time; to buy his wife a fur coat; to make an impression on a woman. Mostly he was just the greedy little boy in the candy shop, who cannot keep his hands off the sweets. Mostly, of course, he was just a poor fool, with no real criminal bent.

Embezzlement has been disagreeably prevalent in the United States. Our inclination to extravagance, and especially our silly inclination to four-flushing and making an impression of indifference to expense, foster the vice.

War must teach some millions of young men to say "I can't afford it," without turning red. Millions of young men say that now—after they have spent the pay check and pawned their watches. They must learn to say it earlier.

## Imitation Thinking

WHEN we get an incoherent letter our first guess is that what the writer had in mind was conscription of wealth. Generally that guess turns out to be right. A school superintendent writes:

> Suppose settlers were defending their stockade from Indians. Suppose one of them said: "I have a good gun, but you cannot use it unless you give me a mortgage on your property." Suppose another said: "I have food that you need, but you cannot have it unless you pay me for it." Is it because this class of slackers is so much larger than the class which simply refuses to fight that you are afraid to mention them?

This seems to imply that because a farmer's son gives his life the farmer should give his wheat, potatoes, corn and beans to the country without pay—and then sit down and watch the weeds grow; for even a nonresister socialist must know that if the average farmer got no return from his crops he would have to stop raising crops.

Or it may imply that the Government should fix a limit to private fortunes and simply seize everything above the line; in which case it would find itself in possession of lands, buildings, stocks and bonds. It could not sell them, for there would be nobody to buy. It could hold them and enjoy the income. But in the case of large fortunes it already takes two-thirds of the income as income tax.

There are twenty-odd million men of military age in the United States. The Government takes those of them it can use to the best advantage—at present about a tenth. There are so many billion dollars' of wealth and income. The Government takes what it can use to the best advantage. All the men and all the wealth and income are equally at its disposal.

It would be as foolish to commandeer wealth right and left, with no regard to proportions and results, as to herd men by wholesale into training camps.

## Economic Pipe Dreams

A GOOD many people are amusing themselves nowadays with completely impracticable theories of taxation. To their collection we beg to add one they have probably overlooked:

In Erewhon—as Samuel Butler reported in the diverting satire of that name—when a man made a fortune that yielded him twenty thousand pounds a year he was immediately exempted from all taxation. The Erewhonians argued that he could not have made a great fortune without conferring great benefits upon society, as by cheapening production, introducing a better business organization, developing new ideas, and so on, thereby putting society so much in debt to him that it should relieve him from taxes.

# ACES HIGH

## By Sergeant Pilot Harold E. Wright

OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS AND THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS

PICTURES BY PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY

*An Aviator Testing His Machine Gun*

CHIRPING away in a barrack-hut window sash, from which the glass had been shattered by a bomb raid, sat a little bird. He was singing away to his heart's content, this stranger who had strayed into this war-torn section early that autumn morn, and occasionally he flapped his tiny brown-and-silver wings, apparently preaching to us the joy of living. I did not know what sort of a *petit oiseau* it was, and asked D——. He insisted that it was a daffodil; but, then, the Gallic D——'s English vocabulary is faulty at times. One of the boys remarked, as its wings flapped, that it looked like a Baby Nieuport. There was a nest of magpies near our hut, pestiferous birds that used to steal our shirts and things, but this certainly was no magpie.

The little feathered fellow sang his shrill song of joy and praise and jubilee just as happily as if there were no trench mortars and *soixante-quinzes* barking and growling only five miles away. I talked to him from my remarkable bedstead, which had long rubber bands for springs—the only spring bed in the barracks. My mechanician had put hooks on four sides of a frame and stretched across these many of the strong bands of gum that we used as shock absorbers on the landing-wheel assembly.

"Well, dickey bird, old kid," I said—or words to that effect—"I would far rather see you perched in the window than to meet you in the air."

"Yes, bird, the curse of Jazz would sure be put on you if you ever got in our way!" one of the boys assured him.

For it must be remembered that hitting a bird at high speed will wreck a propeller all to splinters.

Fine weather was on the bill of fare that day and just as I was turning over for another snatch of sleep the pilot of the day came and routed me out of bed. He informed me that an order of service calling for a special mission at ten A. M. awaited me. Upon inquiry I learned that the special mission was photography.

### *Fine Pictures From Great Heights*

"PHOTOGRAPHY!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean—photography? I'm no photographer. I have no union card!" Nevertheless, those were the orders, he said. The two men who did this work were off "on permission."

Aërial photography usually is done in a special two-seated machine unless the job calls for a very fast plane, such as a Spad. When a long distance must be covered or descent into dangerous places becomes necessary, demanding a quick visit and quicker get-away, an ordinary two-seater is not speedy enough. The likelihood of its being caught en route by Fritz's chasse machines is too great.

The Spad to which I was assigned for this flight was one I had never flown before. A single seat permitted room for one man only. The camera was anchored into the floor, the lens pointing right down through the bottom of the fuselage. This particular instrument had been captured from the enemy when a boche pilot and observer flying over Calais had run out of gasoline and had been forced to land in a field behind our lines. Being out of essence he had not succeeded in setting fire to his pet.

It was an ingenious contraption—that camera—a German improvement upon a French invention. It was the only thing captured on the boche that was better than anything we possessed. Though I had never done any photography, the process, as explained to me, was as simple as A B C. I was told to avoid clouds in making exposures and cautioned to look below for haze within focus.

Clever, indeed, was the lever device at the left side—almost human. When the lever was pulled back two-thirds of the way it inserted a plate in the focal plane. Drawing back the remaining third of the arc flipped the shutter, exposing the plate. Pushing forward the mechanism would remove the plate and slide it onto a shelf. The same process repeated would put a fresh plate into place for exposure.

An idea of how remarkable the instrument was could be gained only by examining some of the photos it took. I recall that when captured the box contained a number of exposed plates, and when these were developed and printed at our escadrille, on two or three of the pictures, obtained over Calais at a height of about thirteen thousand five hundred feet, it was easy to distinguish the horses and wagons on the streets. Probably the average camera fiend does not realize how distinctly these photographs can be taken from such astonishingly high altitudes. Aërial war photography begins where other photography leaves off. The focus of the camera was fixed and so arranged as to take pictures at a high or low level equally well, and required no adjusting while in the air.

As there is no means of identifying the pictures we take simply by looking at them we use a system of identification by starting at a certain given town on the line, continuing exposures one after the other at regular intervals, so that the plates will overlap. Before developing the magazine the plates are numbered, and when prints are struck off, trimmed and pieced together they make one continuous panorama. It is then a simple matter to identify the various points by comparing with topographical war maps of the district.

In cases where the enemy camouflages roofs of buildings, hangars, and so on, with paint—all of which will fool the human eye—the camera comes in for special glory. By the use of a stereoscope and twin prints just like we used to have at home on the drawing-room table, all of the flat camouflage shows up flat, and the solid objects—foliage, trees, and so on, appear in their proper perspective.

### *Good Advice and Farewells*

AS I PREPARED for flight that morning the boys began to "ride" me.

"Say, Wright, if they take you prisoner send us some souvenir post cards from Karlsruhe."

"Remember to be kind and polite to any Prussian officers in charge of the coop. They like to be respected and flattered, you know."

"Don't get shot down inside our own lines, kid. We don't want the expense of another funeral this week."

"My regards and sincerest insults to the Crown Prince!"

"Don't forget your golf clubs. They say prison-camp links are fine. Baltusrol isn't in it!"

"I'll bet that daffodil bird of yours is a jinx."

These were a few of the gibes shot at me by the crowd, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, as I tightened my fur-lined flying regimentals and climbed aboard and strapped myself into the seat.

As soon as the boche lines were crossed, of course the Fritzes opened fire with antiaircraft guns. Their method is to keep the pilot as high up as possible so there is less chance of his getting good pictures. This is one of the secrets of barrage fire. I flew through their barrage this day at an altitude of seven thousand feet. As a matter of fact, these antiaircraft batteries can shoot higher than

*Americans, Billeted in a Small French Village, Off Duty*

twenty thousand feet with high-explosive shells and shrapnel, all timed to burst at a certain altitude; but it was too much trouble for me to climb that high.

Breezing across the Hun lines I started to take photographs. Two Albatross chasse planes began to chase me. I laughed at them, for my Spad could easily outdistance them. Just to give the Fritzes a little excitement I let them keep a short distance back of me for a time, and my motor was not even wide open; in fact, I deliberately throttled down a bit. I was in a teasing mood. The pursuers were possibly a quarter of a mile behind. Over town after town I flew, with the boches still after me. But I did not wish to take foolhardy chances and soon speeded up and left them far behind. Incidentally, it is ten times as hard to judge distance in the air as it is on water; and on water distance is deceiving for almost anyone, even a trained navigator.

For a rather distant village I headed, guided by the map in front of me. There is no odometer on an airplane which would correspond to the odometer on an automobile, and the only way the pilot can calculate his distance is by comparing the time elapsing with scale distances on the map. I could calculate approximately how many kilometers I had to travel and how long it would take me to reach the objective, and as I passed through each town I was able to check it off. The map is held in an aluminum frame with two rolls, top and bottom, like an ancient scroll, and can be shifted from one end to another. Upon reaching the village I did not land, but circled it expeditiously, took what photographs I wanted and started back. Returning I did not see my boche pursuers—I must have lost them.

When nearly one-third the distance back, say, twelve miles, I received a real jolt. My motor started to miss. First I looked at the tachometer and saw that my engine speed had dropped down. I feared that the throttle must have closed partially. I examined and found it open. Then I thought possibly I had run out of gasoline, but the pressure was all right. As I looked along the board my eyes fell on the thermometer, which was down to thirty degrees, when it should have been between eighty and a hundred. The radiator water was frozen.

### *Nursing the Radiator*

WERE I to keep on flying the motor would die altogether. I was not at sufficient altitude to be able to volplane back to the French lines. If I kept on going the way I was flying I should come down too near the enemy front, where there were plenty of troops and I should be too well received. If I were lucky enough to pass over the enemy front to the French lines I should be flying so low that the boche antiaircraft guns would shoot at me with considerable accuracy. No Man's Land might be my finish. So I decided the best thing to do was to turn round and penetrate farther into enemy territory, where there were not so many batteries and German soldiers as would be found nearer the front. I flew back several miles—as far as I could—and kept the motor going, in the meantime looking down for a good field in which to land. I saw a stretch that seemed fairly good, and volplaned down, making a neat landing, with the sick motor still spitting and choking.

A very live soldier-aviator-photographer with a nearly dead motor, sojourning for an indefinite period near a town some forty miles back of the lines! Perhaps my little visit to that very green field on that fall day would last for a few minutes; perhaps for the term of the war; and possibly for eternity, for I might stop a Fritz bullet, the Huns might capture and tear me to pieces or else take me alive and intact as a souvenir. One little match scratched on my trousers would set my Spad in flames, but if I should fail in destroying it by fire they would be pleased to obtain that Spad—and get back their camera. Were I shot a report would be sent to German headquarters telling how Captain von Something or Other, at great risk of his sacred life, had shot me down out of the air with his own revolver, and that same captain would make sure the report suited him by dictating it himself.

Up to this point my trip for reconnaissance purposes had been most successful. I had seen plenty going on back of Fritz's lines that was worth reporting, in addition to the story the photographs might tell.

It was the uncertainty as to just how long I should remain that annoyed me. Though the weather was warm enough on terra firma it had been painfully cold fifteen thousand feet aloft, and the combination of high altitude and extremely low temperature had put me out of luck.

There had been no time to ascertain positively whether or not any Fritzes were in the vicinity. It was just a case of spiral right down and land as gracefully as I could. There was no telling how many boches had seen me fall, for this particular section was thronged with them, many moving forward to the Front. Troops marching or riding in camions are always on the lookout for airplanes, for two reasons: First, they are always keen to watch an actual air battle, passing the word along the line for their comrades to look up; secondly, the boche is mortally afraid of airplanes' dropping bombs on him. The minute he sees one overhead he wants to dive for shelter beneath a tree, if possible.

This is one point wherein the German Landsturmer differs from the French poilu. Your Marcel and Jean and Pierre, and all the rest, never seem to worry a rap about how many enemy planes are overhead, whereas Fritz and Hans and Heinie are always ready to break ranks and scatter.

Hence, how long it would take Fritz to reach me was problematical. I felt positive, beyond all peradventure of doubt, that they were rushing in on me from all quarters, but none were to be seen as I dismounted to examine the radiator.

In the field some distance away were some old French peasants at work with their hay—at least I suppose they were French—poor unfortunates, suffering the humiliation of Kaiser rule, for this was French territory which the Hun had captured. The women kept right on with their haying and did not attempt to approach me. Doubtless they were well aware of the fact that the Germans might start blazing away at the plane at any moment. Then, too, they may have taken me for a boche flyer if they had not seen my wing insignia. They could not be of any assistance and they knew enough to keep out of gunfire if possible.

### *In the Midst of the Enemy*

HAVE you ever watched how quickly ice melts in the sun on a hot summer day? Well you never saw ice melt anything like as slowly as did that in my radiator that morning. Frozen solid, it was only by careful nursing that I could keep the engine firing at all at first.

I found that I was talking nonsense to myself. "Take home a brick of Von Hindenburg's ice cream," I muttered, paraphrasing a familiar advertisement, as I tried to keep one eye on my motor and the other skirting the horizon.

Slowly the frozen radiator began to melt and the indicator climbed up to forty degrees—it seemed to require hours! Then it reached fifty, then sixty, and the engine was turning over with a stronger wallop. By and by it reached sixty-five degrees and I planned that as soon as the thermometer registered eighty degrees I should make my get-away.

But I decided not to wait. Suddenly I was in a great hurry, for there coming up over the hill was a horde of Huns in their bright olive-green uniforms—not gray or blue, as many Americans believe they wear. They were four hundred feet or so distant, and there were so many that I saw it was a case of matching my wits against theirs. A quick inspection showed me that my .45 revolver chambers were loaded. It surprised me at first that the Fritzes did not fire. The Landsturmers carried rifles, and Fritz is noted for starting his fire at absurdly long range. Since the Germans invented 76-mile siege guns they seem to think they can hit anything at any distance.

The boches began to spread out to surround me, and I realized that they wanted to take an American aviator alive. Americans in any uniform were much desired by the enemy, for by this

(Continued on Page 22)

*A Group of Bombing Machines. Above—A Glimpse of an Inundated Trench*

# When the Eagle fights—
## *Every American is glad to help*

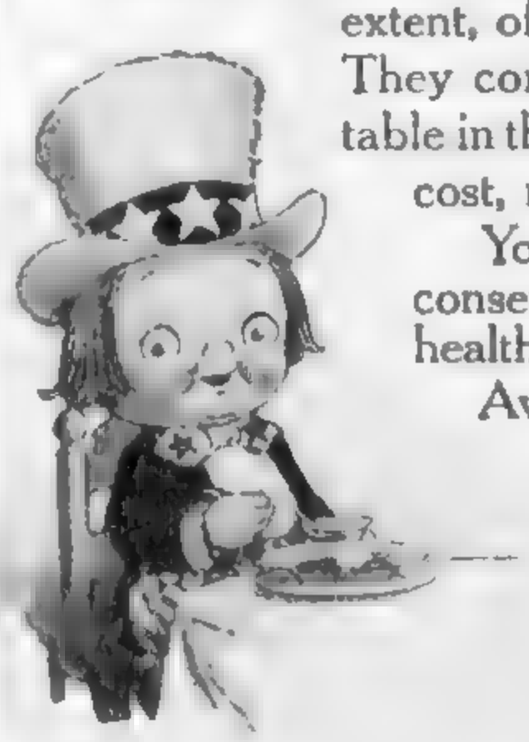
America is in this war to the last ounce of energy, the last dollar, the last man. This means "woman", too—the bravest and truest soldier of us all.

To maintain the cheer and comfort of the home, to make the home table inviting, to keep her family physically "fit"—this is woman's strenuous and vital task. We are gratified to feel that Campbell's wholesome Soups materially lighten this weighty burden.

In these nourishing soups the American housewife finds high food-value at low cost. They provide elements of nutrition which are specially valuable in promoting active strength and good condition. They take the place, to some extent, of foods on which the Government asks us all to economize. They come to you perfectly cooked and blended, ready for your table in three minutes. You have no added materials to buy, no cooking cost, no bother, no waste.

You save money, fuel, labor, time. You help the national conservation plans and also benefit your family both in health and purse.

Avoid extra deliveries by ordering a dozen or more at a time.



**21 kinds** **12c a can**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Asparagus | Clam Chowder | Pea |
| Beef | Consommé | Printanier |
| Bouillon | Julienne | Tomato |
| Celery | Mock Turtle | Tomato-Okra |
| Chicken | Mulligatawny | Vegetable |
| Chicken-Gumbo (Okra) | Mutton | Vegetable-Beef |
| Clam Bouillon | Ox Tail | Vermicelli-Tomato |

# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Copyright 1918, by
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

# Try Them

For shoe comfort try Neōlin Soles. You will get not only comfort but waterproofness and the economy of longer wear besides.

Neōlin
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Soles

*Created by Science*—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

*See displays in shop windows*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

*(Continued from Page 20)*

time the United States was very much in the war. Obviously my game must be to try to get away before they could get close enough to take me alive, yet I did not want to mount until the last minute, for fear of drawing their fire.

And then my heart dropped kerplunk! For the motor suddenly choked again. It coughed and tried to stall, and I swore at it. My hair must have stood on end, for the Huns were running like mad—and within less than two hundred and fifty feet. It seemed as if that motor would certainly stop dead.

"Harold, old kid, looka like a cage and starvation for you," I muttered, and I guess I smiled a sickly smile as I did the one thing that was left to do. At the risk of choking the motor still more I pulled the throttle wide open, for I must have power. All the knowledge in the world was no good to me in this pinch without power!

And what I mistook for the old motor's dying choke was a fierce, angry power impulse as she began to roar out her unbridled defiance to the Kaiser!

Holy smoke! She was going to leave the earth after all! As the plane gave a tug and started to roll along the ground I fully expected to receive a volley from the horde. None came.

Zip! In less time than it takes to tell about it I pushed the control stick forward and dropped the elevating plane to raise my tail in the air, for this was a battleplane, you know, and the rigid machine gun was pointing up at a useless angle when the plane rested on the ground.

But why no fire from the Fritzes? Couldn't they see I was checking out? Ah, at last they were firing. Forward I rolled. Now the tail was coming up to the right angle to permit blazing right at them. My two fingers pressed two triggers and both barrels cut loose at the swarm, as I flapped my rudder to take them in a sweeping arc. The Fritz bullets came whizzing by on either side of the cockpit and a few punctured the wings. My landing wheels were still rolling on the ground, taking me right into the scattering throng. I manipulated the stick to hop the old girl off the earth, and as she went up ten feet or so, a dip and my mitrailleuses blazed away once more. The Kaiser's poor devils were flattened out and piled up—a score or more of them; though some of course were not hit, but merely playing possum.

The stupids had let me get away with it without a scratch when they could have elected me forty times over had they fired quickly enough. Too anxious to take me alive! So often it is the same way with them—one extreme or the other. We have found that the best way to outgeneral a boche is to take advantage of his stupidity, which so often shows in one form or other, rather than try directly to counter the clever moves he may make.

### *Horseflesh for Turkey*

Upon climbing to a fair height I looked for bullet damage to the wings, fuselage and controls, but could see nothing worth worrying about. Apparently the little excitement had done my motor good, for now she purred away very triumphantly.

Presently my mind went back to little old New York and a musical show I had seen on Broadway with a friend one night. I thought of the villa they say he owns up on Barren Island, to which he once invited me for a week-end—an invitation I had to decline. I was soon humming a tune from one of Ina Claire's shows. Once again I longed to have with me that aviator who gave me my first airplane ride and tried so hard to scare me over in Flushing, Long Island. How I did want to get even with him! A few seconds under fire and a *vrille* would have been plenty for him.

I honestly forgot all about my little shooting affray within ten minutes as I flew back to my own escadrille. Such a thing would not have been possible when I first reached the Front. It required some time to make me calloused to that extent. But Sherman said it, even though he did not realize what a hellish thing war could be made.

In a way I felt sorry for the poor devils who received my bullets. How I wish every German I have had to shoot had been one of the Kaiser's spies right in America instead!

When I got back that same little bird came and perched on my hangar. He was not a jinx. He was a regular mascot! When he left in search of more adventures I sorely missed him.

One Thanksgiving Day I shall never forget was November 29, 1917. Our escadrille was encamped opposite the German lines, and we sat down to a dinner which was only slightly worse than our regular fare. It must be remembered that Thanksgiving—that distinctively American day—is not celebrated in France. Anyway we ate a dinner of war turkey stew—war turkey being horseflesh.

Chunks of this and soggy potatoes with black hollow centers were mixed in a greasy sort of gravy, with a few onions to disguise the flavor—*maître-d'hôtel* style, I presume it was. However, we had plenty of good white wine and very fine port to wash down the turkey. Wine and champagne over there are only one-seventh the price of whisky. Our dessert was war bread.

We were feeling fairly contented that afternoon until a crowd of fifteen or more American-ambulance boys paid us a visit. They blandly told us about the real Thanksgiving dinner they had just enjoyed, a dinner with genuine turkey—the sort that wears feathers; and besides this the boys had eaten all sorts of trimmings and nice delicacies. Everything from soup to nuts had been served.

### *A Sausage Hunt for the Visitors*

This got one of our aces very perturbed and he decided to do something rash and reckless to compensate for it. He was going on the rampage, so he went up for another gurgle of white wine. His proposal was to enlist my assistance, likewise our superior's, and go over the lines to shoot down three big boche Drachens, or sausage-type observation balloons, which we could see in the distance. They looked like three tiny jelly beans. They were about four thousand feet up and probably two miles apart. The ace decided that these sausages were getting too dangerous and might be doing too much of military value. They were there to regulate artillery fire. Besides, it would be a pleasant brotherly way of entertaining the ambulance boys, who were our guests.

I consented, and we went and asked our superior if he would go too. Certainly he would go.

In a way it was a great compliment to me to be invited to accompany two great aces like this pair. Furthermore, I was not to go along as a second rater or extra wing. We each set out on his own, each to tackle a Drachen of the same size. I elected the middle one, and the aces took the others, on the right and left flanks.

To the uninitiated perhaps this sounds simple—to tackle a big, cumbersome balloon that is easy to hit and puncture. It may even sound like poor sportsmanship. But consider that to get at one of these Drachens means flying through a barrage of antiaircraft fire in crossing the lines and inviting a fleet of enemy fighting planes up for a pursuit; then encountering another barrage, from the guns on the ground just beneath the balloon—guns whose one and only job is to protect that sausage. Furthermore, bearing in mind that several fast, powerful chasse planes are hovering above to protect it, a single-handed attack is by no means simple. The battleplanes flying above and round the gas bag are there solely for the purpose of protecting it and driving off any Allied plane that appears anywhere near by. Another mean thing about such an attack is that at a height of three thousand or four thousand feet those antiaircraft guns sometimes can be amazingly accurate. In fact, the enemy uses his best guns and gunners for just this sort of work.

I will state clearly that I would rather engage five boche chasse fighters, single handed, any day than tackle a balloon either with or without assistance from my own escadrille.

In thinking over this a moment the reader doubtless will agree with me. In an aërial combat one can at least climb high enough to get out of dangerous range of the land guns that shoot skyward.

Before starting to do business over the line we decided to do a few acrobatic stunts for these ambulance chaps—even though they had made us jealous. Our machines were rolled out and prepared by the mechanics and finally we were set. The ace in a robin's-egg-blue machine took the air first. He began to cut capers all over the field, dangerously close to the ground, and then shot up, doing a few flip-flaps.

The blocks were kicked from in front of the other ace's ox-blood red Spad and he followed. I left the ground last. The two other boys were doing *vrilles* and loops, steer *virages*, tail spins, wing slips and everything they knew. I corkscrewed in *turnos* and other pieces of acrobacy. To put a bit of pep into our performance we all began blazing away with our mitrailleuses in a sham battle as we swooped round the field. To our spectators it appeared as if we were firing at each other. It was good hokum. It scared them just enough to make them like it.

Then after a bit of applause from the ambulance crowd we set out for our respective targets.

We climbed for the clouds at full tilt, for we wanted the advantage of hiding from the antiaircraft guns, and though I could hear them peppering away none of the shells burst near me. For more than five minutes I flew straight ahead at an altitude of six thousand feet or more. I kept going until I was well past the sausage, which I estimated to be between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet in length and thirty feet in width. I was bumping through the clouds now, but my Spad was so fast and powerful that it cut right through these patches of vapor, with only a slight grunt and quiver now and then. Through a clear space I sighted the sausage back of me, and swung round in a wide semicircle. There I could see no less than three Albatross chasse planes protecting their "aunt," and I was catching them all napping. Evidently none had sighted me as yet. As for the couple of German planes that had started up for me as I crossed No Man's Land, these were nowhere to be seen. I had lost them in the clouds.

Then I shut off and began to volplane so that the Huns could not hear the hum of my motor. I calculated my distance carefully, for there was nothing rushing me at this moment. Just below me and the sausage came two nice puffy clouds, one above the other. The time had come. Nose down I shot right through the billowy vapor, and as I did so I yanked off my glove so as to be able to pull the trigger levers on the control stick with my first and third fingers. I had reached over and was steering with my left hand. Through the blinding cloud the machine shot straight down into the open, a terrific roar in my ears as the result of the sudden atmospheric change when I emerged from the "cotton." There were the three battleplanes below me, calmly, blissfully ignorant of what was about to happen.

### *The Sausage in Flames*

Down, down I shot my plane, absolutely vertically for about fifteen hundred feet or more, and then, about two hundred feet from the surface of the sausage, I pressed both triggers, tilting slightly forward so as to rake the Drachen and practically cut a gash in it. As each fifth bullet was a phosphoric incendiary shell their trails told me that I had punctured the sausage square in the back. A flicker of flame shot from one of the punctures—and I knew the job was done. Probably an explosion would follow, and to avoid it I swooped away in a wide arc. A great dull puff, tongues of flame, and the Drachen was crumpling up. Now for the get-away!

I almost collided with the observer, who was descending in a parachute from the Drachen. The fellow evidently had seen me, even though his police planes had not, and he had jumped overboard just before I fired. Had I wished to I could have torn his umbrella away from him with my landing wheels, or I could have shot him, either one. But I let him go. According to my way of thinking he had more nerve than I, for jumping in parachutes from balloons would not appeal to me. I waved my hand at him as I passed within twenty feet.

Meantime the three Albatrosses were in hot pursuit as I proceeded to climb and zigzag to safety. It was up to me to outdistance these birds.

Wow! Wow! Right into a nest of antiaircraft shells, their cream puffs visible above and below me, and far too close for comfort! This called for a little trick play. If I were to start to dive they would aim lower and to climb would be too slow. To spiral down would offer a still better target, and so I pancaked.

This maneuver is very hard to detect from the ground, and, as I expected, the next high-explosive shells burst far over

*(Continued on Page 24)*

# The Comfort Car

HOW little all this *comfort* costs is the most comforting thought of all.

The Hupmobile owner *does* travel in ease, and with efficiency—he *does* reduce even the ordinary effort of driving.

But all this at a cost so low that it is far under the best records of the best Hupmobiles that have gone before.

Mileage costs per gallon of gas and oil, tire maintenance, repairs and tuning-up processes—in *The Comfort Car* all are at a minimum which satisfies the scruples of even the most conservative war-time saver.

# Hupmobile

Empey
"Over The Top"

SAYS
"Thermos, the bottle, is a godsend to the boys in camp and at the front."
—From Guy Empey's new book, "First Call Guide Posts to Berlin."

THERMOS

SERVES THE NATION—
CONSERVES THE RATION

It serves you right—food or drink, hot without fire, cold without ice, when, where and as you like.

Thermos Lunch Kits enable millions of men and women of our industrial army in America to daily enjoy hot home cooked food, in mills factories and offices.

In addition to its many uses, which you have already learned, do you know that a quart of coffee can be made with *one-half* the coffee required to make the same amount in the old-style coffee pot?

Just place the powdered coffee in the bottle in a cheese cloth sack, and pour in the boiling water. Make tea, chocolate, cocoa, etc., by the same method.

**Thermos *vs.* Camouflage**

All temperature retaining bottles are not Thermos. The name "Thermos" is stamped on the base of all genuine Thermos products. —*That's Thermos.*

To disguise—to cover up—to deceive—to make things like they are not—to offer you as Thermos a bottle not stamped "Thermos." —*That's Camouflage.*

FOR SALE THE WORLD OVER

AMERICAN
THERMOS BOTTLE CO
35-37 West 31st Street, New York
Factories
Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Can.


(Continued from Page 22)

my head. Though I could not see them, the noise, so sharp above the hum of my motor, told me I was still in danger. The shells were coming so thick that it seemed as if the whole Western Front was blazing away at me.

A few moments before I had been doing acrobatics near the ground for fun. Now it was necessary to do them at a higher altitude for life. I tried a *renversement*—pointing the Spad's nose upward and instead of completing the loop I slipped over into a corkscrew and straightened out, heading in the opposite direction. Then that quickest of all turns, the vertical *virage*, and I shot off at a different angle, toward my lines. Then a *vrille*, to try to disconcert them by falling to a lower level. Out of it again, and before they could get the range at this level I was climbing into some accommodating cottony clouds. The boches proceeded to knock corners off the cloud I was in, but they failed to upset the Spad, though I knew my planes were leaking like sieves where bits of flying shell had punctured them.

A few seconds later I looked back, to see high-explosive shells bursting in that same cloud. I had emerged safely.

A few minutes' flying and I was again tearing through the barrage set up by the guns near the front-line trenches.

"To hell with your barrage," I muttered as I cut across and made for the landmarks that indicated our escadrille. I was the second one back. My superior had already reached there and was somewhat peevish to think he did not get his sausage. He had found the guns so thick round his quarry that he had been unable to get at it. Our companion had not yet returned. Presently he came rolling across the landing field, his wings torn with at least six machine-gun bullets. He explained that when he dived he missed his sausage because of the thick clouds, and got too near the ground—within about six hundred feet—and could not get up again on account of the heavy fire.

### A Sure Cure for Colds

The more mathematically inclined ambulance drivers counted the actual number of bullet holes in my Spad and found there were no less than thirty-seven. There was one tear made by a piece of high-explosive shell which gashed both sides of the fuselage and indicated that it had passed but a few inches in front of my stomach.

The net result was one less Drachen in the air; but to indicate how important the enemy considered the one that was brought down a new sausage was in its place the next morning. Anyway, those ambulance drivers, using field glasses, had enjoyed a little Thanksgiving Day entertainment.

But still, I don't like fighting those cursed Drachens!

It had been raining and the weather was damp but clearing up. One of our fellows was scribbling away at a great rate.

"What are you writing, a sonnet?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I am at work on a great big book. Going to be entitled Life on the Road; or, The Thrilling Experiences of a Ninth Avenue 'L' Ticket Chopper. You know, Harold, some of those fellows are awfully reckless daredevils and many of the things they do would make the James boys seem like Sunday-school scholars. This ticket chopper had a wife and ——"

Someone shied a magazine at him and then he said no more for a while; just kept on writing. A group of us lounged there in the barracks discussing things that would annoy air fighters

Then, as if to give a touch of realism to our confab, the first thing we knew a battery of four-hundred-millimeter French guns—regular Jumbos—said up along the railroad tracks back of our escadrille. They were most formidable war monsters, mounted on heavy trucks.

All went down to look over the outfit and when we found that they were preparing to do business at once we set up an awful kick. Cuss words in inefficient French and some highly efficient swearing in English sputtered through the air. We chaps were only human, and though fighting for the Allies is the greatest cause in all history it did perturb us to have this happen.

You see, the big 400's would shell the stuffing out of the boche lines right opposite us. That would be interesting to watch and very deafening to listen to; it would be good entertainment, but

Having done various sorts of damage our French battery would bid adieu, move along the railroad just before Fritz's battery of similar size, straight across No Man's Land, caught our range. Our battery would be safely out of the way; and in the meantime our escadrille and our entire camp would be under Hun fire. Fine!

I had a cold that day and after the muss was all over I went up in my mechanical bird to cure that cold. Twenty thousand feet above the trenches is excellent for curing that common ailment. Strange to say, the rarefied atmosphere and zero temperature, instead of aggravating the trouble, chase it from the system.

The uncertainty of everything at the Front is the thing that puts zest into the airman's life. We never know what is coming next. Our orders, our special missions—meaning nothing more than ordinarily dangerous—and the surprises we encounter from either natural accident or enemy activities, the sudden attacks—make the air fighter fairly well satisfied with his lot. We were never a grumbling crowd, though of course we had kicks to register over petty annoyances at times. The work being of such a varied nature prevented discontent from fomenting.

Once in a great while some of our men would force down a boche flyer within our lines and capture him alive. That was always considered an interesting procedure. I never had the good fortune to get one that way but once saw a famous ace do the trick. We decided that the German really was glad to be captured. He came flying over our lines at the time, and our man happened along and shot at him in a fierce plunge. Instead of maneuvering the fellow put up both hands and our ace forced him right down into our lines, flying round him in circles all the while.

The Hun landed safely but made no effort to burn his machine.

On another occasion we took two prisoners, the pilot and observer of a Rumpler, which for lack of gasoline had been forced to land in our field. They had come from Calais and had lost their way. Under the impression that they were within the German lines the crew descended to one corner of our field, which stretched as far as the eye could see. There was an ancient landmark on this field, and why the boche observer did not see this I do not know. We watched the Rumpler land, a couple of our members yelled in German that we would shoot the crew if they set fire to their machine, our mechanics grabbed guns, ran out and took the crew prisoners.

### Compliment or Insult?

One of our lieutenants went over to talk to them. The observer spoke very good French and wonderful English. He was not surly and acted quite decently. He told our commander that after the war he intended to open an aviation school and said he would like to have him as an instructor. Our famous ace did not know whether to feel flattered or insulted. The observer told us that everyone in the German lines knew him on account of his red machine, and that they called him a "big gun" instead of an ace.

Often there was more or less diversion caused by absolutely futile boche activity. For instance, it used to amuse us the way the Germans would come over in fast Albatross machines to drop propaganda in the Allied trenches. They send down newspapers printed in French in various towns of France which the Germans have invaded and captured. These papers state most glowingly how satisfied the French are with German rule and tell of the splendid treatment accorded the poor people by their Kultured overlord. Certainly! Why not—when the editor has a Prussian gun stuck at the back of his neck? But the poilus know all about this and they laugh at what these papers say. It has absolutely no effect upon the sons of France.

On the other hand, the Allies are accomplishing much in the way of discouraging the German trench fighters when our airmen drop propaganda. Comparatively few of the rank and file of the boches believe that the United States has even entered the war; at least that was true up to the time I left the Front. The cannon fodder were just beginning to learn about conditions, and largely through American propaganda printed in German and dropped right into their trenches.

Camouflage, that very much overworked word, is in evidence on all sides at the Front. Furthermore, it is intensely interesting. It is used in all sorts of ways. Antiaircraft batteries are camouflaged in an open field by methods that are easy and simple, but very effective. Guns mounted on automobiles and cannons while firing are cleverly disguised in a similar way, and if an observer looks from an airplane at the lump it appears for all the world like a knoll in a field. But the vicious guns are there under it, just the same. When it is desired to move the battery the camouflage is removed and put back when the battery is in its new position.

Freight cars are daubed with weird patches of paint in different colors, but this can be detected in the photographs if twin prints are made and examined through stereoscopic lenses. The job is then to get after the trains with bombs before they get away. Trucks, big guns on railroad trains, and so on, are made to look like the ground over which they travel, most of this being done by means of paint.

### The Tricks of the Camoufleur

One of the most perfect pieces of camouflaging ever seen at the Western Front concealed a road between two towns some miles apart. Names of the towns will not be mentioned for the simple reason that so far as I know the enemy does not know what is being put over on him at this particular point.

They used to tell a story at our camps of how the French turned a neat little trick on the Huns. There was a great trunk of a tree which had been shattered by shell fire still standing in No Man's Land near the German lines. The French went to work and had a hollow duplicate made of it. In the dead of night, under cover of darkness, they removed the blasted trunk and put the duplicate in its place. They placed a sharpshooter in this hollow trunk, which was stocked with ammunition, and he started picking off the Germans in their own trenches, one by one. Fritz could not understand whence came the bullets.

An airman's memory is a strange thing—at least some men's memories are. So much happens to a chasse pilot in his daily routine—going up looking for trouble, finding it and getting out of it again—that the incidents of one day seem to push recollection of previous encounters out of one's mind, and that day's doings in turn are overshadowed by subsequent adventures. For instance, a few weeks after I had been engaged in patrol work I had a busy morning, having no less than seven individual air combats within two hours. At that time it was a record for an American flyer. This record was broken not long ago by another flyer, who had nine fights in the same space of time.

In my case things happened so rapidly the morning of those seven fights that memory is somewhat hazy. Scarcely would I have time to reflect upon the combat I had just been through when I would be plunged into another with a new enemy. Each fight was very much like the previous one and about the same as dozens of others I had been through.

Though I was officially credited with seven combats I cannot recall many details of these encounters. It was a sort of aërial melange—a kaleidoscope of sky battles. Nor do I know how many of these enemy planes actually were disabled or shot down. When they would fall in *vrilles* I could not tell whether the pilots were faking or really hit as they would drop through the clouds. Sometimes the Germans drop dangerously low in these nose spins before straightening out, and I recall watching one to ascertain if he really was on his last journey, when my attention was distracted by another boche plane blazing at me from above.

This particular day I started out with an ace who has since given his life in the cause of democracy, and we were to patrol a fifty-mile stretch of Front. We were at least ten miles behind the German lines, intent upon cleaning up the sky as much as possible. Near a village my companion saw an Albatross and went for him single-handed, signaling me to hold back and watch for others who might try to go to Fritz's rescue. Our ace missed, and the enemy scooted for cover. Then something went wrong with my mate's motor and he returned to our lines.

Proceeding east, I encountered three Albatrosses, though I cannot recall whether

(Concluded on Page 27)

*In the final analysis of tire values*

the car owner who keeps a careful record of *first* cost, cost of *each mile* of wear, and the *final* cost, is bound to recognize the truth in the universal judgment of Fisk users—that tire value, mileage and anti-skid protection, as standardized by the good old reliable

# FISK NON-SKID

is the greatest that money can buy—consistently dependable, always.

Sold throughout the world

130 Fisk Service Branches in the U. S.

# Every Twelfth Man an Inspector

Of our thousands of factory employees, one in every twelve is engaged in inspection work.

Every ounce of raw rubber, every fibre of cotton, every material of any kind entering into United States Tires is subjected to painstaking scrutiny.

Each tire, during its construction, must qualify in many separate examinations which permit not the slightest deviation from our principles of perfection.

This combination of large-scale production and controlled accuracy works out in *hundreds of extra miles and lower cost per mile.*

Put United States Tires in service—on your commercial or passenger car—now, when it is more than ever a vital, war-time necessity. Compare results.

In period of life, in mileage, in freedom from delays, United States Tires will justify the purpose behind them and the system of conscientious manufacture that brings this purpose to fulfillment.

*Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aeroplanes.*

## United States Tires are Good Tires

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

'Royal Cord'

*Concluded from Page 24*

I first met a pair together and then one, or whether the lone pilot picked on me first. Following my commander's advice I withheld my fire until the last instant, letting the two boches pepper me; and when I tackled the pair I poured shot first at one, then swerved off at a sharp angle and tackled the other. As I passed the second man within twenty-five feet—forgive me if I tell about this coarse little trick—I held my fingers extended fanwise from my chilly nose; and the boche saw it too. You see, it really does not seem vulgar under such circumstances, and we frequently do it. They say it disconcerts the sensitive enemy.

On my return trip, flying west, I met two more, one shortly following the other, exchanging fire each time. Setting out eastward again I was soon engaged with still another pair.

Invariably they picked on me first, and then when good and ready I would give them an argument. There was very little variety to these combats, which took place at an average of ten miles behind the Hun trenches. We would fly straight for each other, hell bent for election, fire and miss or fire and hit. Only in one instance did an Albatross turn round to give me more fight after I had passed, and I went into a vertical *virage* to meet him. After an exchange of many shots, both of us scoring and doing more or less damage to each other's wings, he finally plunged. Perhaps he was out of control—perhaps merely stalling. Clouds prevented my watching his landing. My incendiary bullets had not taken effect.

### *A Pancake Landing*

On the last few miles of my journey my Spad began to act queerly. It was "nervous" and somewhat difficult to control and the bullet holes kept tearing into larger rips. When at last the plane pancaked to earth with a bump a little more violent than I liked, it was simply full of holes.

I began to survey myself from head to foot as I dismounted and stretched. Then I twisted round to look at my heels and shoulders.

"What are you doing—admiring yourself?" one of the boys asked.

"I am just looking to see if I got hit anywhere," I told him, and went over to make out my report.

The fellow made the familiar remark about "when they hit a solid concrete skull they ricochet"—meaning enemy bullets.

In the Champagne sector one afternoon in November, 1917, I was attacked over the enemy lines by a fleet of German machines—members of the Circus. I turned abruptly to get back to my own back yard, and there were at least eight of them coming for me—including a couple of German aces with their names painted on their mounts. I had been caught napping.

I was not far from Rheims at the moment, and I knew that I was so well covered that I could not hope to escape. All of the Fritzes were flying to get between me and my own lines before attacking, and I was mighty glad of that, for it enabled me to work out a little plan that came to me on the spur of the moment. I made a *renversement* and before they realized it I was flying away from them, headed due north right into German territory. They probably thought I was off for Berlin.

In evident amazement they turned round and chased me, strung out like a string of wild ducks. But my Spad had the jump on them and I was loafing along at one hundred and thirty miles an hour. In about ten minutes they gave up the pursuit—simply could not catch me. So they tried new tactics, wheeled about and went back to their lines to await my return. They knew I could not stay up all day without more essence. Not a single one of them saw what I was up to; they simply decided that I was a plain, ordinary, common garden variety of darn fool.

### *Lingering by the Fleshpots*

My Spad kept edging over westward as I flew fifty, sixty, seventy miles into Germany. Then I steered my course due west and kept her nose headed for the English lines many miles off in the direction of that golden setting sun. At last the first-line trenches and that impersonal strip of terrain hove into view.

Safely through a barrage and past several boche patrol planes, unscratched, my Spad began to smell round for a landing spot, for the essence supply was very low—ready to give out at any instant. I flew until I could pick out a good place—an English aviation field, which I recognized by the hangars. When I alighted and rolled up the turf the mechanics came running out to help me.

An officer approached and started questioning me in French. He asked what I was doing, and courteously invited me to stay there. After he had been talking for about five minutes I asked whether or not he spoke English. When he heard that I was an American and spoke Manhattanese slightly better than French he had a good, hearty laugh. He treated me very nicely and invited me to tea.

The first thing to do in an emergency such as this, upon arriving in an Allied camp, is to go to the telegraph office and get into communication with your own escadrille. The British promised to telegraph or telephone my escadrille that I was safe. It was dark by this time and I knew I could not get back that day. The next morning was cloudy and drizzly, likewise the following day, and I could not fly, so I was in the British camp for about three or four days. I could have flown back, of course, but was having too good a time. The food was mighty good.

It was at this time that I was reported dead in European and American newspapers, as it was three days before my escadrille learned where I was. Some weeks later, when I heard that this report had been cabled to America, I sent a cablegram home stating that I was still safe and sound, but for a long while my family and friends believed me dead.

*Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Sergeant Wright. The fifth and last will appear in an early issue*

# McWearie's Leave

IT IS eight o'clock on a pouring wet night. Private McWearie has just gone on sentry duty. He is standing on the firing step, gazing morosely over the parapet and preparing for a damp and explosive evening. To him, round a traverse, enters the orderly sergeant.

"You, McWearie," he says, "are warned for leave. The train departs at five o'clock A. M. to-morrow. Away to headquarters and report at the orderly room for your pass!"

He squelches away.

That is the way leave usually comes—without any warning at all. Private McWearie pinches himself cautiously, finds he is awake, steps down, shoulders his pack, and plows mechanically through the mud to the reserve-line trenches. There he receives his leave warrant and his arrears of pay. After that he is at liberty to find his way across perhaps ten miles of country, as black as pitch and entirely unfamiliar to him, in search of a certain little wayside station which war has turned into a terminus.

He arrives about midnight, soaked to the skin, but quite oblivious of the fact. His senses, being independent of such cumbrous things as railroad trains, are six hundred miles ahead of him—at home already. He has four or five hours to wait; but he need not wait in the rain. Beside the station stands a long wooden hut.

Over the door is a red triangle and the magic letters, "Y. M. C. A."

Here he waits, in company with a still slightly dazed and incredulous throng, all afraid to blink for fear the dream may vanish.

About dawn—the hour of Stand to! in another place—the train absorbs Private McWearie. Some hours later he is crossing the Channel, wishing fervently that he was back in the trenches. An hour or two later, himself again, he is standing on the platform at Victoria Station, surrounded by friendly strangers, who are anxious, first, to provide him with a free meal and, second, to act as pilot to Euston.

Next morning, early, his own railway puts him down, with the mud of Flanders still incrusted upon him, at his own station. And here, with nothing but a two-mile tramp between him and his home—a truly happy warrior, if ever there was one—we may take leave of him.


PARIS GARTERS
are made for you

Men of America:

Follow Uncle Sam!

Uncle Sam is a shrewd buyer. He demands standard quality and is too wise to stint on *first cost*—knowing that "to save at the spigot and waste at the bunghole" is false economy.

Keep in step with the real thrift spirit of the hour. Buy the best—even in small things. Pay 35c or more for your PARIS GARTERS because of their superior worth and greater usefulness in your service. You economize by paying more!

A. STEIN & CO.
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago New York

This is the PARIS trade mark

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

It's your guarantee of garter quality

GORDON
EASY-ON SEAT COVERS
—TAILORED TO FIT—

WITH a set of Gordon Tailored-to-Fit Covers your car always represents you to advantage. They give an air of up-to-dateness—a suggestion of good taste that is unmistakable.

Gordon Covers this year are made with our new patented sectional feature—eliminates all chances of misfit and allows you to enjoy the benefit of the upholstery to the fullest extent.

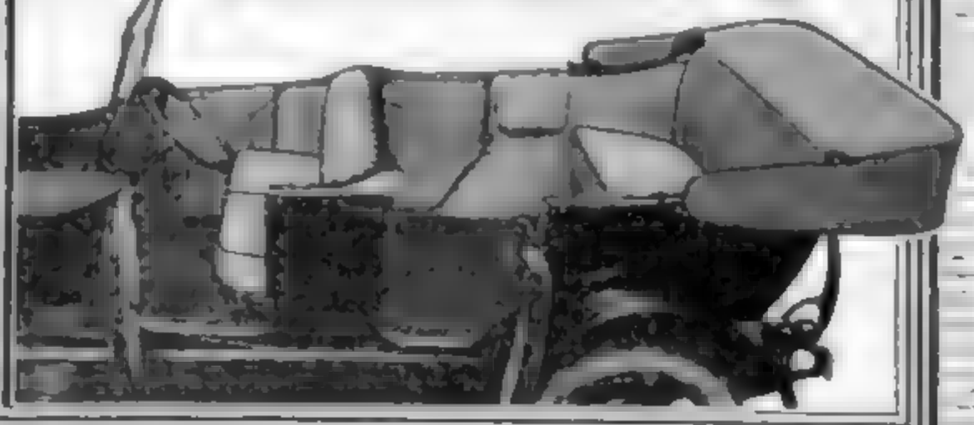
Gordon Covers are easily cleaned with whisk broom or with soap and water. See your dealer. He will show you 24 popular shades of tan, gray, green, brown and novelties. Quick deliveries—no measuring, no fitting. Prices $9.00 Up.

GORDON EASY-ON TIRE COVERS

Protect your spare tire with a Gordon Easy-On Cover. The handiest cover on the market. Ask your dealer

Gordon EASY ON

The J. P. Gordon Co.
407 North Fourth St. Columbus, O.



# If pictures could only show their flavor!

HERE they are—two notable examples of the Libby idea of going for foods wherever the finest of each kind is to be found.

One, Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles—tender little cucumbers from "pedigreed" plants; delicately-tissued young Spring onions; and extra-select Long Island cauliflower—pickled in pure white wine vinegar and flavored with a blend of rare spices and dainty seasonings known only to Libby's chefs.

The other, Libby's Olives—the choicest that old Spain grows; each one a perfect specimen—plump and sound and "meaty," and of a fine, rich, dusky-green color.

If these pictures could only show their flavor! Then you'd know why thousands upon thousands of families prefer them to any other kinds. Then you would hasten to enjoy them—before another meal went by.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, 274 Welfare Bldg., Chicago**

# UP THE RIVER TIGRIS

(Continued from Page 8)

I was standing on an upper balcony of the lines of communication headquarters talking with the inspector general when I asked him this, and he ran his eyes up and down the rushing, bustling six-mile length of Basra's now well-built river front and smiled a twisted smile that had in it whole volumes of unpleasant reminiscence.

"We did it!" he answered grimly.

Then he pointed out a Thames penny steamer bearing proudly down the middle aisle of the crowded stream with two big barges lashed to her sides that were packed to their rails with Arab refugees from up Bagdad way.

"We did it!" he repeated. Then I got a brief outline of the story.

But first with regard to the refugees: There is a great British Army operating on a long battle line round Bagdad, an army that is larger by far than the normal population of the regions occupied. The usual source of imports for these regions lies to the northward, and the people behind the British lines are necessarily cut off from practically everything but an overseas supply. Extensive as the transportation service now is, it has been found difficult to feed the forces so far afield and at the same time to keep the local markets sufficiently well stocked to prevent prices from soaring beyond the reach of the poor. So it happened that the authorities decided to move a certain number of inhabitants down the river to refugee camps at Basra and other points where they would be in direct touch with the overseas bases. This would of course serve to diminish in some degree the strain on river transport and to relieve the food situation in the upper country.

Nothing in the nature of compulsion is exercised. The people may respond to the invitation or not, just as they like; but the Arabs, being natural nomads to whom one place is as good as another, if not better, are more than cheerful about it, and in a short time something like fifty thousand of them had come, along with their sheep and chickens and donkeys and their boatloads of unbelievable duffel, to be safely housed in queer new cities in the palm gardens, built of reed mats and mud hung on expensive imported timbers.

And still they come.

Incidentally it is a part of the conglomerate job of the inspector general of communications to provide shelter for them and to see that the conditions under which they live are in keeping with the health regulations.

"But the Thames penny steamer! How did she get into the Shat-el-Arab?" I exclaimed.

"Under her own steam," he answered. And that is the whole unimaginable story.

### An Amazing Voyage

River boats were an absolute, a primary necessity. They could not be built in Mesopotamia or anywhere else in time to relieve the desperate situation. They could not be materialized by the wave of any magician's wand. Well, what then? Then they would have to come out of other rivers otherwhere and make their various ways somehow—no matter how!—across the seas and up through the Persian Gulf. They were requisitioned from the Ganges and the Indus and the Irawadi, from the Nile and the rivers of Africa, and even from the Sikiang, the Yang-tse and the Hwang-ho. From everywhere they have come; it has been one of the bravest and strangest achievements of the war; and one hears with a feeling of especially chill regret that more than eighty of the ships have failed to arrive! A few from everywhere have gone—along with the high hopes of British sailors, and usually with the sailors too—to the bottom of the seas they were never meant to venture on.

But the Thames penny steamers? Where is it you go on the Thames penny steamers? To Richmond? To Putney? To Henley? To queer little landings here and there round London where crowds of people gather on gala days and where happy summer memories are made? Yes, to places like that. There is a holiday sound in the very name—Thames penny steamer. And I wonder if there are many Englishmen with no memories to make that sound music in their ears?

But the Thames penny steamers, too, were needed on the Tigris to help meet the tremendous emergency. So bravely they set out. Eleven of them started, but only five of them achieved the impossible. Five of them got to the Tigris and are now listed by number in the great fleet under a class initial, though I think I ought to add that by British officers and men they are especially identified and especially loved.

As I watched the curious, flat-bottomed, high-funneled, double-decked, paddle-wheeled little craft churning briskly downstream with her two crowded barges in tow I was seeing visions of the kind of heroism that makes one prayerful. I saw first the matter-of-fact, nonchalant British sailors on her frail decks preparing for such a voyage as was never before undertaken; then I saw her—her sides boarded up and her one-time spick-and-spanness begrimed with the coal that had to be stowed in every possible space—moving out of the snug security of the busy, bustling, city-bounded Thames into the open, high-rolling Atlantic. I followed her course across the perilous Bay of Biscay and saw her creep down the long coasts of Portugal and Spain and through the strait past Gibraltar.

After Gibraltar would come a hopeful, careful, long, long crawl across the mine-strewn and submarine-infested Mediterranean. Port Said in safety! Then the Suez Canal—contributing a brief period of relaxation—the Red Sea, the Arabian Sea, the Persian Gulf, and finally—with what a sigh of relief!—the broad current of the Shat-el-Arab and the almost rippleless serenity of the blessed Tigris!

### The Log of Corporal Harte

I don't know what happened to the six that failed, but one hears that "their backs were broken by the high seas." That was the chief danger they all had to face; they and the hundreds of others from other far-away rivers too. Eighty of the others went down and six of the Thames boats. Eighty-six! They should be honorably counted among England's honorable losses at sea, and they never have been. I have permission to count them.

Then there are the barges. There are a good many more barges than steamboats on the Mesopotamian waterways. They represent the spirit of economy in the transport service, and everything under its own steam or under power of any kind—including dozens of the grimiest tugs that ever spilled oil on clean waters and filled the atmosphere with unpleasing odors—has one or more of them in tow. Latterly a good many of them have been brought from overseas in parts and set up in the new dockyard on the river bank at Basra—which might have been a German dockyard turning out U-boats but for one fine victory that is England's; but in the beginning numbers of them made their own way across the seas or were towed over by some of the same tugboats that are towing them now round about in the placidity of unruffled rivers. I declare it is a story one cannot believe! It is just that there is nothing men will not attempt or cannot do.

Heaven and the secretive authorities only know how many barges have been lost; but there is a story I have which throws considerable light on the performance as a whole and which serves rather graphically to illustrate some of the difficulties men may expect to encounter who go down to the sea on river barges.

One Corporal James Harte, of the naval engineers, left Aden on May 21, 1917, in charge of a refrigerator barge in tow of the tug Harold for a voyage across the Arabian Sea. On the fourth day out from Aden, Corporal Harte wrote down in his log a brief statement to the effect that at eight o'clock in the evening a stiff breeze sprang up from the southwest. This would mean that the seas began to roll high and to break in chopping whitecaps which must have looked menacing enough to men on such a vessel. But as a recorder of events the corporal seems to have been strangely imperturbable, as his next entry in the log, dated the following day, strangely proves.

"About three-thirty A. M. got adrift from tug," he says. "The last we saw of tug she was astern of us to leeward. She sounded her hooter—a succession of long blasts—for about two minutes. When the hooter stopped she had disappeared."

Was ever ghastly tragedy written in briefer form than that!

The high wind kept up; on the twenty-seventh there was a heavy sea running and the barge had drifted out of sight of land. Then Corporal Harte and his men rigged a jury mast and a square sail and prepared to navigate on their own. The log continues:

"MAY 28: At daybreak sighted land to leeward about two miles distant. Blowing too hard to hoist our sail. When about a mile from the land our towing gear got foul on the bottom and hung us up. By this time the gale had nearly blown itself out and had shifted so that we were swung clear of the land.

"About ten-thirty P. M. our towing gear came away and we drifted clear.

"MAY 29: Sighted land again to leeward. Hove up, slipped our towing gear and hoisted sail, but could not get the barge to fall away. Bent 3-inch manila to stern anchor and dropped it, and when the sail filled and the barge swung I cut the hawser and got clear. The wind was W. S. W. and the land ran out to the eastward. We just managed to round the point and went away to the N. E."

It was northeast that Corporal Harte wished to go, and it seems to have been his intention to sail that unwieldy barge all on its own across the Arabian Sea and on up the Persian Gulf. He went ahead for forty-eight hours with nothing happening evidently that was of sufficient importance in his opinion to set down in the log, though it seems to me that if I had been in his place I should have spent all my spare time writing an account of my own emotions and of how the other men were bearing up under their unpleasant prospects. But nothing like that for an all-in-the-day's-work Britisher.

On the thirty-first of May the wind shifted, then died down; and they began to drift in toward land. In the mere human nature of things land should have looked to them quite inviting enough to make them glad that they were drifting toward it, but that was not what they wanted at all. They wanted to go on with their job. When they got in seven fathoms of water they dropped their anchor, and there hopefully they clung for three days.

On the fourth of June the wind came up from west by south, so they weighed anchor and headed again for the northeast. But luck was against them; they were becalmed again on the sixth and began once more to drift in toward shore. Their doom was not sealed, however, until the following evening when "the wind came on to blow from the northeast and blew hard all night." The next entry in the log, which the corporal managed to save and in which he continued to record his adventures, reads:

"JUNE 8: At about four A. M. the wind shifted more to the eastward and we began to drag our anchors. By noon we were close inshore. The cliffs were crowded with armed Arabs. About one-thirty P. M. our rudder struck the sand and I hove in on the anchors in the hope that one of them might catch a rock. But nothing came of it, and at two P. M. we were well aground and the Arabs swarmed aboard. By three P. M. all the crew were ashore, the Arabs having taken everything away from them except what they wore."

### Robbed by Arabs

When the corporal saw the Arabs coming aboard he ran aft to his room with an intention of getting his rifle and defending himself. But they were there before him. One already had his rifle and another his kit bag, while he was just in time to find a third turning out the contents of his locker.

"I snatched my bag away from the Arab who had it," he writes, "and threw it on the bunk. Then I tried to take my rifle away from the other. He would not let go and struck me in the face with his fist. There was a boatswain's fid lying on my bunk and I picked it up and knocked him down with it. Directly I did I got a heavy blow on the head, and the next thing I knew I was being dragged up the beach. The other men made no resistance and were not ill-treated. The Arabs who helped me up the beach were taking no part in the looting and seemed to be friendly enough. They asked me by signs if there was any money on board and I made them understand there was not. Then they made signs that when the barge was stripped the looters would come and cut our throats."

(Continued on Page 31)


**Hats Off!**

THERE never was a time in your life when America's National and Patriotic songs so stirred and thrilled you to the very core.

Why not hear them every day! This "Fourth!" And often after!

Why not have them all *in your home*—sung by great voices, played by fine orchestras and bands—on

Pathé

**records**

Here are a few of the Pathé Patriotic Records

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 20391 | We Stopped Them at the Marne / Arthur Fields and Invincible Four | 10" 75c |
| | If He Can Fight As He Can Love, Good Night Germany! / Arthur Fields | |
| 20363 | Bring Back My Daddy to Me / Harry McClaskey | 10" 75c |
| | When the War is Over I'll Return to You / Peerless Quartet | |
| 20397 | She's Not in Tipperary / Invincible Four | 10" 75c |
| | Ahoo, I'm in Wonderland / Sterling Trio | |

You can play Pathé Records on your own machine. *On any machine, no matter what the make.*

Hear them at the nearest Pathé Dealer's—*today.*

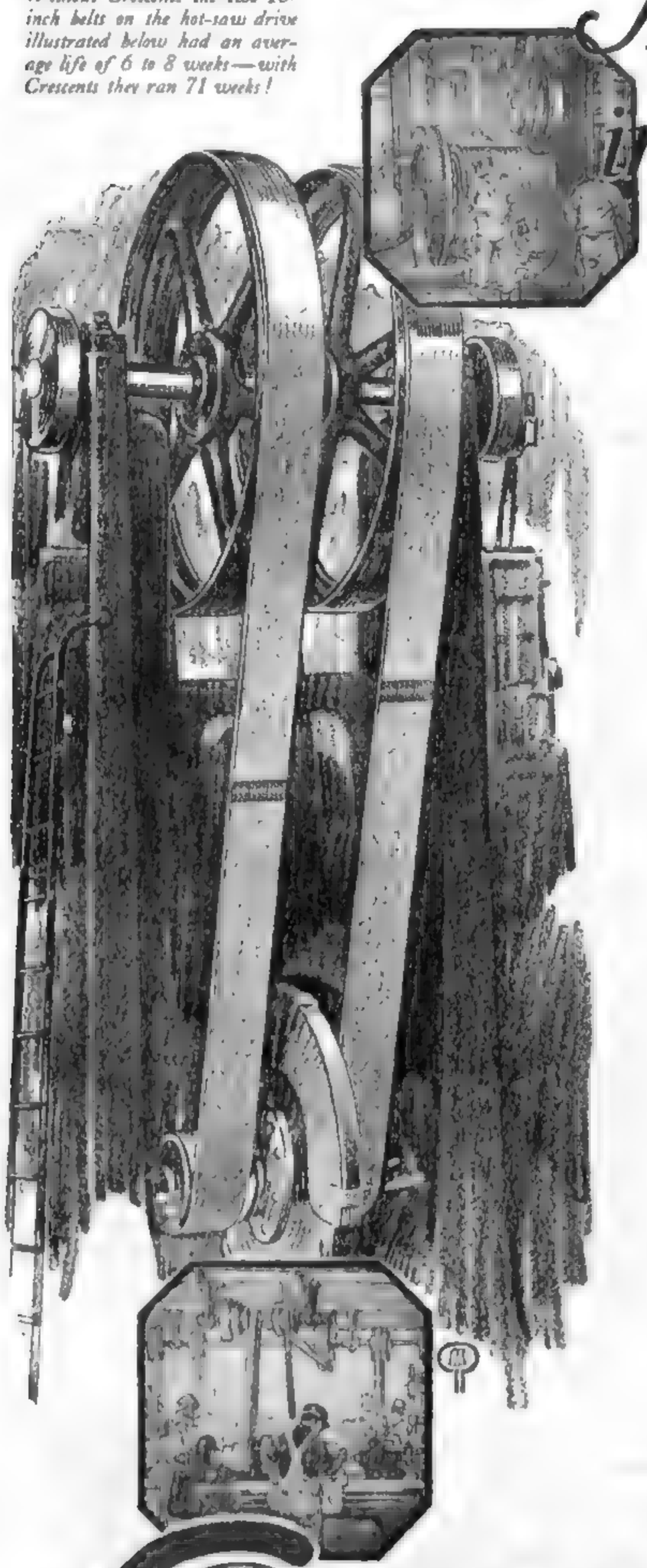
PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
20 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Pathé Frères Phonograph Co. Ltd.
6 Clifford Street
Toronto, Ontario

MURATORE

This French Tenor of international fame sings *exclusively* for Pathé Records. Hear his battle-inspired "Marseillaise." (No. 63007)

*Without Crescents the two 10-inch belts on the hot-saw drive illustrated below had an average life of 6 to 8 weeks—with Crescents they ran 71 weeks!*



# A LINK of STRENGTH in the VICTORY Drive

GREAT main drives connecting long aisles of ingenious machines in the factories of America, each machine a vital part in the production of munitions, food, clothing and supplies, and every turn of each machine dependent upon a *belt* and its ability to continuously transmit power.

—Belts are the victory drives swinging the wheels of industry upon the task of keeping up the flow of munitions and supplies for America and her Allies.

But belt performance is limited by the strength and durability of the belt at its joint. Literally, production in this time of industrial crisis hangs upon the *belt joint*—the link of performance or weakness in the victory drive.

Rather notable achievements of technical skill are belts—the result of years of accurate, scientific study of power transmission. Yet in too many instances, belt strength and durability are discounted by destructive methods and inefficient workmanship so often used in belt joining, which reduce, and actually destroy, dependable belt service.

## *How Crescents Save*

NOW that so much depends upon uninterrupted production, it is most important that each shop owner, manager, superintendent and operator know about and use Crescent Belt Fasteners, as a means of insuring continuous and complete service from his belting equipment.

The Crescent Belt Fastener has earned its important place in the modern production cycle. It is designed in accordance with the best engineering theory and practice and it is the accepted standard for belt joining today. It has to its credit the conservation of power and the reduction of maintenance and production costs, totaling millions of dollars.

Many records of money savings on individual drives have been made. For instance: The Equipment illustrated at the left—two 10-inch heavy-duty belts, running at a speed of 5,000 feet per minute on a hot-saw drive cutting steel girders—had an average life of six to eight weeks. The best record for a belt joint was three weeks.

On this identical drive, two belts joined with Crescent Fasteners ran 71 weeks—*more than $2500 saved in belt cost alone*, in addition to time and money saved through continuous service. A single case, yet not an extravagant example of the efficiency of Crescents, and one which can be proportionately applied to every belt-driven machine.

## *Service Information*

CRESCENTS maintain production in any belt-driven plant. They cut power losses and belting costs—prevent losses of production, time of valuable machines and time of skilled operatives.

**Crescents are a link of strength in the victory drive.**

The Crescent Belt Fastener is unimportant in cost—remarkable in its power for saving.

The introduction of Crescents is your responsibility if you are a mechanic, a foreman or superintendent—if you have any executive or investment interest—in a plant employing belt-driven machines.

Salesmen will not call to urge you personally. *It is you who should take the initiative.* We urge you here to write to us for service information. This is our way of reaching you in the interest of proving the relation of our product to your needs.

Crescent Belt Fastener Co.
381 Fourth Avenue New York City
Branches and Distributors throughout the World.

# CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS
## "For Continuous Production"

*Crescent Belt Fasteners distribute the strains evenly across the entire width of the belt—form a permanent joint for the life of the belt, permitting easy, quick adjustment for take-up of stretch—do not injure belt fibre, require no punching—"hold without holes"—they are the time-proven, belt joining device, the standard by which all methods are judged—adapted to all kinds and makes of belting of every length, width and thickness.*

(Continued from Page 29)

I should like to tell this whole story in the man's own language, but it is too long. He managed to convey to the friendly seeming Arabs that if they would guide him and his men to Muscat and take care of them on the way they would be liberally rewarded by the authorities. And this the Arabs finally agreed to do. But it was difficult to escape from the unfriendly tribe; and afterward came a weary, terrible march of thirteen days.

The first night they lay hidden in a cave in the side of a hill, and just before daybreak—his interest in his barge getting the better of his fear of the Arabs—the corporal stole back for a final inspection. "She was lying broadside on the beach," he says, "so I went back and we started off."

The way lay over hills, across desert wastes and along the cliffs of the seashore, and a good part of the time the men had neither food nor drink. Moreover, it was June, and the heat was the heat of June in that hottest of all lands. They had one box of biscuits with them, and at Arab encampments on the way they got goats' milk and water. But the water in the wells they came across on the long daily marches was nearly always brackish and they suffered terribly from thirst. Many of the Arab encampments they had to avoid because they belonged to tribes unfriendly to the tribe of the men who were guiding them, and they were afraid of being held for ransom.

### The Journey's End

"JUNE 10: The Arabs kept urging us on," says the corporal. "They seemed to be afraid the looters would come after us. After we crossed the hills it was flat, sandy plain and the heat was terrific. We kept going until after sunset. Then we stopped. One of the Arabs went away and after a while returned with water. It was very bad water, but we were glad to get it. After a drink and a biscuit we went to sleep.

"JUNE 13: Started at dawn and kept on going until four P. M., when we reached another encampment. At that encampment they tried to induce our guides to get me to write to Muscat for money and to keep us there until the money arrived. Our guides would not agree to that.

"JUNE 14: We did not start until about nine A. M. Then we marched till it was almost dark, when we reached a well. The well was empty. By that time we had finished our biscuits, so we lay down and tried to sleep."

It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day that they got either food or water, and by that time they were so exhausted that they had to lose a day in order to rest. After which it is a story of a race with starvation. One day they accidentally discovered a large nest of turtle eggs, a life-saving incident on which the corporal makes positively gleeful comment; and at the last encampment they came across they were able to get a few dates to carry along with them.

Then comes a final pathetic brief entry in the record:

"JUNE 21: Finished the dates."

Two days after they finished the dates they reached their destination—just thirty-three days from the day they left Aden. They were bathed and fed, looked over by a doctor and put to sleep. But Corporal Harte did not seem to be interested in being invalided. He set to work at once, and two days after he landed in Muscat he had gathered together the necessary paraphernalia and, accompanied by all the men of his crew who were fit for service, was off to rescue his barge. In concluding his unemotional statement, he says:

"I would like to add that from the time we got adrift until we reached Muscat I never had any trouble with any of the men. In the desert when we were hungry and thirsty and had no tobacco they neither groused nor whimpered, but took everything as a matter of course."

And it is of such men that the inland water transport of Mesopotamia is made up. If it were not so there could not be an inland water transport, because the difficulties have been such as only heroic and determined men could overcome.

The shipping in the Tigris is now divided into classes, and everything afloat, of whatever variety of craft, carries in large letters, either on its funnel or bow, a number and the initials of its class. With more than sixteen hundred vessels of all kinds, exclusive of mahaylas and dhows and other native boats, this was a necessary measure for the simplification of business detail. The P-boats and the S-boats are the paddle-wheelers and stern-wheelers, and when you see "P-76" or "S-81" steaming up river you realize that these classes are fairly large. And you know incidentally that each and every one of them has a story of adventure to tell that you really would like to hear.

Then there are the S-T's—steam tugs—by the hundreds; P-T's—paddle tugs; P-L's—power launches; F-B's—flat barges; S-B's—steam barges; and so on.

And there is a new variety of passenger steamboat, designed to carry troops and built or building in India, which is paddle-wheeled, but with the wheels astern instead of amidships. They are just beginning to come into the river—there being seventeen of them completed, I believe—and they are principally distinguished in my mind not because they are queer-looking structures but because they meet with Yukon's intense disapproval. Yukon does not believe in paddle boats for the Tigris, anyhow. They draw too much water, in the first place, and, says he, "once a paddle boat gets stuck in the mud there she sticks until a tug comes along and yanks her off!"

He is forever dealing in doleful reminiscences about the excellence, as he has tested it, of the Yukon River traffic and the superiority of the Mississippi River steamboats.

"Them Mississippi boats!" says he. "Gosh! They carry a thousand ton a clip with plenty o' space to spare, an' draw about two foot o' water! Say! These Britishers don't know nothin' 'bout rivers nohow. When they want a model for a river steamboat, why don't they consult someone with river sense? Look at them new paddle-wheelers now—wide enough at the stern to scrape the sides out o' the narrers and push everything else out o' the river! An', say, down at the head four feet at least with nothin' in 'em! We'll have a pile of 'em stacked up in the mud along above Kurna one o' these days, and we'll have to use dynamite to get 'em out o' the way!"

But it just occurs to me that not everybody knows Yukon so well as I do, though everybody should. He is worth knowing. The officers of the communications mess told him when I first arrived in Mespot that if I could not speak his language I would at least be able to understand it, and that that was more than they could do. So from the beginning he was what he called "lookin' forrard to meetin'" me. They had also told me about him, describing him as a "character," and while I, too, was "lookin' forrard," I really expected to encounter in him a British imitation of what they said he was—a wild and woolly Westerner. I was wrong.

I found he was the genuine article. Not so very wild, but certainly woolly.

"Ye-e-ep," he said, "been livin' in the great Northwest since I was knee high. An' say—if this ol' war ever lets up an' I live to get back! Well—they won't have to tie me to no post! I'll stan' without hitchin' all right, all right!

"Ever been to Vancouver?" he suddenly exclaimed. I smiled and nodded.

### Yukon's Opinions

"You have! Well, now then, I ask you: Ain't that one o' the grandest towns on earth? Say, I got six corner lots in that town an' I wouldn't take less'n a hundred thousand dollars for 'em! They only cost me a hundred dollars apiece, but I got in on the ground floor. These British Army officers don't know nothin', I been tellin' 'em about that country out there till I'm black in the face; tellin' 'em if they've got any money to invest that's the place to invest it. But they think I'm prejudiced. They won't pay no attention to me. Now you tell 'em!"

I doubt if many persons ever heard his real name. He is known as Yukon from one end of Mesopotamia to the other, because once having run a steamboat on the Yukon River he is given to comparing that stream with the River Tigris on every possible occasion, and invariably to the great disadvantage of the Tigris. Moreover, he has a Yukonese cast of ruddy countenance, a Yukonese muscularity and freedom of movement and manner, and a Yukonese picturesqueness of diction and expletive that would make him a marked man anywhere.

He is one of five men of his family—all there were, including brothers-in-law—who responded to the first call in Canada. Being a steamboat captain they finally sent him out to the Tigris where he could do the most good. I believe of the others only one is left. The rest have died in France.

I am afraid that as a kindred spirit I disappointed him from the outset. I could most enthusiastically back his opinion of His Britannic Majesty's great Northwest; but my language has been thinned and clarified by a too-long association with the less-fortunate inhabitants of the effete East, and I could see that he began at once to regard me as most unrepresentative of the country he calls "God's own." And when he says "God's own" he means "the good old U. S. A.," for which he has an ardent affection.

I did not meet him until he came to the mess one evening to tell us that the S-1 was all right as to engine repairs and coal and would be ready to get away up river next morning at any hour the general might wish to start. But after that I saw him, as he would say, "some frequent an' considerable."

The S-1—otherwise Stern-wheeler Number One—is the boat on which the inspector general of communications travels up and down the Tigris; and Yukon is her captain. She began life as an open-decked passenger craft on the Irawadi, but since she made her own courageous way into the Tigris fleet she has undergone a number of disfiguring but amplifying improvements and has had a most thrilling career. She followed the Turkish retreat from Kut-el-Amara, with General MacMunn aboard and with Yukon at her wheel, and, after General Maude's floating headquarters, was the first boat in at the taking of Bagdad.

### The Shortcomings of Ezekiel

We were to leave Basra at eight in the morning—the general having telegraphed ahead for a conference with his officers at Kurna at half past eleven—and I was aboard betimes, followed by Ezekiel, who managed, with characteristic nonchalance and the assistance of about six coolies, to stow my kit—bed and bedding, camp table, chair, boxes and bags—in passageways and deck spaces where it would do the most good as an obstruction and a nuisance; Ezekiel being my Indian servant, who comes from Pondicherry and boasts that his grandfather was a Frenchman. He has a wife and several children in Bombay, who play an important part in all his efforts to hold jobs for which he has no discoverable qualifications, and he is expert at just two things: Engaging coolies to do his work, and playing upon the humane sensibilities of his employer by means of doleful enumerations of his domestic responsibilities. Every time I decide to fire him for being the worst servant who ever made a general mess of things he begins to talk about a certain "li'l' boy—so high" and a "wee one, ver' white—got French blood—curly head!" What do you do about walking papers in a case like that?

Among his other objectionable habits he wears European clothes instead of the graceful draperies of the usual Indian, and he came aboard the S-1 arrayed in a suit of black-and-white checked flannel which caused a commotion even among the animals on the lower deck. Bucephalus and Barney, the general's and the major's riding horses, pawed their stalls and nickered inquiringly, while the plaintive bleats of two pet Persian lambs were as a kind of cello obbligato to the cackling and squawking of the fowls in their coops.

Yukon remarked: "Well, I won't have to use no horn or whistle this trip!"

It has been the intention of my host and his staff that I should realize in Mesopotamia none of my expectations with regard to hardships and discomfort. I went aboard the S-1 prepared to furnish a bare little cabin with my own kit and to make the best of next to nothing. I knew that was what the major and the A. D. C. would have to do, because in Mesopotamia officers get along with a minimum of impedimenta and they make that minimum serve on all occasions. Each has his own camp bed, his own blankets and linen and everything strictly necessary, and wherever he goes he takes his kit along and makes arrangements for his own comfort; or lives in discomfort for which he has nobody but himself to blame.

But nothing like that for their "lady visitor." They had a surprise in store for me and they proudly ushered me into a cabin which put me in a class by myself. It was funny and wonderful. Persian rugs and rose-bordered yellow draperies were

(Continued on Page 33)

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
No ordinary tooth brush can do what the Pro-phy-lac-tic does—clean the *backs* of the teeth and *in-between*.
Make sure that you get Pro-phy-lac-tic quality, original features and guarantee, by looking carefully for the *name* and Yellow Box when you buy.
Florence Mfg. Co.
32 Pine St.
Florence, Mass.
Canadian Address:
425 Caristine Bldg
Montreal, Canada
Pro-phy-lac-tic
MADE IN U.S.A.
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
MEDIUM
GUARANTEED FLORENCE MFG. CO.
The tooth brush that really cleans between the teeth

CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

# STANDARDIZATION

In England and America, for many years, the thought of standardization has been closely linked to the name Cadillac.

The two have been almost convertible terms.

Now, the war has given to the phrase and to the principle of standardization, a new and a wider significance.

Every nation has a wonder-working word.

In that word is implied or expressed the special genius of its people.

Is it not possible that that word, in America, is standardization?

Standardization is a peculiarly American principle.

It is the capacity to think in large volume—*and execute in close, fine measurements.*

It is characterized by a noble bigness, on the one hand; and a scrupulous smallness, on the other.

Standardization dreams large dreams—*but it works them out with micrometer accuracy.*

It is not afraid of big figures when thinking in terms of materials, or machines, or markets, or money.

But it is mortally afraid of big figures when part is fitted into part.

Standardization laughs at millions—and worries over a loose bolt.

To the unthinking, it seems to talk in the language of the spendthrift.

The initiated know that in execution, it is the very essence of economy.

Standardization can be applied to base ends—but, in America, it should not be.

When it seeks volume alone, it is merely the apotheosis of brute force—the perpetuation of cheapness.

But when standardization and quality are wed—the fruit is a product superlatively fine.

Standardized ships and guns and aëroplanes and motor cars are speeding across the ocean to save the world.

War has shed new lustre on America's wonder-working word.

* * * * *

We feel that we may with propriety point out that this wonder-working word has also been the watch-word of these works since the Cadillac business began.

Copyright 1918 Cadillac Motor Car Company

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 31)

the chief items of decoration—goodness knows where they got them!—and against one wall there was a writing table on which they had placed a large square of spotless blotting paper and a green-shaded reading lamp. What more could anybody wish for on the River Tigris?

My camp bed was covered with a gay traveling rug, and an electric fan was humming in a corner.

The general's cabin and office is a large room up forward under the bridge, in which he has some shelves of reference books, many maps, and a big, busy-looking desk; while the other accommodations are a half dozen tiny rooms down either side of the deck which, before the servants got the camp beds and tables and things in their places, were as bare as though they had never been lived in. There are mess rooms, a telegraph office and stenographers' quarters amidships, while down at the end of the deck, just over the great churning wheel, are two well-furnished bathrooms—"fitted up," said the general, "with porcelain looted from an oversupply of hospital equipment at a time when the authorities at home seemed to have been struck with a sudden idea that the way to win the war was to send bathtubs to Mesopotamia." For a long time Mesopotamia had no bathtubs at all.

All these living quarters constitute what I have referred to as disfiguring but amplifying improvements. They are all built of canvas nailed to plain, unpainted uprights and cross timbers, and, since the curious old boat draws only between three and four feet of water and has a wide-open lower deck, they make her look topheavy. But makeshift and amusing as she is, she is very comfortable.

On the lower deck, besides the horses, the lambs, the chickens and the general's automobile, we had a small host of servants, the Indian crew and a Punjabi guard—the guard being necessary in case of attack by Arabs. Yukon gave me the freedom of the bridge, which is very high and to which I had to climb by a steep ladder, and I spent most of my time in a comfortable chair in one corner of it gazing in utter enthrallment at a vast panoramic world that was new to me.

There is no river anywhere on earth like the Tigris. Even the Euphrates, its sister stream, which runs through similar country, is wholly different. The main current of the Euphrates used to join the Tigris at Kurna, but in order to reclaim areas that were rapidly drying up and turning to desert for want of irrigation, a British company completed in 1914 a great barrage at Hindiyeh—just north of Babylon—which had the effect of turning the main current into a formerly thin and silted-up channel to the southward. So the Euphrates now flows grandly into the Shat-el-Arab about ten miles above Basra, while the branch running across to Kurna has dwindled to very meager proportions.

### *Eden's Streets Renamed*

Between Basra and Kurna the banks of the Shat-el-Arab are lined with date gardens, and in its gentle placidity the broad river reflects everything very deeply. Its edges gleam silvery green with the dust-silvered green of the palms, while here and there a tawny stretch lies under a shelving bank of clay on which, perhaps, may stand a row of ancient brick kilns which look like castle ruins or medieval watch towers. It really is very beautiful.

We arrived at Kurna at the appointed hour, and while the general and the major went off for their conference the A. D. C. and I wandered in deep dust through the lanelike streets and out into the surrounding palm groves where the army camps are located. Kurna is regarded by the men of the Expeditionary Force as the least attractive place in all Mesopotamia, and that is saying nothing whatever for the rest of the country. But to be sent to Kurna for service is to be punished for your sins. In a former article I referred to the fact that the summer temperature of Mespot ranges between one hundred and ten and one hundred and thirty degrees, and at Kurna, where there is more humidity than at any other point on the river, this is accompanied by a heavy, saturating mugginess that is fairly prostrating.

In the spring of 1916, when the force was trying to relieve General Townshend at Kut, a poor Tommy who was dying of heatstroke called it "the hill station for hell"; but as the summer wore on this was improved on by other Tommies, who liked to refer to hell as "the hill station for Kurna" and to pretend that a month's leave in hell would do them a world of good.

Yet hoary tradition—the legends of the ages—has made the site of Kurna the Garden of Eden. It answers so many of the descriptions in Genesis that for a long time it was generally accepted—even by our very best thinkers—as the very probable scene of that event in human history known to us as the Creation. It has its rivals, but not in the mind of any British soldier who has lived and worked and fought in Mesopotamia. All such unfortunate Tommies are quite satisfied that Kurna is the Garden of Eden, and being able to fight in the Garden of Eden has been one of their compensations for having to fight at all in such an ungodly land.

They have given all the principal streets in Kurna new names, and in order to make them more or less permanent—since Tommies come and go in such a place—they have painted them on neat signboards and have set these up at the corners. Many of the streets run out from a small plaza which is as blank and bare and unsightly as anything well could be, and this they have named Temptation Square. Then there are Eve's Walk, Serpent's Crescent, Adam's Lane, Fatal Bite Avenue, Apple Alley, and a number of others that I am not able to remember. And even the Arabs have, in a measure, adopted these names and are tremendously pleased by any reference to the anciently historic importance of their most un-Edenlike town.

### *The Adam-and-Eve Tree*

Back on board the S-1 I went up to the high bridge, from which I could see the whole community and all that lay huddled round its edges, and shortly afterward the political commissioner came to call on me and to offer me anything he might have in his possession in the way of information. The political commissioners contribute a considerable sum to the general scheme of things in Mesopotamia, and there is one located at every important point in the occupied territory. Their title is an unfortunate one, but it doesn't mean what it sounds like. They should be called civil commissioners. They constitute a kind of balancing bar between normality of government and actual military rule, and their duties are to collect taxes wherever there is no other reliable authority, to see that the life of the people goes on in the usual way, to introduce reforms whenever it is possible in education, sanitation, and all things which directly affect the municipal populations, and to keep open a friendly communication between the Arab headmen and the British military authorities.

It is a very useful service, and when the war is over and the troops are withdrawn it will have prepared the way for the easy and peaceable establishment of civil government on a much higher plane of civic morality than the Arabs have ever known anything about. They are all deputy commissioners, as a matter of fact; the one and only P. C. being Sir Percy Cox, who directs the work from general headquarters at Bagdad. So they are known throughout the land as the D. P. C.'s.

All right. I invited the Kurna D. P. C. up on the bridge, where it was like having a box at the circus, and the first thing he told me was that we were tied up in the shade of the tree itself. That was very interesting; though it gave me a momentary feeling that would be difficult to describe to be told that there was the tree of knowledge of good and evil—right there! It didn't sound quite reasonable.

"Is it a very old tree?" I asked.

"Well—uh—rather! It's the Adam-and-Eve tree."

"Yes, but you know what I mean."

"Of course! And as a matter of fact it is an old tree. It's older than the oldest inhabitant, and he's over a hundred. And he says it was old when his great-grandfather was born. But you see it doesn't claim to be the original tree. It's only a descendant of the original tree, though it does stand on the original spot."

"Oh, does it? But the Bible says 'in the midst of the garden' and this tree is on the river bank."

"Oh, well, the river may have been miles away from here at that time! In fact, you can't tell even nowadays where the Tigris is going to be from one year's end to another."

This was slandering the Tigris, but it has an awful reputation for wandering round at loose ends, so I had nothing to offer in its defense.

"Do the Arabs really believe in this tree?" I asked.

"No, not unreservedly. At least it is not regarded as particularly sacred. But there is a tree over there—the feathery one hanging over the dome of the mosque—that they do believe in; in fact, they are tremendously superstitious about it. It was planted by Noah."

All of which may sound like kidding, but it was not at all. I assure you that in this extraordinary land, where one sees Noahs and Father Abrahams in real life on every hand and where the days of the Flood seem far less remote than the Middle Ages of Europe, one makes and accepts such statements quite matter-of-factly and without realizing in the least their absurdity.

Incidentally nobody who has ever lived through a spring and early summer in Mesopotamia doubts the story of the Flood. It is accepted by everybody with the utmost simplicity of belief, except that it is understood that the world the Lord destroyed was only Noah's world. The rain does descend upon the earth for forty days and forty nights in sheets and layers; but though they do make a misery of men's lives it is not the rains that cause the rivers to spread themselves out over the whole visible area; it is the melting of the snows up in the Armenian hills, where the rivers have their sources. The men who took part in the first operations north from Kurna, and in the subsequent operations for the relief of Kut, knew all about the Flood. For them "the waters prevailed, . . . upon the earth" during months on end, and the flood was accompanied by an intolerable heat against which they had no kind of protection, and by a plague of poisonous insects.

It is the consensus of opinion in Mesopotamia that Noah exceeded his instructions with regard to pestiferous insects, and especially with regard to sand flies and certain breeds of mosquitoes. There is one variety of mosquito that is extraordinarily numerous and particularly detested. It has little striped legs and is a very pretty insect, but it is absolutely without sporting instinct—the meanest thing alive. It has no buzz; it utters no warning sound of any kind; and it seems even to be at pains not to tickle the spot on which it lights. Like thistledown it floats in the air, and like thistledown it settles on any exposed point of human skin and proceeds to attend to its immediate business with a vigor and viciousness that nothing else could equal. And it leaves a frightfully inflamed mark, which frequently develops into a shocking sore that takes weeks to heal and is likely to disfigure one for life. Since more often than not it finds the face of its victim the most easily get-at-able foraging area, it is a creature to be feared.

### *Mosquito Bait*

When I arrived in Mesopotamia all the stinging insects for miles round gathered together and had a *conga*—a feast of rejoicing over a fresh victim.

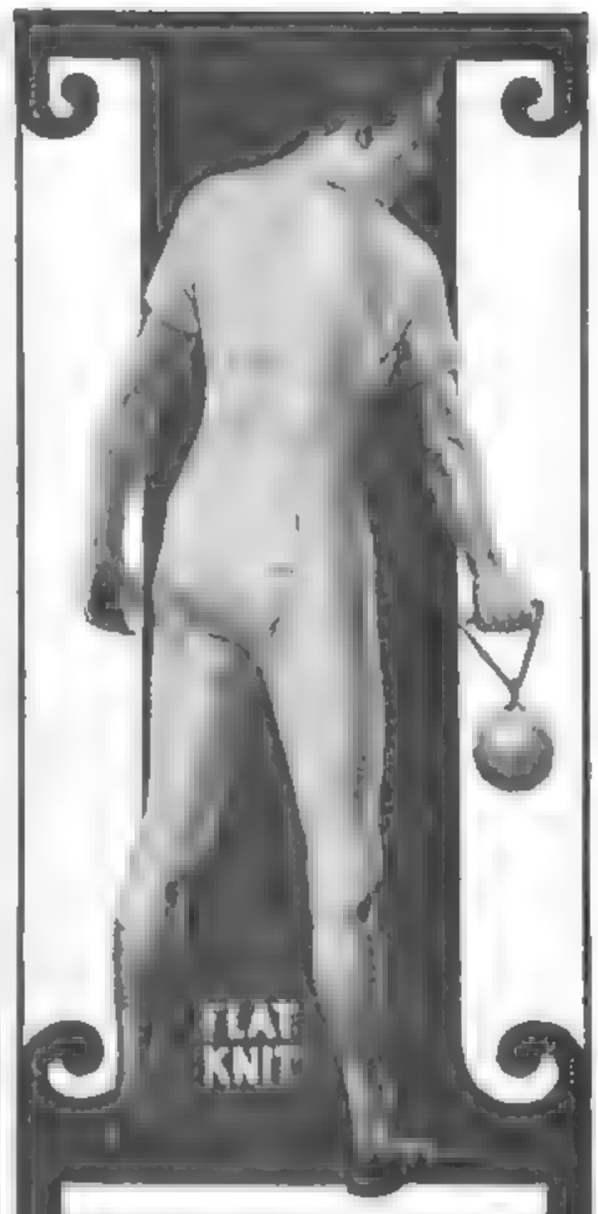
"Mosquitoes?" exclaimed my host, the I. G. C.; "why, bless my soul, I haven't seen a mosquito for weeks!"

"That's a tribute to mosquito intelligence," drawled the deputy. "They know by this time that to bite one of us is the surest way to commit mosquito suicide; though I must say they were bothering me a bit before the lady arrived."

In the Fiji Islands the natives have a pleasant little custom of which this reminded me. They use the youngest member of the family for mosquito bait. Along early in the evening the unclothed infant is placed in one corner of the hut, and when all the mosquitoes have located it its tender-hearted parents go to bed and spend the night in blissful immunity, not being disturbed in the least by its pitiful yells of agony.

I offered this bit of information as a contribution to the conversation and became forthwith "the Fiji baby of the communication mess." But as there was little of the natural surface of my face and neck and arms and hands visible for a week I was not accused by anybody of imagining mosquitoes, and I had a collection of remedies bestowed upon me that made my dressing table look like a show window at the chemist's.

(Concluded on Page 35)


For men who like their knees covered

This is another one of the Lastlong feather-weight, loose-fitting styles that is pleasing a great many men.

Just long enough to meet the tops of the socks—won't show through sheer hosiery.

The flat-knit, elastic Lastlong fabric assures cool, dry underclothes next the skin; it absorbs perspiration—doesn't hold it.

Lastlong Union Suits are made in athletic and other styles at popular prices.

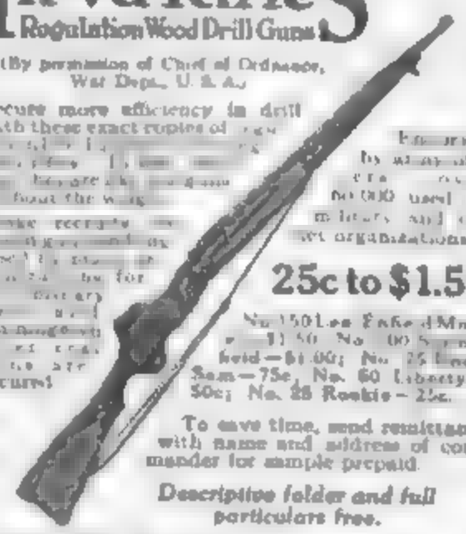
If your dealer doesn't carry them we will see that you are supplied.

*Write for Booklet and swatch of fabric*

LASTLONG UNDERWEAR CO.
349 Broadway New York

LASTLONG
FEATHERWEIGHT FLAT-KNIT
Union Suits

Put "punch" into your Drill with
In-Vu-Rifles
Regulation Wood Drill Guns
(By permission of Chief of Ordnance, War Dept., U. S. A.)



25c to $1.50

To save time, send remittance with name and address of commander for sample prepaid.

*Descriptive folder and full particulars free.*

IN-VU MFG. CO., 12 Lehigh Ave., Geneva, N.Y.

# Used By More Motorists Than Any Other Tube

The part played by the inner tube in the service delivered by an automobile tire is of intense and essential importance.

The good tube, which holds air unfailingly, supports the casing in all its work and cushions it safely against every shock.

The poor tube, in failing to do these things, invites unnecessary trouble and often works the premature ruin of the tire.

Every motorist should safeguard the mileage capacity of his casings by equipping them with the best tubes he can buy.

## *The Kind of Tube We Build*

GOODYEAR TUBES are built of pure gum rubber — many thin sheets laid one upon another and the whole vulcanized together.

This laminated construction guards against all defects in material, and gives the tube a cross-grain which combats splitting when punctured.

The valve patch in GOODYEAR TUBES is not simply stuck on after curing; it is made an integral part of the tube itself by vulcanization.

Our present product is even thicker than formerly in sizes where added thickness would improve it, as much as 16⅔% thicker in some cases.

In our laboratories, through many years, we have built red tubes, black tubes, heavily compounded tubes and pure gum tubes, in an effort to discover which is best.

GOODYEAR TUBES are pure gum tubes of laminated construction—because we are convinced these are best. They are gray in color simply because they are made of pure gum.

## *No Other Tube Has This Endorsement*

Forty per cent of all new cars—such cars as Locomobile, Packard, Cadillac, Franklin, as well as those of lesser price—are equipped at the factory with GOODYEAR TUBES.

More motorists today use GOODYEAR TUBES than use any other kind.

Yet with our enormous tube sales less than one-seventh of one per cent of our tubes ever come back for adjustment—less than one in seven hundred.

This is largely due to the severe "twenty-four hour test" which every GOODYEAR TUBE must pass with perfect score before it is allowed to leave the factory.

GOODYEAR TUBES are built in two weights — Heavy Tourist weight and regular.

The extra cost of the Heavy Tourist type is exactly the cost of the extra rubber used in its construction.

Help Win The RED CROSS THE WAY

GOODYEAR

AKRON

TUBES

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

(Concluded from Page 33)

But I must get on with my journey up the Tigris. Above Kurna the palm gardens along the river banks leave off and the limitless mirage-filled desert begins. Then for a week one sees only limitless mirage-filled desert. To be sure there are occasional river-bank oases, and there are mud and reed hut villages, towns, tombs and mosques, Bedouin encampments, herds and hosts, army bases and marching posts, and the endless moving picture of busy war life on the river. Also, there are flaming dawns and thrilling sunsets.

One day I was reading a book which a certain Anglican bishop wrote about his connection with the operations in Mesopotamia, and I noticed, with some irritation, that he liked too well a weak kind of phrase that he was constantly making use of in quotation marks. Men marched off "into the blue"; he gazed "into the blue"; he sent messages which might or might not be delivered "into the blue." And there isn't any blue in the country. At least not enough to make one think blue. There is a steely kind of sky overhead most of the time, and the distances into which men march and into which one gazes are mauve and amber, dove gray and olive green, with slashes and banks of burning orange on the horizon at sunset—the effect, they say, of dust in the air. And the Tigris, lying higher in most places than the country on either side of it, is a still stream into which the colors melt in a curious, indescribable way. But when I speak of the desert as what one mostly sees I am thinking of the lure of wide-flung space and how inevitably one's eyes lift and seek, above and beyond the immediateness of things, the far horizons. That is Mesopotamia.

Every once in a while a gleam of marsh is seen in the middle distance, and as there are many marshes it may be real marsh, but it is difficult to know whether it is or not. Along the edges of the vast plain stretches a beautiful island-dotted lake, while near at hand, in what seems to be a deep shrub-bordered basin, may lie a sheet of shimmering water that would deceive a seagull. All mirage!

I could not help thinking as we went along what a silent, lonesome river it must have been in peacetimes; how sleepy the villages; how noiseless the towns; how somnolent the Arab encampments in the patches of camel's thorn. Throughout the river's length one sees at irregular intervals ancient water-drawing stations. They call them wells, but they are only cuts in the banks over which a framework is built to carry goatskin buckets that are raised and lowered on a windlass. Attached to one end of the rope is usually a bullock or a donkey, and as he ambles down the slope of the embankment and the dripping brown water bags rise drearily from the river the windlass creaks with a slow, mournful, drowsing sound that is like no other sound I ever heard. That and the far-away lost-soul shrieks of many jackals are the only sounds one hears in the orange-mellow twilights.

How dark it must have been, too, before the British invasion, yet how perfect the moon and the starshine; and how undisturbed the river's current when it was cut by the prow of no swifter-moving thing than a mahayla or a dhow or a slender belum gliding along under the clean, quiet paddle strokes of Arab boatmen. It is not surprising, is it, that the Arabs should regard as more or less of a visitation the strenuous enterprise, the bright lights and the noises that they cannot escape anywhere now, unless it be out in the heart of the desert? Well, they escape to the desert at intervals. They would, anyhow. And they do like the vast sums of money that are so easy to come by nowadays. The British pay.

About thirty miles upriver from Kurna we come to Ezra's Tomb. It is an ancient and curious monument, and from my standpoint it was a very desirable thing that we got to it before nightfall; but we had lingered too long, and the sun was rapidly sinking in a flood of its own wonderful light before we saw, across a dozen circular curves, the grove of palms on the river bank in which it nestles. It would be nearly dark before we could wind our slow way up to it, though as the crow flies we could have reached it in twenty minutes.

However, Ezra's Tomb with deep evening shadows of palm trees lying in its darkening courtyard, and its perfect blue enameled dome lifted up in the last light of day, offers more to one's imagination than such an impossible thing as an Ezra's Tomb might, perhaps, in the glare of a midday sun.

It was beside these waters that the children of the Babylonian captivity "sat down and wept." And when "the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus king of Persia" to "build him an house at Jerusalem," it was up and down these waters and the waters of the Euphrates, and across the then fertile plains, now desert wastes, that the king's emissaries came and went, gathering together the treasure, and "Cyrus the king brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem."

"Now after these things, in the reign of Artaxerxes king of Persia, Ezra . . . went up from Babylon."

"I make a decree," said the king, "that all they of the people of Israel, and of his priests and Levites, in my realm, which are minded of their own freewill to go up to Jerusalem, go with thee."

In addition to which more gold and silver and more precious things were poured into the hands of the departing Jews, and favors were heaped upon Ezra until he was moved to exclaim:

"Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, which hath put such a thing as this in the king's heart. . . . And hath extended mercy unto me before the king, and his counsellors, and before all the king's mighty princes."

One wants to ask: "And is he really buried here?" But it is a foolish question. The beautiful mosquelike tomb which bears his name is one of the oldest monuments on earth; not in its present form, perhaps, because it has been built and rebuilt, modeled and remodeled, and has at present a decidedly Mohammedan aspect. But even in its present form it is very old, and its perfect state of preservation is probably due to the fact that though it is a shrine to which the Jews of the ages have made pilgrimage it is venerated no less by the peoples of all other faiths.

When the British were pursuing the Turks up the river it was by mutual but unexpressed understanding that a wide detour was made by both armies in order to avoid the possibility of damaging the sacred structure. There has been some skirmishing in its immediate vicinity, but thanks to the precaution of the contending forces there is only one little bullet nick in the blue enamel of its dome to prove that it has witnessed some of the action in the greatest of all wars.

Nowadays it is carefully guarded by British soldiers who live in a small stockade at the edge of the palm grove. They were drawn up within its sand-bagged and wire-entanglemented shelter to salute the inspector general as we passed on up the river.

Shave only with the antiseptic shaving cream

The safety razor took some of the danger out of shaving. The *safety lather* of Lysol Antiseptic Shaving Cream banishes risk of infection.

Disease germs cannot live in its rich, soothing, healing lather. Because it contains Lysol, the famous antiseptic, in standard medical use for years.

LYSOL

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

It gives the antiseptic shave. It disinfects brush, razor and face while giving you a smooth, clean, comfortable, all-satisfying shave. For sale at your druggist's.

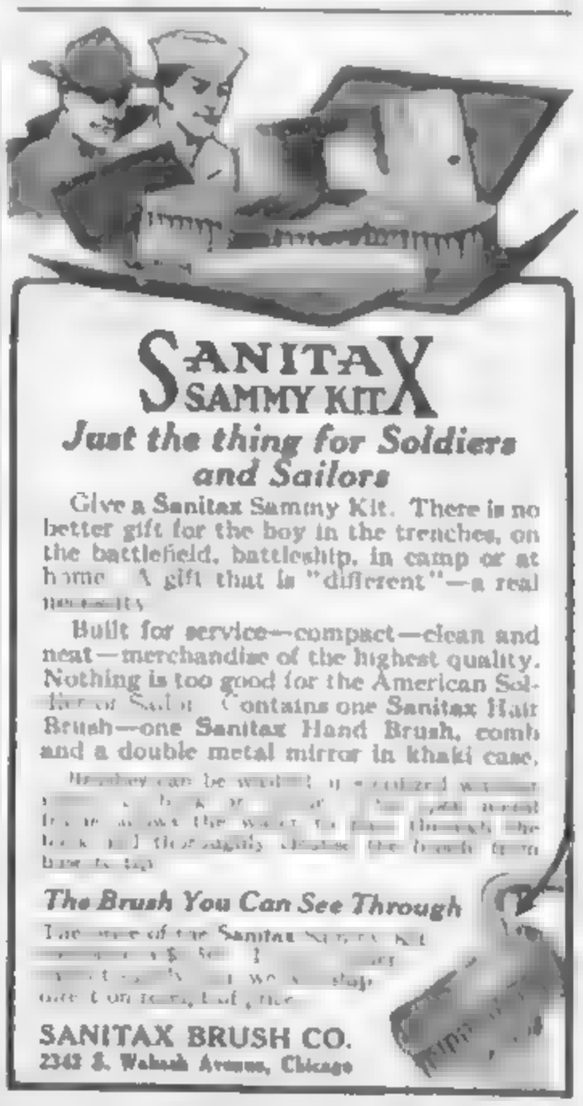
Learn the satisfaction of the Antiseptic Shave—the safe, cool, quick, refreshing shave with Lysol Shaving Cream. A liberal sample free on request.

*Manufactured by*

LEHN & FINK, Inc.

*Under sole license granted by the Federal Trade Commission*

90 William Street New York



SANITAX SAMMY KIT

*Just the thing for Soldiers and Sailors*

Give a Sanitax Sammy Kit. There is no better gift for the boy in the trenches, on the battleship, in camp or at home. A gift that is "different"—a real necessity.

Built for service—compact—clean and neat—merchandise of the highest quality. Nothing is too good for the American Soldier or Sailor. Contains one Sanitax Hair Brush—one Sanitax Hand Brush, comb and a double metal mirror in khaki case.

*The Brush You Can See Through*

SANITAX BRUSH CO.
2342 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

# COMMENT OF THE WEEK

### *The Dynasties*

TWENTY years hence, no doubt, there will be a Hohenzollern somewhere about Berlin and a Hapsburg in Vienna. Whether they wear crowns or derby hats is of little more practical importance than the season's style in women's headgear. They have a king in London and business men serve tea in their offices. If those arrangements suit British taste only academic persons will object.

The great question is whether the system of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs is to continue.

This war is essentially wasteful. Millions of lives and billions of wealth have been flung away because some nations played the old dynastic game of statecraft.

When France was the family estate of a Louis, or Spain belonged to a Philip, extending the national boundaries was a natural ambition, as understandable as a farmer's desire to possess the adjoining eighty. Naturally the royal landlord inculcated ideas of truculent, invidious patriotism; nourished the notion that a state must be the sole judge of its own honor and never submit a question of honor to any outside authority, taught that a subject's highest duty consisted in dying in any quarrel between his sovereign and a rival landlord.

It is that dynastic conception of the state as a thing whose power and glory are the chief concern of a subject, utterly irrespective of the subject's individual happiness, and which must never submit to any authority outside of itself, that let loose this insanity upon the world.

A Hohenzollern and a Hapsburg bear a terrible individual responsibility for this monstrous crime. The wish to punish them is natural and right. But the great thing is to set up a new, orderly, intelligent scheme of international relationships.

### *Fixing Food Prices*

IT MAY become advisable for the Government to take extensive control of staple food supplies and to fix prices. That will depend upon circumstances as to production which have not yet developed. The European precedent is often quoted; but a British example is commonly overlooked.

The British Government wished to induce the largest possible home production of foodstuffs; so, while it fixed prices for some food products for the present, it also guaranteed minimum prices on certain food products—notably wheat and oats—which are to continue for several years. While saying that a producer might receive no more than a certain maximum now, it also said that he should receive a certain minimum price for a number of years—a price yielding him a fair return on his labor and investment. Its price-fixing, then, involved no possible discouragement to production, but rather a distinct encouragement; for, whatever may happen in the way of overproduction or overstocked markets—always bugbears to the producer—a farmer knows he will get a fair return.

And if conditions of supply and demand set a price higher than the guaranteed minimum he will get the higher price.

A maximum price, fixed by the government, was proposed to the wheat growers of Western Canada. They objected to a maximum price without a minimum—to the government saying they should not receive more than so much, unless it also said they should not receive less than so much.

That proposition must be taken into consideration if a situation arises where this Government contemplates fixing food prices.

### *Farm Credit and Tenants*

MOST of the agricultural land in the United States was handed over to its original owners and cultivators either as a gift from the sovereignty or on terms so easy that almost any industrious man could readily become a farm proprietor. That condition has disappeared. The growth in tenant farming in the last census period shows that it is increasingly difficult for a man without capital to become a farm owner.

This situation is pretty generally deplored, and there is nothing in the new Rural Credits Act—whose machinery is now getting limbered up—which definitely promises to correct it. Low interest rates and long-time amortized loans will benefit the farm owner, but not the nonowner who wishes to become a proprietor. His problem remains substantially what it was before.

That low interest rates have no effect in reducing tenant farming is evident, because excluding negro tenants in the Cotton Belt tenant farmers are most numerous in those districts where interest rates have long been lowest. No doubt, as a rule, a fall in interest rates will be automatically offset by higher land values. If a given tract yields a net income of a thousand dollars its value will be twenty thousand dollars if the interest rate is five per cent, and twenty-five thousand dollars if the interest rate is four per cent.

The operation of this rule is clearly evident in long-term leases of city real estate, where the capital value of the land is fixed by applying the going rate of interest to net rental income. No doubt the rule applies also to farm land, though it may not be so exactly traced.

If tenancy is to be reduced the means remains to be devised.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted and $1,000,000 in prizes. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

# The demand for *better offices* has built this 350-store organization

30 years ago, business men began buying a 4-drawer steel letter file,—almost as a novelty.

Today, more than 125,000 offices use the hundreds of styles of Art Metal steel files, as well as steel desks, tables, safes, cupboards, waste baskets, desk trays, bond boxes, etc.

To meet this demand, requires 350 Art Metal Stores and Branch Offices—backed by the three largest steel furniture plants in the world.

Send for catalog.

**Art Metal Construction Co., Jamestown, N. Y.**

Art Metal
Jamestown New York
U S A

Art Metal

Steel Office Furniture, Safes and Files

# FULLER BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 15)

world, and consecrated now to the sacred rites of Wednesday's baking.

And into this pristinely glowing and polished sanctum came Johnny Fuller, with unwonted gravity of face and a letter in his pocket.

A second man, the pea-pod replica of himself—slender, dark-eyed, personable—knelt before the oven door removing a raisin pie. He had the pie clutched between a supporting dishcloth and a corner of the blue apron he wore—one of the most precarious points in a pie's career.

But Johnny had no mercy on the pie.

"Chass," he said a little huskily, "I have a letter for you. It got mixed with the firm's mail and I opened it by mistake. I brought it home to you."

Chass got the pie to the table, set it ruthlessly on the exposed white oilcloth and faced his brother. His face was flushed by the oven heat and his hands and apron were floury. Yet there was a certain dignity in his manner as he extended a hand.

"Let me have it, Johnny," he said in a restrained voice.

Johnny had not expected this.

There would be quite likely horror, shame, embarrassment—perhaps even denial—on foolish Chass' part when confronted. Thus his fancy had run; but now Chass only faced him in his apron and said "Let me have it."

Johnny extended it in two fingers.

"Chass"—he cleared his throat—"I wouldn't have believed. I never thought it possible that you'd do this way—after all that's been said between us—our plans."

He stopped uncertainly before the strange look in Chass' eye. There was something new and alien here—severity, a certain sternness, a truculence of manner, almost.

Johnny began all over:

"The way you and I had things fixed out I thought we were settled. We are settled, of course; I know that. But still, getting yourself into a thing of this kind—even temporary ——"

"Who said it was temporary?"

Johnny could scarcely believe his ears, but Chass had turned pale and begun to speak almost bitterly:

"Look here, Johnny! I know you mean well, but I—I guess we may's well have this thing right out straight. Now's as good as any time. I've always thought with you—in things; and about our going on through life together, but—now it's different. There's a time comes to every man, I guess, when he thinks for himself about a matter of this kind. I've only realized lately. Well, to cut it short, you may be a born bachelor, Johnny, but I—I want something else. Family life—a home. I—I want to get married! I'm going to get married."

"Married!" Johnny repeated, cold with horror. "Why, three weeks ago you wouldn't have dreamed of such a thing. And now you want to marry. And Mrs. Lulu Attleboro!"

"Why not?" Chass barked the words at him.

Johnny could not answer. But Chass was paying no attention. He had fallen to pacing the kitchen floor.

"I tell you it's all right to theorize, but a man gets brought up short when he meets facts. And the fact is, Johnny, as you say, three weeks ago I hadn't thought a thing about it; and one day—well, I met her—and I—I love her. I can't live without her—ever since last Wednesday night."

It was horrible to see the spectacle Chass made—his hysteria, lack of self-control.

"I tell you," Chass brandished his arms suddenly, "she's wonderful! You don't know her. She's the sweetest, the purest, the loveliest woman ——"

He stopped, discovering that the hot pie had scorched a circle in the oilcloth table cover, and lifted it hastily.

"I've never met anyone like her ——" he began again.

But Johnny waited no longer. It was a case where expostulation was futile. He turned on his heel bitterly, and went out into the garden, past the neat vegetable beds he and Chass had dug; past the cinder walks they had measured and rolled in concert; past the grape arbor they had made and painted—to the neatly netted chicken run, where the Leghorns they owned together pecked and clucked. He stared at the fowls mournfully; the whole place was eloquent of their bond, sentient with voices out of the past crying the tale of happy hours together.

And now Chass had sunk into this spiritual morass. The old peace, the old habits pleased no longer. He couldn't live without Mrs. Lulu Attleboro!

For an instant Johnny had a picture of Mrs. Lulu on the place, feeding the Leghorns perhaps! A large, billowy figure on teetering high heels, tossing largess of golden corn out of a bowl with her pink-and-white starfish.

She would wear a dressing sack quite likely, and make little chirpy, cooing noises at the fowls out of her small, pursed mouth—the sort of noises one associates with a baby face. All her little tendrils of fair hair would be tightly wrapped in little kernel-like pale-gray packages resting on her forehead. Johnny had seen ladies like this dozens of times, and in his bitterness now he painted in all details; but it would make no difference at first—to Chass. Somewhere in the offing Chass Fuller would hang with the fulsome, adoring expression of a man in his condition.

It was an intolerable picture to Johnny Fuller.

"I won't have it!" he said aloud passionately.

But what was he to do—how pluck his brand from the burning? He reached a solution only after some profound thought.

The thing to do was to see Mrs. Lulu Attleboro herself. An appeal to the lady perhaps. No, one couldn't do a thing like that—but one could do better than that. One could be his brother's rival—outwit Chass at the business.

Cold, implacable, pitiless, he himself would lay siege to Mrs. Lulu Attleboro, and when Chass was convinced of the futility of all hope he would toss Mrs. Lulu Attleboro aside as one tosses an autumn leaf. There was not one pang of pity in his heart for Mrs. Lulu in this rôle. A lady of her experience, she might fend for herself, and no doubt would, ably. The immediate problem was to save Chass.

As for his outrivaling his brother he had no fear. Physically there was nothing to choose from between them. And Chass was going into it blindly, hot-headed. What chance against plotting, calculating craft?

Grimly Johnny decided to lose no time. He would effect a meeting that week and if possible call upon her in a few days.

It was not at all difficult to meet Mrs. Lulu; nor to call upon her. She had taken a small cottage near her cousin, Mrs. Mabel Lee, and Chass was not the only gentleman caller who had begun to find her small front parlor attractive.

Morgan Case, the undertaker, Johnny understood, had showed considerable attention to Mrs. Lulu already; and a man named Reedy, from Marston, a widower of fairly advanced years: Yet neither of these gentlemen offered much impediment to Chass' suit. They made a poor showing when you counted in Chass' good looks, his youth and his comfortable income.

That Chass had not carried his mad passion for self-destruction beyond the initial stages was evidenced in a certain coy interest on Mrs. Lulu's part on meeting Johnny—certain soft, half-stealthy glances from her round blue eyes.

She invited him to call on Friday.

"I'm going to be alone Friday evening, Mr. Fuller."

And it seemed to Johnny there was the hint of a sigh in her voice at the word alone. Pathos—of a certain type—was clearly Mrs. Attleboro's key.

And Johnny agreed to call. He dressed with deliberate care on Friday night and strode purposefully to Mrs. Lulu's cottage. She greeted him at the door herself, putting out a soft, many-ringed hand to him, and taking his hat with a pretty air of solicitude.

"You look so like your brother, Mr. Fuller. Only, if you don't mind my saying it, just a mite handsomer."

Johnny bowed, looking over his shoulder into her little parlor to discover in advance what manner of bower it was in which this Lady of Shalott wove her spells over his weakling brother.

It was a typical bower. Small and crowded it was with innumerable cushions, photographs, bric-a-brac. A glowing lamp, like a gigantic pink cabbage rose, bloomed on the center table and threw its soft-tinted light over the scene, over a little heap of

(Continued on Page 38)

Keep Clean—The 3-in-One Way

Make every piece of furniture, all woodwork, glass, spick, span and sanitary. It's easy to do and easy to keep that way with 3-in-One Oil.

**For Furniture and Woodwork:** Wring out a cloth in cold water and apply a little 3-in-One. Rub small surface of woodwork at a time to remove grime. Polish with a soft dry cloth. Restores the new look.

**For Floors:** Make 3-in-One Polish Mop by cutting ordinary mop about four inches from handle. Permeate thoroughly with 3-in-One. Used regularly keeps floors fine.

**For Glass and Cut Glass:** A few drops of 3-in-One in the wash water makes cleaning easy. Produces rich sparkle without cloudiness or streaks.

**For Dusting:** Make a Dustless Dust Cloth by permeating cheesecloth or any soft cloth with 3-in-One. It's great.

Sold at all stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

**FREE SAMPLE** and Dictionary of Uses. A postal will bring both. Write Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 ELW Bdwy., N. Y.




MUNGER "Always Tight" Piston Rings

The upper groove of a piston always becomes worn before the other grooves are affected, so that a piston ring of regular size will not fit snugly. To meet that condition, each complete outfit of Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings includes one *oversize* ring for each piston and a Re-grooving Tool. With this tool the car owner or garage man can straighten-up a worn groove so an overwidth ring will fit true and properly.

Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings conform to the shape of the cylinder and the Expansion Joint keeps them gas-tight until worn out.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO.
Newark, New Jersey

**Get them from your accessory dealer or garage man.** List price for all sizes up to 3¼ in. diameter, $1.25 per ring.

With each complete outfit of rings a *Munger Piston Re-grooving Tool* and a *Munger Ring Insertion Tool* are supplied without extra charge.

The Munger Re-grooving Tool in position for straightening the side wall of groove with an overwidth ring

A Munger "Always Tight" Piston Ring being inserted over the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

Showing how easily Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings can be pressed in the piston grooves with the Munger Ring Insertion Tool

*"The Secret—*

*of Dainty Wash Dresses*

—is no secret at all. For laundering my dainty Summer things I find

Peet's Crystal White

the unsurpassed soap, because it cleanses perfectly, without the slightest danger of harm to the most delicate fabrics."

**Crystal White** is known and used by millions of housewives because it means quicker work in every cleansing task—in laundry, kitchen and throughout the household.

PEET BROS. MFG. CO.

KANSAS CITY :: SAN FRANCISCO

Continued from Page 37

novels that lay underneath, over some trifle of woman's sewing, and a silver dish of Turkish Delight.

Mrs. Lulu came round and sat directly in the pink glow and passed the Turkish Delight to Johnny.

"Do have some, Mr. Fuller! I sent to the city for it. I'm the greatest girl for candy you ever saw."

Johnny took a piece perfunctorily and Mrs. Lulu took two, tucking them into her small mouth with a little dainty final lick of her powdery fingers.

"I do love sweets!" she sighed.

"Perhaps it's a case of sweets to the sweet," suggested Johnny with elephantine lightness, making a mental note to ply her with candy.

Mrs. Lulu only laughed.

"Oh, you're a kidder too—like your brother. You've both got a sense of humor, haven't you?"

"I dunno as I ever noticed it—in Chass," Johnny was saying.

He was looking at Mrs. Lulu analytically. Reluctantly he was forced to admit she had a certain amount of charm. Perhaps it was the rosy lamp, or her artless infantile eyes, or the way she had licked her little pink finger tips—but she was not the sort of person you could get very angry with. There was a saccharine softness about her that got you strangely; and she was actually almost pretty, sitting here in a frock that echoed the lampshade's tint, with a touch of white tulle at her throat. Yes, it was no wonder that Chass, the ass, had been taken in. Unless a man were of stern metal she made a certain impress.

Why, just to watch her eat Turkish Delight was a fascinating thing. She was right about liking sweets, but it was a dainty gluttony, a picturesque ghoulishness. She got away with it gracefully.

Going home Johnny turned the evening's events over in his mind thoughtfully. It had not been an unpleasant experience. Apart from the lofty and implacable purpose that keyed and sustained him he confessed truthfully that he had well-nigh forgotten the passing of time in Mrs. Lulu's company.

She had a way, a personal touch, that was vastly stimulating. She made you feel that you—you alone—mattered very much in the Attleboro cosmos. There were all the little intimate bits of talk; the questions she asked; the advice; the constant deferring to your opinion; the pretty implication that woman was a poor, helpless little trifle at best, a rudderless ship without man's saner guidance—an implication few men can resist. There was her manner of farewell too—the impression you gathered that you must, unless you wished to cause her unhappiness, you positively must come again; the while Mrs. Lulu's blue eyes leaned upon you.

Yes, Johnny had noted all these things; and he had promised to call again—because he was doing right. He wished no ill to Mrs. Lulu, but Chass was his immediate concern.

He mentioned his call to Chass at breakfast. It was the battle gage. Chass looked stunned.

"You said you were going over to Ham Blodgett's last night."

"I did go to Ham Blodgett's, but I dropped in at Mrs. Attleboro's afterward." Johnny helped himself to maple sirup casually.

"I'm inclined to think, Chass, that you're right about her. She is different from the women round here. There's a whole lot about her that's attractive."

The horror, the pallid shock of Chass' face stirred him. *"Et tu, Brute!"* it cried at him.

Johnny thought about it afterward sitting in the feed-store window. Chass had gone outside to put some corn into the Milner girls' wagon.

The Milner girls, Kate and Louise, had driven over from Marston. Johnny looked at them thoughtfully. There was only two years' difference between them, but they looked like twins, slim, handsome brunettes in their twenties. Why, in heaven's name, couldn't Chass have cared for one of them? They were fine girls, dandy housekeepers, independent, thrifty and talented. They drove well, played tennis, were good musicians, had sensible business heads, neat dresses. No Turkish Delight about either one!

On Wednesday Chass called on Mrs. Lulu, and on the succeeding evening Johnny appeared at her door again. He was armed with a gigantic box of chocolates; and Mrs. Lulu made a great to-do over both of them. Time sped on this evening as formerly. The lamp glowed cozily, the chocolates were devoured in concert, and Mrs. Lulu opened her soul and spoke of her relatives, her future, her plans here in Briggsville, even her finances; and other matters.

She let him have a glimpse of her appalling loneliness.

"I'm a sensitive woman," she said. "Nobody knows what it means to a woman of that kind to be alone in the world."

She mentioned the matter of investments, the money she had laid by. But she didn't understand money anyhow; that's where a man came in.

There was some stock she owned, for instance. She had put her little all into it—in a Western copper mine. She had bought it of a friend. Oh, a perfectly wonderful investment, with big dividends; but it troubled her, handling things like that. It was so different with a man. Perhaps he'd look at the certificates some time, and advise her; perhaps he could even help her find a purchaser for it. His brother was going to look at it too.

Johnny pricked his ears in alarm.

"Let me see it," he offered. "Chass isn't the business end of the firm, anyhow."

She promised.

"You're so clever! Everybody knows you have such a wonderful head for figures!"

She said more than that. She called him John before he left. "It's always been my favorite name," she said with a little sigh; "it's such a manly, sensible name, I think."

She wrote him a note the very next day, using it, "My dear John," and signing it "Yours affectionately, Lulu," and in spite of himself Johnny was a little moved by it. It wasn't her fault that Chass was making a fool of himself.

By the end of the week all Briggsville knew that Fuller Brothers were calling on Mrs. Lulu Attleboro—rivals in chief at the fair widow's court.

Relations between Chass and Johnny had grown very strained. There was a formal stiffness, a polite constraint between them that was vastly painful.

In his heart Johnny deplored it all, but he was firm, "the end must justify the means," and their future be saved. Once let his brother realize the hoplessness of his passion for Mrs. Lulu, once let him actually step aside for Johnny and time would do the rest. Wounds of this sort always healed; and he, Johnny, could find some saving means whereby to free himself.

For that he was to have ultimate success he had no doubt. Mrs. Lulu had made it very clear that he was the central sun in her universe.

It was on this third visit that she had let him look at her stock certificates. Five thousand dollars' worth of shares in the Ether-Welkin Copper mine in Arizona.

"Of course I wouldn't show these to everybody," she murmured; "I wouldn't accept help from just anyone. I only mentioned it to your brother; but it's different with you, John. I'll do whatever you say about it. It's all I have in the world, and, well—I think I'd like to get rid of it. And you have such a good head you can advise me."

He had a good enough head to know that there was nothing in the Ether-Welkin Copper. They were handsome certificates, rich pieces of engraving—that was all.

But you couldn't come right out and say all that to a woman who had been fooled into the purchase; not when it was, as she said, her little all; not when she stood beside you, a hand on your arm, her baby face lifted helplessly to you.

No, he was willing to break Mrs. Lulu's heart, but he couldn't tell her to her teeth that she was a pauper. Besides, all this wasn't his affair.

So he had fended for time, promised to think it over, advise her later. It was plain that she leaned upon him, looked to him for counsel and advice. Oh, Chass was in a fool's paradise, making the grand toilet and spending his Wednesday evenings to no avail. Indeed, Mrs. Lulu had hinted this much to Johnny. She spoke in an indulgent, almost sisterly way of Chass, mentioned some of his little foibles. She was a person clearly of more sense than Johnny had at first suspected.

Indeed, Johnny was beginning to feel more and more that he had misjudged Mrs. Lulu. It was not her fault that men gravitated toward her, that Chass, foolish moth,

(Concluded on Page 42)


If it's paint—specify ARCO

Perhaps you are a builder of ships—a home owner—a contractor—a maker of machines or of automobiles.

You may be the head of one of America's great industrial corporations or yours may be one of the little plants tucked away by the thousands throughout the villages of America.

Some day you will need a paint, a varnish or enamel, something special, something better than you have ever used before.

To call upon us will bring to you an experience of thirty-eight years in paint, varnish and enamel making and with it all the service that can be derived from one of the largest and best equipped plants and laboratories in America.

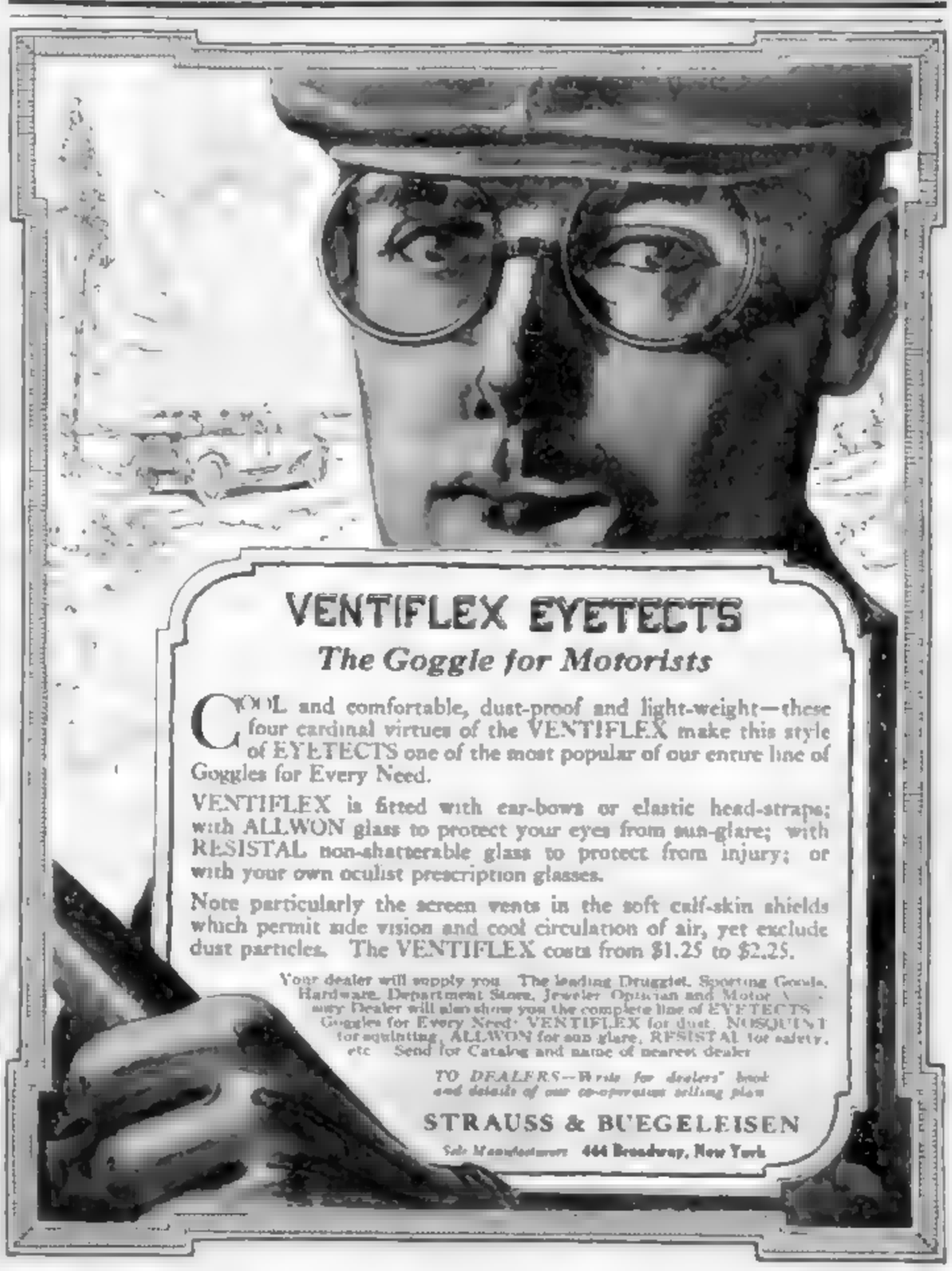
THE ARCO COMPANY

General Offices—246 Arco Building, Cleveland, Ohio

PAINTS, VARNISHES AND ENAMELS

Sales Offices—New York City, Philadelphia, Kansas City

Established 1851



VENTIFLEX EYETECTS

*The Goggle for Motorists*

COOL and comfortable, dust-proof and light-weight—these four cardinal virtues of the VENTIFLEX make this style of EYETECTS one of the most popular of our entire line of Goggles for Every Need.

VENTIFLEX is fitted with ear-bows or elastic head-straps; with ALLWON glass to protect your eyes from sun-glare; with RESISTAL non-shatterable glass to protect from injury; or with your own oculist prescription glasses.

Note particularly the screen vents in the soft calf-skin shields which permit side vision and cool circulation of air, yet exclude dust particles. The VENTIFLEX costs from $1.25 to $2.25.

Your dealer will supply you. The leading Druggist, Sporting Goods, Hardware, Department Store, Jeweler, Optician and Motor [illegible] any Dealer will also show you the complete line of EYETECTS Goggles for Every Need: VENTIFLEX for dust, NOSQUINT for squinting, ALLWON for sun glare, RESISTAL for safety, etc. Send for Catalog and name of nearest dealer.

*TO DEALERS—Write for dealers' book and details of our co-operative selling plan*

STRAUSS & BUEGELEISEN

Sole Manufacturers 444 Broadway, New York

Supreme in Seattle-
A Totem Pole when transplanted to one of the Miracle Cities of the West, loses the mystic symbolism which it holds for the Indians of the Northwest.
But it serves to couple this new country to the past—to make the contrasts all the sharper.
With hydro-electric power at her doors, it is not surprising that Seattle makes such extensive use of electric current in her homes.
Doubtless you would expect that 90% of the homes would be electrically lighted; they are.
You would expect that every home would have one or more electrical conveniences; it has.
But you might not have expected that more than half of these would be Hotpoint appliances; they are.
And among the dealers Hotpoints are specialized by about the same percentage as in Philadelphia.
food
win the war
don't w

# —save fuel —save labor

At every lamp socket in your home both light and heat are at your instant command day or night. Let us suggest how you can use this combination lighting-heating system to help win the war.

***One***—see that all wasteful use of electric lights is stopped
***Two***—secure highest lighting efficiency by replacing all carbon lamps with Mazdas
***Three***—do more of your household operations electrically

The big saving in coal ***(67%)*** is made because 262½ pounds of coal burned at the Central Station and used by you for electric cooking is as efficient as 800 pounds of coal used in your range, and the saving is 100% when the Central Station uses water power or burns oil.

# Hotpoint

## —the food saving

All the way from Philadelphia to S
same—America's Service Army
are going into use all over the cour
servation suggestions. For the very

—because, during the past thirteen years
put the electric wiring in their homes to
to some of the idle lamp sockets.

These women are living proof that
food, save time and energy, and that

## Cook in cool comf

With *Hotpoint* lamp-socket appliances, you c

—toast only so much bread as is needed. Each slice

—bake the hot cakes, fry the eggs or the bacon, or wh
*(in No. 5, below)* of how to do two operations at th

—put coffee and cold water into the percolator, in 8 or
Always the same; no spoilage, no waste. More c

—read about No. 2, below, and learn how you can
biscuits, or a pie, or a loaf of bread—yes, even a c

—nor is it necessary to waste time and money wh
Immersion Heater *(see No. 8 below)* is 87% efficient.

### *Here are interesting details about Hotpoint*

**1** The graceful lines, the highly polished nickel finish, combined with ebonized handles, gives this Panelled Coffee Urn a commandingly pleasing appearance. It is equipped with the famous Valveless percolating device—no traps, valves, floats or other bothersome contraptions. Protected against burnouts by our automatic switch. 9-cup size, as pictured, $18.00; Grecian design, $15.00.

**2** You can use ordinary dishes on this Radiant Stove. Use it wherever there is a lamp socket; coils glow instantly. A fine toaster, too. Highly polished nickel, 7¼" in diameter. $4.50.
Just use the Ovenette over this Radiant Stove and you have a perfect baking equipment—will bake anything that you can put into it, as well and as quickly as largest oven. 11" in diameter, 6" high. $3.50.

**3** Make your toast right on the table as fast as it is wanted—serve it crunchy-brown and hot. And for the family's toast your electric current will cost less than a cent. Sound interesting? Hotpoint Toaster is handsome—highly polished nickel. $5.00, including detachable rack, as shown.

**4** The most widely sold household electric appliance. Hotpoint Iron has enabled millions of women to turn ironing day drudgery to pleasurable work. Banishes waiting, walking and lifting—you just iron and iron. Many exclusive features, such as cool handle—hot point—attached stand—thumb rest cord protector. 3 lb. size $4.00; 5 and 6 lb. sizes (for household ironing) $5.00.

**5** You carry on two operations at once on this Radiant Grill; endless combinations—bake cakes or boil above, while you broil or stew below, etc. Extremely economical of current; use on any lamp socket. Highly polished nickel. $7.50, including cake griddle, two dishes and grid. Three heats. Ovenette (No. 2) can be used over it.

# oint

*-fuel saving way*

eattle you will find that the story is the
is mobilizing—*Hotpoint* appliances
try to carry out the government's con-
est of reasons—

more than 3,000,000 women have decided to
work for them by attaching Hotpoint appliances

*Hotpoint* appliances save fuel, save
you can just as well

## ort-while you save

ook right on the table—

crunchy-brown, hot, delectable

tever it is, just as wanted—no food wasted. See details
same time

10 minutes you pour amber-clear coffee with full aroma.
per pound

ake right at the table—not trivialities, but a pan of
cken or roast. And the expense for current is trivial

you want a little hot water quickly—the Hotpoint

***ppliances that will help you save and serve.***

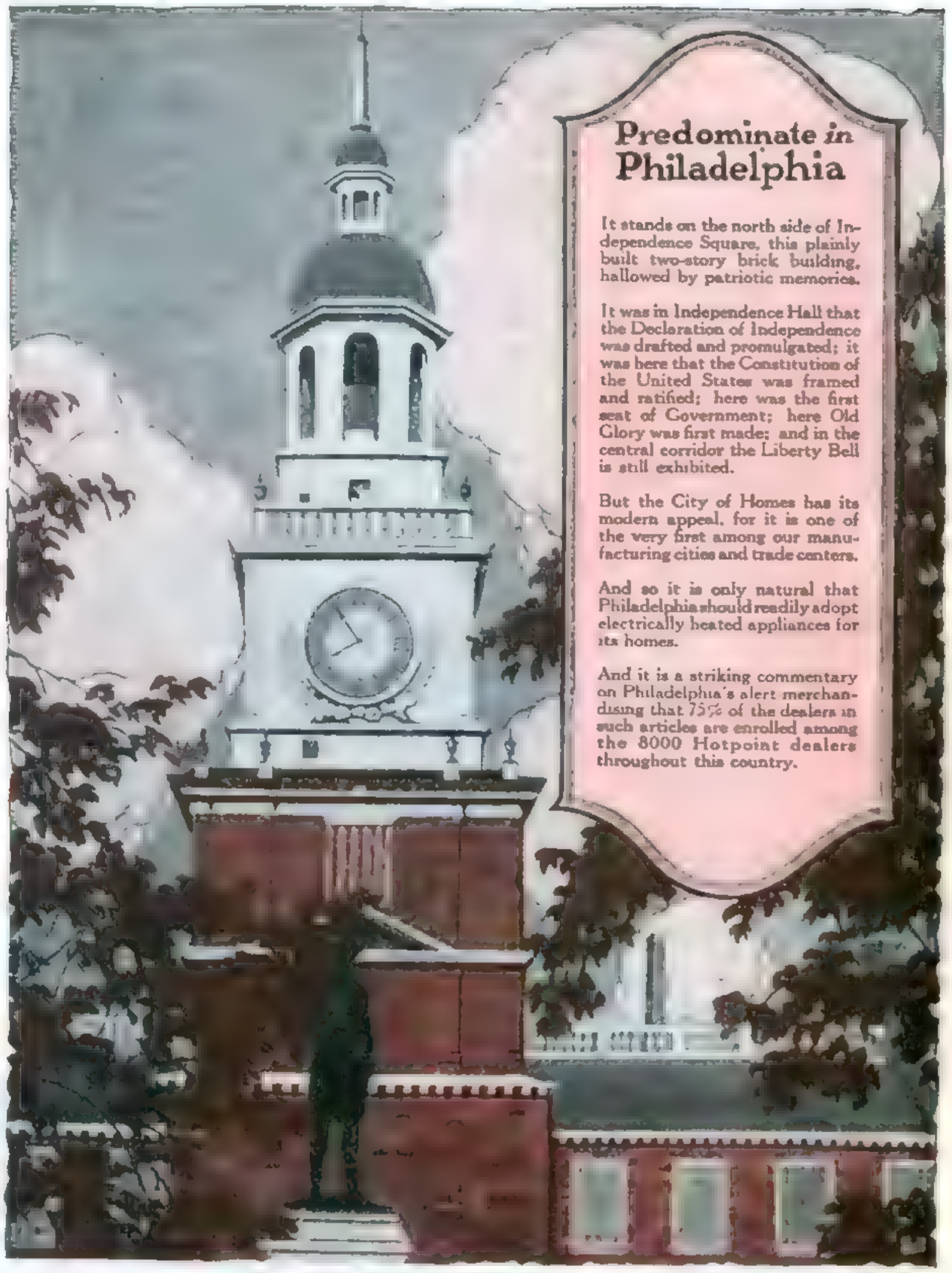
**6** This Boudoir Set is the traveler's outfit *de luxe*. 3 lb. iron with attached stand and cord—attaches to any lamp socket. Stand on which iron is inverted; receptacle for heating curling tongs; folding tongs (shown in use in right hand picture No. 6). The inverted iron can also be used as a small stove. $5.00 complete, in felt bag.

**7** This is the most popular Hotpoint Percolator, and several hundred thousand have been sold. The same valveless percolating device and safety switch as No. 1. Using cold water, percolation begins in half a minute, and you pour six cups of perfect coffee in ten minutes. Current will cost less than a cent. As pictured, $9.50; made of aluminum, same design, $8.50; an artistic design with panelled sides, $10.50.

**8** Instantly, day or night, wherever there is a lamp socket, you can snap a switch and this Hotpoint Immersion Heater will be in service. Plunged into any liquid, it soon brings a small quantity to boil. A nickel cylinder self sterilizing and easily kept clean. Small (as illustrated) $4.50; large $5.50; Crookneck $6.00.

**9** The day of the always-clean home is with us—the day of spasmodic "cleanings," when dust and dirt are brushed from place to place, is over. With Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner the dust is sucked up and removed. Attaches to any lamp socket, and the attachments enable you to clean ceilings, clothing, hangings, etc. Cleaner $30.00; attachments $8.50.

HOTPOINT DIVISION
EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc.
New York 5660 W. Taylor St., Chicago Ontario, Calif.
*Manufacturers of these three well known lines of appliances*
Hotpoint General Electric HUGHES
World's largest makers of electric household appliances. Distributors everywhere.


Predominate in Philadelphia
It stands on the north side of Independence Square, this plainly built two-story brick building, hallowed by patriotic memories.
It was in Independence Hall that the Declaration of Independence was drafted and promulgated; it was here that the Constitution of the United States was framed and ratified; here was the first seat of Government; here Old Glory was first made; and in the central corridor the Liberty Bell is still exhibited.
But the City of Homes has its modern appeal, for it is one of the very first among our manufacturing cities and trade centers.
And so it is only natural that Philadelphia should readily adopt electrically heated appliances for its homes.
And it is a striking commentary on Philadelphia's alert merchandising that 75% of the dealers in such articles are enrolled among the 8000 Hotpoint dealers throughout this country.

## —save food —save time

Careful tests have been made which satisfy us that the actual food saved by electric cooking is considerable. For instance—

—when you take a five-pound roast out of an electric oven, it weighs about a half-pound more than if you had cooked it in some other oven—you have saved a half-pound of meat.

Also—you cook at the table as wanted and serve everything temptingly hot, thus reducing the excess and spoilage to the minimum.

Electric cooking simplifies the whole cooking proposition to such an extent that you will have much more time to devote to war-time activities. And your family will be better nourished the while.

(Concluded from Page 39

was trying to scorch his wings. There was no denying she had a certain allure. Even he with his cool calculations was quite aware of it; her presence raised peculiar emotion in him at times.

All this for the first few weeks; but there came an evening when Johnny made a shocking and uncomfortable discovery.

He had gone into the little garden to look at the Leghorns, walking past the vegetable beds he and Chass had dug in concert, over the neat cinder paths they had measured and rolled together, past the grape arbor they had built and painted together—to the netted chicken run.

And as he approached he was suddenly aware of a feminine figure—a fancy purely—standing before the wire. She was throwing largess of corn out of a bowl to the chickens. A billowy, bewitching figure, teetering on high heels. She wore something pink with a touch of white at the throat, and a mist of fine soft ringlets played round her face. She turned to smile as he approached, to smile at him! There wasn't a trace of Chass in the whole picture.

And his heart swelled with shamed pleasure and horror mingled.

It was his own vision of Mrs. Lulu; he had created her out of the gossamer of his thoughts and planted her here, as he had done once before, though with a few changes. Planted her here for his own pleasure too.

Was it possible? He drove the phantom Mrs. Lulu Attleboro from his mind and wiped his clammy forehead with his handkerchief. Then he laughed. It was utterly absurd. He had no interest in Mrs. Lulu in the world—personally. And yet ——

It was only the next time he called that the unthinkable happened. They had had a pleasant evening, eating from a Gargantuan box of candy he had brought, talking of divers things—until the farewell.

Then Mrs. Lulu spoke of the mining stock again.

"You naughty John," she laughed and pouted, "you promised to help me! You promised to find me somebody to buy it, and you never have. Aren't you going to help Lulu?"

"Yes," he said idiotically, "I'm going to—if I have to buy it myself"

Mrs. Lulu's blue eyes widened, grew misty.

"Oh, John, how *dear* you are!" she said; and then—he never knew how it happened—his arm was round her and he had kissed her.

And she was his—apparently! She stroked his shoulder and cried a little, and called him Jack, a term none on earth had ever used to him before; and caution woke somewhere in Johnny's brain and rebuked him shrilly.

"And now I'll just turn the stock over to you, Jack, and to-morrow you can let me have the money right away. It'll be all the same, won't it—when we're—when we're going to ——"

"I—er ——"

Johnny made an incoherent sound and got out of it by kissing her again.

But when he staggered from the house he realized what had happened. He had accomplished his purpose, and a great deal more. He was committed, engaged. And more, he had been dragged into a financial obligation of sorts.

As he came near the garden it was void and empty. There was no picture of Mrs. Lulu feeding the fowls. Well, he had done it; he had permitted Mrs. Lulu to become his fiancée, they were actually engaged. They were to cherish it a happy secret for a week or two, at her request; and so Chass was saved.

And yet Johnny's discomfort grew! There was something compelling, almost basilisk, about the woman. He had a horrid feeling that it might not be so easy to liberate himself as he had imagined; that he might even go so far as to connive against himself. There was a disturbing quality about her.

And then of course there was the Ether-Welkin Copper.

He was still shrewd and cool enough to understand. Mrs. Lulu might love him as she protested, but love him or leave him his destiny was to be indissolubly mixed with five thousand dollars' worth of mining stock. It was a price, and yet there was the possibility that he would actually pay it. That persistent, implacable softness of Mrs. Lulu. And when you got your arm round her she knew how to assert it.

Well, thank God, Chass was saved all this, at least! As for himself, in some way, in some fashion, he must work out his ultimate liberty.

He was to go to supper, his first meal, with Mrs. Lulu the next evening.

He approached her home torn by mingled emotions. He wanted to see Mrs. Lulu and he wanted to flee her presence. He tried to steel himself against her sirenic charm, and he wanted to yield to it—never more than when she greeted him!

The little parlor glowed, all rosy and cushiony. There was Turkish Delight on the table. Behind in the dining room a green fern centered a sparkling table set for two.

"I've cooked the supper all myself, Jack, just for we two. That's one thing I really can do, too, if I do say it that shouldn't. I always was the greatest girl for cooking." Mrs. Lulu cooed. She led him to the table and plied him with food.

And Johnny looked at her in awed wonder.

It was the most terrible food he had ever eaten. From the cooked-out steak to the thin, sour floury pie it was terrible beyond description. And the biscuits! Leaden gray lumps like dum-dum bullets. A memory of Chass Fuller's flaky featherlight biscuits rose. Why, the woman didn't know what cooking was! She had ruined her palate, her judgment—if she ever had had any—with candy, Turkish Delight!

She might have a baby face and wear a pink dress and sit here beaming at you; she might even love you; but a woman that cooked like that was a menace, no less.

Johnny's will power suddenly returned. Mrs. Lulu's Circe power was gone forever. A woman who made biscuits like that wasn't a woman at all! And he had nothing to fear from her.

When at the close of the meal she mentioned Ether-Welkin again and reproached him for tardiness he met her collectedly, gravely even.

"I will attend to it, Lulu—and very soon. I'm going out of town for a few days. But when I come back I'll take it up with you right away."

He meant it too. He pondered it going home. If he had to part with five thousand to meet her heckling, to keep Chass—it was cheap at the price. And it was worth five thousand to get back his old, clear-headed self. Horrible! If he had been thrown along in with the five thousand! No, thank heaven, he was entirely saved forever; but he wanted a little interval to think things over, to make his plans decently.

Under the strained relations he maintained with Chass at present he offered little explanation for his three-day jaunt to Andes. Chass, misguided creature, would probably make hay while he was gone, for all the good it did him.

It was on the following Wednesday that Johnny Fuller stepped briskly off the train from Andes.

For a gentleman carrying a knotty problem or a secret worry he walked with a ridiculously light step. And as he came near Mrs. Lulu Attleboro's house he walked even more lightly, jauntily almost.

Mrs. Lulu's parlor was lit—dimly. It was a warm evening and her front door stood slightly ajar, an inch or so, giving a thin loophole into the roseate bower beyond the hall. It was Chass' night to call on her, and Johnny had no least doubt he would find him there. He hoped he would, in fact. He wanted to come in on Chass and say his little say and have done.

Yet some instinct—the furtive streak that a partially opened door wakens in anyone—bade him go up the veranda steps noiselessly.

Chass was sitting on Mrs. Lulu's sofa, Mrs. Lulu beside him, her head on his shoulder. She was stroking his coat sleeve, murmuring. And he was the most unhappy-looking Chass Johnny had ever seen.

"Call me honey-bunch, Charley."

Chass muttered something.

"You do love Lulu, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, dear." There was a suggestion of resignation, of patience in Chass' voice that wrung Johnny's heart. But he remained cool. He even got out his tobacco and began filling his pipe.

"You look so much like your brother, Charley—only you're so much handsomer! Oh, Charley—dearest ——"

Johnny did not flinch—even at what followed.

There were words he did not catch, then:

"If I could get the money by Saturday, dear. You could look after the whole thing for me; and if you love me so ——"

Johnny had his match out but did not strike it. The misery in Chass' face stirred him.

"Not that way," he said suddenly, and picking up his bag went silently away.

Chass would have to pass the feed store going home. He would wait for him there.

Johnny had not long to wait. It wasn't quite ten when he saw Chass flitting homeward through the quiet street, and Johnny rose from the step to confront him.

"Well, Chass," he said easily, pleasantly, "I see you've been calling on our friend, Mrs. Lulu Attleboro." Chass started.

"What if I have?" he asked curtly.

"Nothing—only you looked so happy."

"Happy?"

"Yes," said Johnny patiently; "and I bet I can tell you why. You've been to supper—supper, Chass—at Mrs. Lulu's."

Chass turned white.

"What are you trying to insinuate?" he asked hoarsely. "She's the noblest, the dearest ——"

"I know." Johnny tamped down his pipe thoughtfully. "It's a noble supper she cooks too. I met a man coming from Andes who ate one of them—when she was staying in Andes a while ago."

"What is this drivel?" Chass cried passionately. "You're speaking of the woman I love; the woman ——"

"The woman you're engaged to—though you're not going to announce it for a week or two." Chass stared.

"Oh, I could tell you more things than that. Her favorite name is Charles because it's a manly, sensible name; and she turns to you for advice because you've got a dandy level head and business oughtn't to bother a little woman, anyhow. You see, I know, because I'm engaged to her too. And last Friday night her favorite name was John ——"

"Why, you liar! You—you—why, she's been playing with you!"

"Us," corrected Johnny patiently.

"She—she thinks you're a good-enough fellow, but slow as the dickens. She feels only sisterly toward you; she told me so; and ——"

"And now I stand here and tell you something else. You're going to relieve her of a lot of bum shares in a Western copper mine ——"

"How d'you know? Why, she only mentioned them to you."

"I noticed that." Johnny was drawing on his pipe thoughtfully.

"Besides, even if they are—are no good, I—I'm willing, Johnny. It isn't for that; and I—I love her."

"I know," said Johnny. "That's where she overplays her hand. I mean her suppers. Why, George Lambert told me ——"

Chass groaned.

"Oh, you ought to talk to Lambert, Chass. Her favorite name was George then; and she played him for a sucker like a house afire: the way she's tried to play you and me."

Chass didn't answer.

"She wants her five thousand and she wants it quick. Oh, I don't say she mightn't take a man thrown in, but not likely. She's playing for a sure thing—her money in her fist. And Lambert tells me she's going West again soon. There's some fellow out there she cares about ——"

"I—I love her!" Chass mourned. Yet it had a hollow, unconvincing sound.

"You did love her," corrected Johnny.

"The way I have it figured out, Chass, it's like this: You and I've always palled together; done everything together, and well—women have got their place, and that's true enough. Perhaps a fellow does want a look in on that sort of thing too. But, anyhow, if we're going in for that sort of thing there's no reason why it ought to break up our lives—turn 'em into one of these damned triangles. And one woman'll do it every time.

"What we want in this situation is two women—two women we know with tastes and views like ours; and then we could take up the thing together." Johnny spat meditatively. "And so—I've been thinkin' a little myself, Chass. The Milner girls—have you ever noticed? They're real pretty girls too; and we could go over there and call—say Saturday. We could go together."

"I guess you're right," said Chass. "Our own kind of girls—that we know about's what we want. But good Lord," he said bitterly, "what good'll it do us—or me—when I'm engaged to Mrs. Attleboro?"

"Why, as to that," said Johnny, "so am I. And that makes it all the easier. We'll just cut loose together."

He got up and went into the feed store, Chass following.

And here Johnny went to the desk and ruthlessly took pen and ink and paper—the firm's paper with "Fuller Bros., Briggsville, N. Y., Feed—Grain—Fertilizers. We Aim To Please" upon it.

And he began to write—thus:

"Mrs. Lulu Attleboro.

"*Dear Madam:* We herewith beg to inform you that we consider our engagement to you at an end.

"We have talked the matter over fully between ourselves, and with an old friend, George Lambert, of Andes; and we realize that this step can only be an accommodation to you and save you much mental wear and tear deciding who has prior claim.

"With best wishes for your lifelong prosperity, and success in all reasonable fields of endeavor, We remain,

"Very Truly Yours

"_____"

The inexorable hand paused, laid down the pen almost mechanically. It was the little round rubber stamp that kissed the space under the last word, leaving a violet "Fuller Bros." there, according to custom. Then Johnny added his personal touch. Below he wrote in minute script:

"Per J. P. F. & C. J. F."

"There," he said thoughtfully, "I guess that'll do it. If we drop it in the post-office slot going home she'll get it by noon."

And on this Chass put out his own hand.

"Give it to me, Johnny," he said. "I'll mail it on the way down."

# COOPER'S BENNINGTON

## SPRING NEEDLE UNDERWEAR

THE fine, close, elastic stitch of Cooper's-Bennington spring needle machines makes the underwear with the Cooper's-Bennington label in the neck-band America's standard of comfort and durability.

Because it has the stretch that springs back, Cooper's-Bennington fits without bag or drag in any position, and its extra mile of thread gives an extra year of wear.

When your dealer shows you that label on knit under-garments or nainsook Summer-wear you may buy with confidence; for better cannot be produced.

"With the ... that spr...

COOPER'S SPRING NEEDLE BENNINGTON

COOPER'S SPRING UNION NEEDLE BENNINGTON SUITS

**BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY,** Home Office: Kenosha, Wis.

*Makers Also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for Men, Women and Children*

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis.; Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

*Actual photograph of dual equipment of Goodyear S-V solid tires in service on a seven-ton unit of the Consumers Company, Chicago*

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

# GOODYEAR

AKRON

# The Essentials of Truck Tire Merit

ALTHOUGH pneumatic truck tires are opening up new fields of employment for the motor truck, the solid tire is yet essential and advantageous in slower service.

From the beginning of the truck industry Goodyear has been developing solid tires, to a result now commensurate with such effort and experience.

Out of the experiments we have made, the tests and demonstrations we have conducted, the clear fact emerges that the merit of a solid truck tire depends upon three essential qualities.

These three qualities, vital to efficient and economical service, are long tread wear, freedom from chipping and cutting, and resistance to separation from the base.

It is not a hard matter to embody one of these qualities in a truck tire, but it is exceedingly difficult to include all three in effective proportion.

The marked superiority of the Goodyear S-V solid truck tire consists in the fact that it does embody all three qualities in extreme degree. It wears long and persistently, it defeats ordinary abrasion and damage, tire and base are fused into an almost indissoluble unit.

Proof of the tire's goodness is best seen in its performance, a performance uniformly remarkable for efficiency and thrift.

No Goodyear truck tire is an untried quantity—a system of intensive testing establishes each type's merit before it goes on the market.

This practice affords yet another sound assurance for the public that the Goodyear tire it buys will serve ably and well.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# SOLID TIRES

# TAXING WHAT YOU SPEND

## By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

IF THE great war lasts more than a few months longer there is sure to be an insistent demand in this country, just as there has been in England and France, for a shifting of the huge burden of cost. At present we are paying for the war to an astonishingly large and unheard-of extent out of the production and possession of wealth. In all fairness and justice it is high time that the spending of wealth, luxury, extravagance and waste began to do their share.

Through the tax on business profits and incomes the creators and savers have been carrying on the war. Now let the spenders and wasters put their shoulders to the wheel. France has been imposing a tax since April first upon the retail purchase of a large number of luxuries; Andrew Bonar Law, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently announced that his government would adopt taxes similar to the French; and Canada is considering like action in her new budget. The handwriting is on the wall, and experts for the Government are now quietly but busily working upon an elaborate and revolutionary system of taxes upon expenditures, which can be incorporated into the new revenue law.

These new and proposed laws aim to hit the free and easy spender, and while it is hoped to reach the rich more than the poor, the poor also will have to pay if they squander a whole week's wages upon a single pair of shoes, a waist or a hat. Food and other necessaries, such as modest priced articles of clothing and even low priced luxuries, are exempt. But the idea is to catch the working girl who lavishes her whole savings upon a single garment no less than the millionaire who buys a $50,000 antique for his library or a $25,000 necklace for his wife.

It is true that the present revenue law contains a few very moderate taxes upon articles for which the public spends money, such as automobiles, musical instruments, jewelry, sporting goods, cosmetics, patent medicines, chewing gum and theater tickets. But, with the exception of theater tickets, these taxes are levied upon the manufacturer instead of upon the consumer, where they really belong. In other words, Congress was afraid not only of the administrative difficulties of imposing expenditure taxes directly upon the public, but it probably feared public resentment against such measures at the very beginning of the war.

*The Sentiment Against Seeing Husky Young Flunkies Do No Work Except Serving a Dinner or Opening a Carriage Door is More Than Most of Us Can Much Longer Endure*

It was natural to attack wealth first. That is always the most popular course. Heavy taxes are bound to offend somebody, and it seemed wiser at the start to offend the relatively few who are primarily producers and savers rather than the many who are spenders. In the original House bill there were many expenditure taxes which the Senate struck out. Indeed, the Senate bill, at least in one of its stages, provided that only one-twenty-sixth of the total revenue should consist of taxes on expenditures, whereas more than seven-eighths was expected to come from business profits and incomes. The law itself as finally passed did not provide that more than thirteen per cent should come from luxuries. "As the war progresses there will have to be an extension of the tax system," said the leaders, and let it go at that.

### When Taxes Curb Extravagance

BUT political and administrative questions can no longer prevent the spenders from carrying part of the load. Not only has the conviction grown that too much of the burden was put on the processes of industry rather than upon the garnered and enjoyed fruits thereof, upon the bee rather than upon the honey, but an even more pressing argument is that taxes upon luxurious expenditure might tend to discourage extravagance.

Such a result would mean more money saved for Liberty bonds and war-savings stamps, and it would mean a more rapid shifting of labor and materials into "essential" industries.

If taxes reduce extravagance, well and good. If people keep on spending almost as much as before, despite the higher cost, which is not impossible, then also well and good, because the revenue from the taxes would be very high. Such at least is the theory, and if it is correct the nation is bound to benefit either way it works.

But that is not all. If the Federal Government continues in hasty and haphazard manner to pile up the rates on incomes, corporation profits and inheritances, many of our largest states will soon be left without any source of revenue. All the European nations are hesitating about forcing these taxes to the danger point, and are steadily increasing their expenditure taxes to keep pace with those upon wealth. This is true even of England, which, largely for social-reform purposes, has led the world with its levies upon incomes and inheritances.

No modern legislator likes to impose a tax upon spending, because it is supposed to add to the cost of living. And this was true in the past. For centuries the poor and oppressed of every country were ground down with a multitude of taxes on the necessaries of life. Until very recent times the rich and powerful so controlled the governments that it was always the poor who paid. Before the French Revolution it is said that practically half of the peasant's income was taken from him in taxes.

"The only objection I have [to the revenue bill]," said United States Senator Norris last September, "is that on the large incomes it does not take enough. It may be necessary before the war is over to tax the consumption of the poor, to tax the medicine of the sick, the blind, the crippled and the insane who have been returned to our shores from the blood-drenched trenches of Europe; but that time will never come with my consent until the last swollen dollar of war profits and excessive income has been conscripted.

"Instead of sufficiently taxing war profits and swollen incomes it is proposed to tax coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar, molasses and medicines. These taxes are small, it is true. They are levied in pennies, but the burden, small though it is, is sustained by countless thousands who are already bowed down in poverty, already struggling in every possible way to feed and clothe themselves and their families. It is a less hardship for the holder of a $2,000,000 income to pay $1,000,000 of it in taxes than it is for the poor widow, struggling to feed and clothe her children, to buy a pound of sugar or a pound of coffee."

Senator Norris was only reëchoing the century-long cry of reformers, humanitarians and "classical" economists. To them it seemed self-evident that a tax upon expenditure is unjust, because it bears most heavily upon those least able to bear it. The poor workingman needs just as much salt per day as John D. Rockefeller needs. Perhaps he needs a little more, and probably he buys just as much. But if you tax each ounce of salt one cent to the buyer you are evidently discriminating against the poor man, for he cannot afford that cent as easily as Rockefeller can. Is anything more obviously unfair than taxing a man according to his need rather than his ability to pay?

### Adam Smith's Idea

BUT what if you tax luxuries instead of necessities—some rich man's $100,000 organ, let us say, instead of salt? Then surely the tax is not unfair. The poor workingman does not buy church organs.

To this there has been a ready reply, as glib as a mathematical formula, first propounded by Adam Smith, the founder of political economy, and followed blindly ever since by most of the economists right down to one who is now a high government official.

A tax on luxuries, they said, would yield only driblets of money, because there are not enough rich people. Adam Smith's idea was that the total purchases of the "inferior ranks" so far exceeded those of the higher ranks that no large lucrative revenue could be obtained except from staple articles like salt, coffee, tea, cocoa, liquor and tobacco, which are consumed by the masses of people. To this list later writers added petroleum. Even the rich scatter their purchases over many things, it was argued, and do not buy much of any one luxury.

At one time even the wisdom of a tax on liquor and tobacco was debated. It was feared that people would not use whisky and tobacco at all if they were taxed. It was argued that because the use of powder for the hair and ladies' chip hats had fallen off after taxes had been imposed upon them, all articles would suffer in the same way.

"In the arithmetic of the customs," said one great man, "two and two instead of making four sometimes make only one." But Adam Smith saw clearly on this particular phase of the subject, and largely due to his teachings England adopted and made the chief feature of her revenue system for nearly a century the heavy imposts on liquor and tobacco. The taste for them has been so widely diffused and deeply ingrafted into the habits of the people that no amount of taxation seems to have lessened their use.

Alexander Hamilton proposed a tax upon whisky just after the American Revolution, but people objected so strenuously to the prospect of a rise in the cost of booze that they actually rebelled.

"Odious, unequal, unpopular and oppressive" were the mild adjectives applied to Hamilton's scheme. "It is the horror of all free states, is hostile to the liberties of the people and would convulse the government."

For whisky was regarded in certain sections of the country as a necessary of life like any staple product of the farm. To convert grain into spirits was regarded as much a natural right as to make flour. Had not the people just thrown off the tyrannical taxes of the mother country? Was not every man's house and whisky still his own castle? Especially did the Irish elements hate any mention of taxes on what they ate, drank, wore or lived in.

But these violent opinions and sentiments did not continue. From Civil War times down to 1909 the Federal Government depended to a large extent upon the liquor and tobacco taxes, and men had long ceased to question their wisdom and justice. The consumption of malt liquor and distilled spirits was about ten times greater in this

(Continued on Page 49)

# What Kind of Used Car Does it Pay to Buy?

*It pays to buy any car if you can afford to own and operate it. The answer to that question should be interesting both to the man who buys a used car and to the man who buys a new one—because the resale value is equally important in both cases.*

There was a time when the purchase of a used car was seriously questioned by many good judges. There was a time when it was considered only a matter of getting rid of cars which dealers had to take in exchange.

But times have changed. The used car business today is a real business, a legitimate business, *and it is handled by men who are as jealous of their reputation, are as careful to give good value as those in any other line of human endeavor.*

These men know that it is not simply the sale price of a used car that the buyer should consider, but the condition of the operating parts of that car, the reputation of the maker, the performance that cars of that make have given in the past, and the probability of the performance they will give the new buyer in the future.

And in the new car or the old car, the life and usefulness of the entire unit and the expense of operating it, all go back to the design and durability of the fundamental parts of the vehicle.

Four or five years ago the Walden Shaw Livery Company of Chicago operated a fleet of twenty taxicabs, and literally wore them out in the severest, most continuous service that a motor car can have. But *under those cars there were two units that could not be worn out, the Timken-Detroit Front and Rear Axles;* and those axles, after an average of over a hundred thousand miles of service, were built into a new set of cars for the company.

That represents a real practical resale value that any car owner can see. So if you are considering the purchase of a used car, don't forget the importance of axle sturdiness when you are looking at tires, listening to the motor, or examining the upholstery.

And conversely, when you buy a new car, remember that it is a fact proven out in many, many cases that the cars *equipped with Timken-Detroit Axles have today the highest average resale value in proportion to their original cost.*

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Michigan

*Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both passenger cars and motor trucks*

# TIMKEN·DETROIT AXLES

*Imported from Porto Rico*

Pacifico Size 7c
Box of 50—$3.50

Corona Size—8c
Box of 50—$4.00

War Saving Stamps sold in all United Cigar Stores

CIGARS UNITED

# Who Discovered RICORO?

"Who discovered Ricoro? My friend Smith," said the architect. "At his home, the other evening, he opened a box of fine, Corona size cigars.

"After we lighted up, I noticed Smith dropping two dimes in his youngster's bank.

"'What's the idea?' I asked.

"'I used to smoke 25c cigars. Now I buy Ricoro at 8c and put the difference in the boy's bank.'

"'Well, if there's a *difference* in the quality of the cigars, it certainly favors Ricoro,' I agreed."

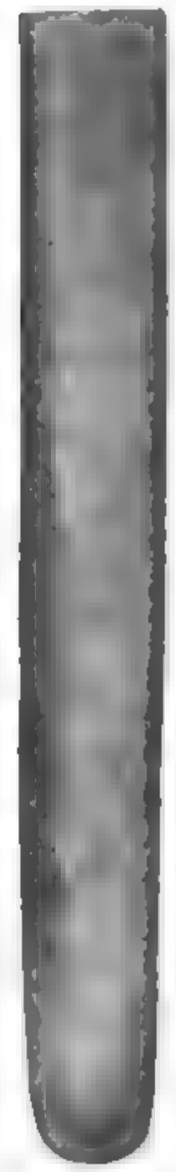
*Sooner or later you'll discover—*

## Ricoro

*the "Self-Made" Cigar*

Ricoro will increase your smoking enjoyment and decrease your cigar expenditures, because Ricoro is *imported duty free* from Porto Rico. Ricoro gives you a rich fragrance and a mellow *mildness*, exclusive to tropic-grown cigars. Made in a dozen sizes and shapes,—from 6c to 2-for-25c—simply the question of size. The quality is the same in all.

*Imported from Porto Rico*



Panetela Size 7c
Box of 50—$3.50

Invincible Size
3 for 25c
Box of 50—$4.00

**Sold Only in United Cigar Stores—*"Thank You."***

# UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY

***Over 1200 Stores Operated in over 500 Cities. General Offices, New York***

(Continued from Page 48)

country in 1917 than in 1866, and the consumption of tobacco was from twenty to thirty times greater. The revenue from both sources was about twelve times greater. Certainly there could be no more complete proof than this that heavy expenditure taxes do not always defeat their own ends.

Taxes on liquor and tobacco, especially on the former, have been almost too good to be true in both England and this country. Concentrated as these things are, in great warehouses at a few points, the taxes are exceedingly easy to collect, and there is no longer any tendency in either country, as on the Continent, to regard certain forms of liquor as necessities. Even as long ago as 1775 Adam Smith in his famous definition of necessities and luxuries said that "custom nowhere renders it indecent to go without whisky and ale." But beer is regarded as almost a necessity in Germany, and wine in France, Spain and Italy. Taxes on cheap wines in the Gallic countries and on beer in Germany are never very successful. In the same way more revenue relatively is derived from coffee in England and from tea in Germany, because coffee is more of a luxury than tea in England, and vice versa in Germany.

When Adam Smith drew up his famous principles of political economy, the articles taxed were salt, wheat, soap, leather, candles, coal, wool, and the like. No wonder that taxes on spending were odious and hateful! Anyone who ate white bread in Holland had to pay three guilders and fifteen stivers a year for the privilege. Salt had been taxed for centuries, and still is reached, even in the hands of the pauper in backward countries like India. Until very recently the Italian peasants had to pay their octroi on almost every bare necessity of life, such as a dozen eggs. To-day in Mexico one cannot ride in a rowboat without paying a tax. If a country is very poor, without industries, accumulated capital and large incomes, it must get along as best it can. If it does not have good objects to tax, it must tax bad ones.

### *French Taxes on Hats and Lampshades*

INDEED as recently as the Civil War in this country a tax upon expenditures could mean only one thing, practically speaking, and that was a tax upon necessaries. It was truly a tax upon the cost of living. But this country to-day as compared with Mexico, or with Italy or India of a few years ago, or with our own country in the Civil War, or with England and America of a century ago—that is a very different story. New wealth has been created in such vast amounts, and luxuries, comforts and conveniences have multiplied and spread so far, that Adam Smith and his followers would not know the world to-day as the same one in which they lived. Taxes upon spending money to-day need not fall so much upon the cost of living as upon the cost of high living.

There is no doubt that taxes upon spending can now be devised to fall largely upon the rich and add several hundred million dollars a year to our revenue without involving any appreciable burden upon the poor. Such taxes should reach luxuries, the higher classes of goods and large transactions rather than the cheaper goods and the smaller transactions.

As wealth increases people spend money more and more for the higher priced, higher quality articles. Invention has provided a multitude of low priced substitutes for what were once luxuries. But people who are comfortably or well off do not want cheap substitutes. A hundred years ago a millionaire would have considered himself fortunate indeed if someone had offered him a modern three-dollar phonograph. But to-day that type of musical instrument is within reach of the working classes, and the millionaire wants an elaborate musical apparatus costing perhaps hundreds of dollars.

Indeed it is a serious question whether or not the countless thousands, perhaps millions, of people who seem to have unlimited means in these days really object to high prices. The millionaire who pays $50,000 for an antique would be rather proud than otherwise if the dealer added $10,000 for a Federal tax, because it would prove that he could afford it. The higher the price of many articles the more keenly many people want them. This is true of thousands of commodities.

When dining cars raised their charges from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter and then to an à la carte basis where a modest meal could hardly be bought for less than two dollars, there were more rather than fewer persons standing in line at each end of the car awaiting their turn. If tickets can be had for a popular show only by paying a dollar or two extra to a speculator, everyone wants to go. Parlor-car seats are more in demand than ever before, in spite of the war tax.

To a very great extent taxes upon expenditures will actually make articles more fashionable and popular by making them more expensive and exclusive. To keep up appearances, to follow the style and maintain or better one's social station—these aims fit in far better with high priced articles than with those of low cost.

All the old objections to expenditure taxes disappear when the progressive principle is applied. Of course it is unfair for a workingman and a capitalist to pay the same relative tax when they buy a musical instrument, one a three-dollar phonograph and the other a one-hundred-thousand-dollar organ. But if the rate of the tax mounts as rapidly as the price goes up, the unfairness vanishes. If a man chooses to buy a five-dollar dinner in a restaurant he should be taxed a higher proportional rate than the man who buys a fifty-cent dinner.

Progression is no new thing in principle. John Stuart Mill, one of Adam Smith's followers, long ago spoke of the "flagrant injustice" of taxing thé superior and lower grades alike. But the practice of the principle is new in this country, and will no doubt be applied to expenditure taxes just as it has to the income and inheritance taxes. For of course no one has to buy expensive things if he or she does not care to. A woman can keep warm in a fifty-dollar coat just as well as she can in a five-hundred-dollar coat. An expenditure tax based on this principle need hit no one unless he is willing to be hit. It is not only elastic, but it makes payment of the tax practically voluntary.

Last May the House of Commons was listening to the Chancellor of the Exchequer enlarge upon the new budget. He was discussing the august subject of dog taxes. There would be a slight increase in the tax upon one dog, he said, and a very large increase upon two dogs or more. There would be a still greater tax upon anyone "who has not a dog now but wishes to take one—that is to say, any new dog [Laughter]. The dog would not be new, but the owner would."

France now has a luxury tax in force which recognizes the progressive principle, but only to a limited extent. There are three classes: First, diamonds, pearls and other objects, luxuries by nature; second, objects which become luxuries when they cost too much; third, "objects luxurious in their nature which are not so when used for some service, such as an automobile for a doctor."

In the second class the luxury tax does not begin until a moderate price is reached. Lampshades, for example, must cost more than two dollars to be taxed. Dogs must cost more than eight dollars, men's hats more than four dollars, women's hats more than eight dollars, and so on through a list of seventy-seven groups of articles. But when once the fixed line is passed the tax is a flat ten per cent all the way up. Experts in this country will urge Congress to carry the progressive principle much farther. By way of illustration, a woman's hat at ten dollars might be taxed ten per cent, at fifty dollars at least fifteen per cent, at two hundred and fifty dollars possibly thirty per cent or forty per cent, and so on up the scale.

The French tax on luxurious expenditure has many ingenious features, but since its introduction on April first it has already become very unpopular. Any new tax is always odious just after its enactment. Any inequalities and administrative imperfections are most glaring at the start. Our present revenue law with its high rates on large incomes proved a shock to the country when it first went into effect; but the country soon became accustomed to it.

The most clever feature of the French tax was leaving the decision as to what constituted luxuries to district boards or committees composed of mayors and other representative citizens. The law provides that merchants add the tax to the sale price and keep a record of these sales in a special sales book. All bills above one franc in certain hotels and restaurants which the district committees have designated as establishments de luxe have a ten per cent tax added to them. In the city of Paris 360 hotels and restaurants have been so designated.

### *Flat-Rate Luxury Taxes Unjust*

NOT only would this law naturally be unpopular on account of its newness, but also because no country is more keenly susceptible to taxes of this kind than France, due to the fact that she probably has more purely luxury trades than any other part of the world. So-called luxuries form a more integral and important part of her industry than in most other countries. Just think of the rôle which tourists have played in French prosperity. The shops of Paris, the newest fashions—all these loom large in France. Rich and resourceful country as she is, there are no such ample basic resources of shipping and manufactures as in England; or such incalculable mineral, agricultural and manufacturing wealth as in this country.

After all, even a tax on spending money must be applied with caution, so as to injure industry as little as possible, and France is about the last country in which to apply the experiment. Besides, a flat rate is a serious mistake. The French Government expects more than $100,000,000 a year from this tax, and yet it imposes no rate higher than ten per cent. Gold, jewelry or a small sailing boat at $100 is taxed just as much relatively as a diamond tiara or a steam yacht at $100,000.

Then, too, the French appear to have started off with too many articles at once. It would appear wiser to start with a dozen or a half dozen articles of typical expenditure and gradually extend the list. The great thing is to make a start, not to reach every conceivable article at once. The French have left nothing out. They have swept the boards clear. Not only have they named obviously luxurious commodities like jewelry and expensive works of art—wisely imposing no tax upon sales made directly by the artist himself—but they have included folding eyeglasses, chandeliers, gaiters, fire irons, bath robes and about everything else that the mind of man can conceive of.

During the first month the tax was in force only 15,000,000 francs was produced. But the Minister of Finance expressed satisfaction over the amount, as it was obtained despite the fact that many persons bought goods ahead of their requirements to avoid the tax, while many others postponed payments, hoping the tax would be repealed. Easter holidays also acted as a handicap.

The French may dislike an expenditures tax, but they were even more opposed to the income tax. They fought over it for years and nearly split the republic in their wrangles. The criticism of any tax is usually delivered with an air that seems to assume that there are other forms available which are ideally perfect; but when we examine the other forms we find to our disappointment that their shortcomings are great also. The ideal, of course, is no tax at all. But the next best thing is a combination of several forms. Each form has its shortcomings, so that there must be a mutual supplementing of shortcomings. It is like fitting together a picture puzzle.

There is no "single" or perfect tax. Income and inheritance taxes catch the miser; expenditure taxes catch the spendthrift. One corrects the imperfections of the other. An expenditure tax may be irksome to many, an apparent interference with one's rights. But it does not pry into one's private affairs like an income tax. Besides, even under the most rigid system there will always be those who by change of residence, shifting of investments and other devices will be able to conceal their incomes. These selfish citizens will be reached by a tax on sales. Nor does it discriminate against the successful, the thrifty and provident, like an income or inheritance tax.

### *A Blow at the Yellowplush Tribe*

NO DOUBT much of the prejudice against all forms of taxes upon expenditure goes back to the efforts in England and other countries to levy directly upon the ownership and use rather than the purchase of articles of luxury. England long had and perhaps still has a tax upon manservants, armorial bearings, carriages, horses, plate, watches and clocks. For a long time it had a tax upon the use of hair powder, the vexation and loss of time involved in levying which made the whole revenue system ridiculous.

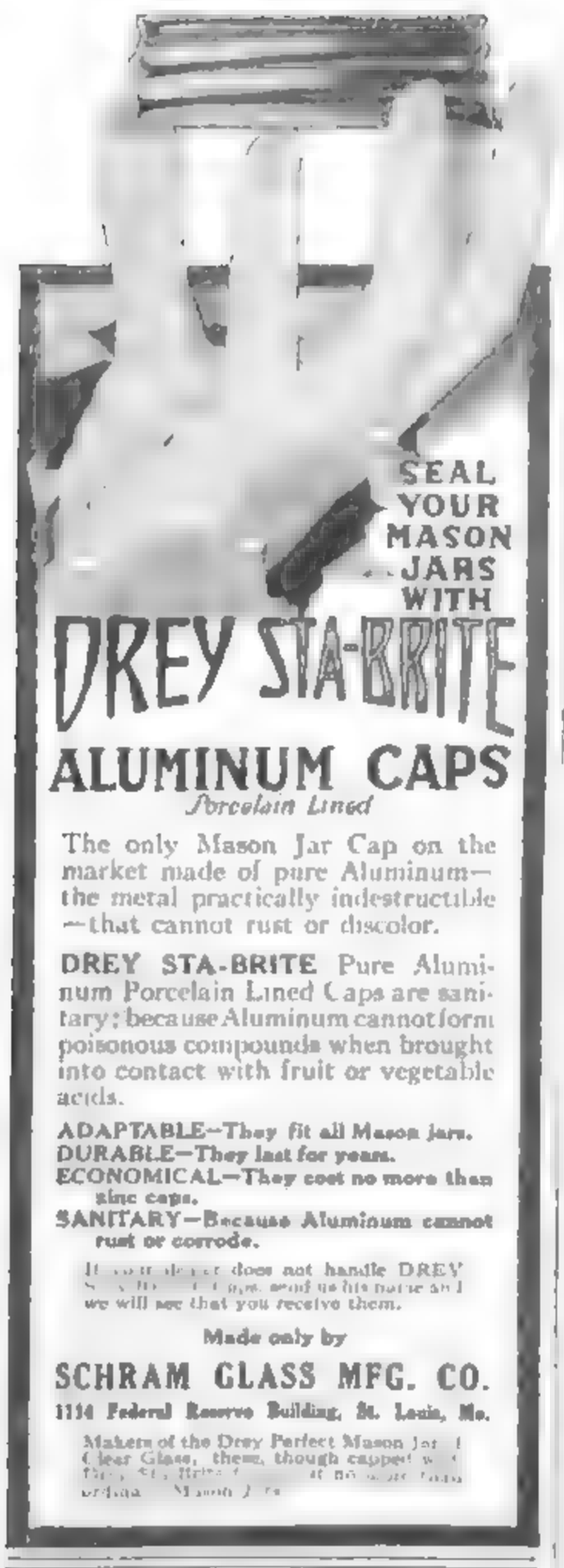
All efforts to tax adequately the ownership of jewelry, watches, silver plate, fine clothes, gloves, and the like, long ago broke down. Articles of great value but of small bulk can easily be concealed or removed, and attempts to discover them involve far too much expense and administrative difficulty as well as inquisitorial activity on the part of the government. Moreover, the revenues from such sources are small and out of proportion to the annoyance caused.

But condemnation of such taxes under all circumstances is rather hasty. The English tax upon male servants has been criticised because it yielded less than a million dollars a year. That is a paltry sum now, but in earlier days it was necessary to fall back upon accumulated wealth as expressed in the use of such luxuries. There was no such annual increase in wealth, which can be reached now by taxes upon incomes and expenditures. Probably more money is spent yearly in this country to-day upon so-called luxuries than was represented in England a century or two ago by all the accumulated jewelry, plate, watches, and the like.

It is a curious fact that despite the relatively small revenue—$800,000 a year—which England recently received from the male-servant tax, many people in both England and this country are advocating the use of this supposedly discarded device as a war measure. Whatever the administrative shortcomings of such a tax may be, the sentiment against seeing husky young flunkies do no work except serving a dinner or opening a carriage door is more than most of us can much longer endure. There are those in England who would like to tax titles as well as flunkies, and such a measure, though yielding a small revenue, would afford the public no end of innocent pleasure.

Our own Civil War taxes throw a flood of light upon the whole problem. There was no such line of millionaires with fat incomes open to attack as there is now. There were no huge corporations able to pay scores and even hundreds of millions of dollars apiece. There was no unbelievably vast consumption of liquor and tobacco, and taxes upon these commodities were new and untried. Finally, there was no such widespread wealth and prosperity as to-day. So the Civil War had to be fought with taxes on a bewildering variety of manufacturing processes and upon expenditures, including all the necessaries, like cotton goods, coal, pig iron and petroleum.

Every phase of manufacturing was reached. From nine to fourteen taxes were paid on the making of cotton goods; from twelve to fourteen on books. All manufacturers, jobbers, wholesalers, dealers and retailers as well as the


SEAL
YOUR
MASON
JARS
WITH
DREY STA-BRITE
ALUMINUM CAPS
Porcelain Lined
The only Mason Jar Cap on the market made of pure Aluminum—the metal practically indestructible—that cannot rust or discolor.
DREY STA-BRITE Pure Aluminum Porcelain Lined Caps are sanitary; because Aluminum cannot form poisonous compounds when brought into contact with fruit or vegetable acids.
ADAPTABLE—They fit all Mason jars.
DURABLE—They last for years.
ECONOMICAL—They cost no more than zinc caps.
SANITARY—Because Aluminum cannot rust or corrode.
Made only by
SCHRAM GLASS MFG. CO.
1114 Federal Reserve Building, St. Louis, Mo.

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne

Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press*, among other things, says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

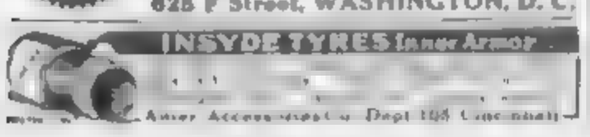
The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or calluses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't Store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy?

WANTED—A high-grade Sales Manager, capable [illegible] $4000 to $6000 a year [illegible] Apply by mail only, giving age and record for past ten years. Address Lock Box 497, Minneapolis, Minn.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & CO.
620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.




consumers were reached. Little shoemakers, dressmakers and milliners had to pay, as well as the richest manufacturer. "The citizen paid every day of his life, both directly and indirectly, for each act of his life; for his movable and immovable property; for his business as well as his pleasure."

The householder had to pay a tax even on repairs, and it is no wonder that at the end of the war a committee recommended that "hereafter taxes be confined more to luxuries and less to necessities." It spoke of the advantage of "freedom from multitudinous taxes, espionage and vexation: freedom from needless official impositions and intrusions; freedom from the hourly provocations of each individual in the nation to concealments, evasions and falsehoods."

But the remarkable fact was that despite the odious character of the taxes they yielded an enormous revenue. At the same rate of taxation and including only a few of the articles and processes then included we could at the present time obtain more than two billion dollars a year from this source of revenue alone. More remarkable yet was the cheerful and patriotic spirit in which people paid.

### *Taxes That Kill Business*

A foreign diplomat said to Secretary of State Seward: "I can understand your young men flocking to the colors. I have seen that in other countries; but I never before saw a people clamoring for taxation."

Yet the Civil War excise was obviously unsound, difficult to collect, inquisitorial and often unfair. It resembled too much the famous *alcavala* of Spain, to which Adam Smith imputed the ruin of that country's agriculture and manufactures. Every contract of sale and process of trade was taxed, and the levying of the duty required a multitude of revenue officers, sufficient to guard the transportation of goods not only from province to province but from shop to shop.

Such excises may have been necessary in ancient Spain or even in the North at the time of the Civil War. But modern scientific opinion holds that taxes should be open and aboveboard. If it becomes desirable to lay a tax upon gasoline it must not be put upon the producer, the refiner, the transportation agency and the distributor. They can be reached through their business profits and their corporate and personal incomes. There is one place and only one for a tax on gasoline, and that is upon the owner of a car when he fills up his tank.

If it is desirable that the owner of a passenger car pay more for gasoline in the form of tax, he should pay it directly where he can see it, rather than have it passed on down to him, more or less imperfectly, through a blind cumulative series of burdens upon production.

It is always unwise to tax raw materials that enter into production, because too many different industries are hit. If Mr. Rockefeller buys a fancy wrought-iron work trellis for one of the gardens at his Pocantico Hills estate, at a cost of several thousand dollars, he should be taxed suitably, fifty per cent if need be. If a fat, elderly sportsman buys a high priced shotgun for his next winter's shooting party in Florida, he should be taxed up to the hilt on that gun. He can stand it and the gun can stand it. But don't tax pig iron or steel itself, because it goes into countless essentials of war—into battleships, big guns, rifles and trucks; and the tax will add to their cost.

There is no place where a product's value is so great as just before it enters the consumer's hands. The raw material in Mr. Rockefeller's trellis is not worth much, and a tax upon it would not produce much—nothing like as much as when the finished trellis passes into Mr. Rockefeller's hands.

It is significant that, even before the French and British took up the project of a sales tax on luxury, several prominent business organizations and individuals in this country had publicly advocated the measure. Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the banker, more than a year ago suggested a sales tax on all articles above a minimum, like a dollar, and except on raw materials, food and certain other necessaries. Mr. L. F. Loree, president of the Delaware and Hudson Company, and a committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States made similar suggestions.

It is commonly supposed that if a tax is added to the price of an article the retailer will seize the opportunity to add more than the amount of the tax. But this is more an assumption than a proved fact. Besides, it would be difficult to juggle the price if the exact amount of the tax were known to the buyer and actually added to his bill. There is very little chance for concealment in such a case. Unwarranted boosting of prices is more likely when the taxes are imposed farther back, where the consumer does not know and cannot see them.

There are also a number of stamp taxes that have not yet been employed in this war which could readily be used. In former wars we had a stamp tax on checks. This is now opposed by some banking experts, because they fear it will reduce the use of credit and increase the use of money at the very time when money should be conserved. But if small checks are exempted and if the rate of tax is small a large revenue will be obtained without appreciably reducing the use of checks and without falling upon the poor at all. In fact such a tax would fall mainly upon all the more comfortable and well-to-do classes. Such a tax is no burden, because it falls lightly on an infinite number of points and heavily upon none.

It might be possible to draw considerable revenue from the consumption of articles of luxury of low and even trivial cost, such as soft drinks and candy, by using the stamp method. It would be too much work for retailers to keep separate books of account for taxes upon such sales; but it is conceivable that a system could be devised to compel retailers to sell a thrift stamp for two or three cents with each sale.

### *Government Monopolies*

In Continental countries there is a growing tendency for the governments themselves to monopolize articles of widespread consumption like tobacco and electricity, thereby in some cases netting a profit over the amount of taxes they would receive under private ownership. But such methods are less in keeping with our institutions and have not been suggested here. There is, of course, a possibility of huge revenue, if the country becomes very hard up, from a tax upon the tenants of rented apartments and houses. This has been suggested and worked out in detail. It would provide a charge at a progressive rate upon the renters of apartments, houses and hotel rooms for more than three months' occupancy.

The tax upon renters would naturally be aimed chiefly at the large cities, and especially at New York, where rents run as high as $30,000 a year for apartments. There would be an exemption of course for low priced tenements and apartments, beginning perhaps at $50 in New York and naturally at lower figures in smaller cities where the scale of rents runs lower. The rate would begin at perhaps three per cent on apartments costing $100 a month and would run as high as twenty per cent on those at $20,000 a year.

In order that rich bachelors living in one or two rooms might not escape, exemptions would of course be made for children, and a regular bachelor's tax like that suggested for England could be adopted to supplement the tax on rent.

A tax on rentals would be easy to collect, because rent cannot be concealed like income. It is an item of general knowledge. Such a tax could not be shifted, and it would reach a good many splurgers who perhaps now escape. But it has many disadvantages and will not be used except as a sort of last resort.

After a lapse of a century we are reverting in our revenue system, as in so many other matters, to the Hamiltonian policy of government. Hamilton believed in a combination of taxes, but had no success in introducing them. Indeed, until 1860 this country depended upon customs dues almost entirely and, after the Civil War crisis had passed, continued to depend upon customs with the addition of a few very lucrative taxes upon expenditures—namely, upon liquor and tobacco. But this system enabled the wealthier to escape taxation, and the injustice of such a condition was the more marked because in state and local affairs the general property tax had been breaking down, thus letting out the wealthier classes locally also, except so far as they owned real estate.

A salutary reaction from this whole system set in a short time ago, resulting in a general introduction of inheritance and income taxes, both state and Federal. This was all the more necessary when the Democrats came into power, because they were pledged to a reduction in the tariff. But the war has suddenly raised the rates on incomes to an unheard-of height, and thus unless a careful system of expenditure taxes is devised there is grave danger of making incomes bear more than their share of the burden.

## *Growth of Population*

REGISTRATION of births in such a uniform way as to make the record valuable for statistical purposes is a new thing in the United States, though it has long been practiced in every other advanced country. This year, for the first time, the Census Bureau is able to present a report of births derived from such registration.

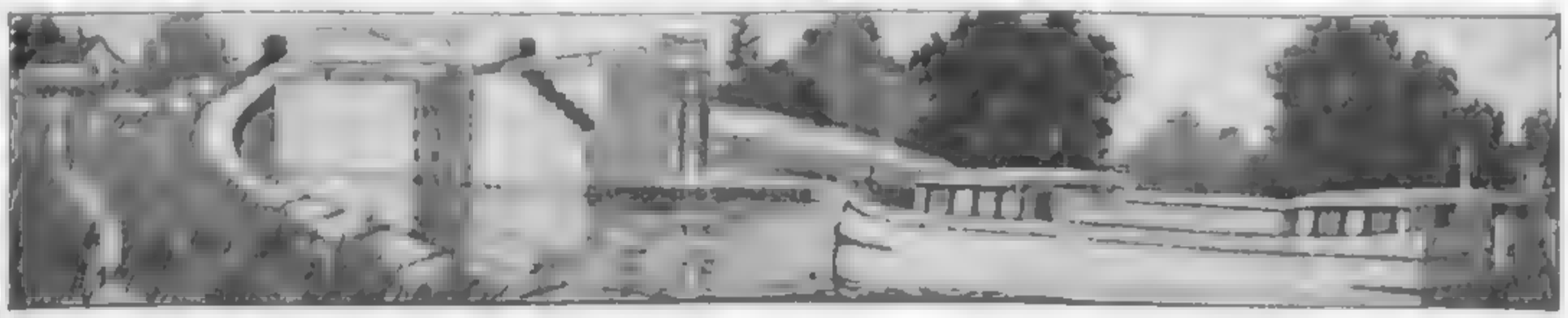
The report is for the year 1915, and covers the six New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Minnesota, and the District of Columbia—containing about a third of the total population, and where conditions, on the whole, are probably not far different from those in the remainder of the country.

The birth rate is a fraction under twenty-five for each thousand of population, and the death rate fourteen; so, exclusive of migration, the population increases a trifle over one per cent, or by something over one million persons annually. That is satisfactory.

The records show that foreign-born mothers are decidedly more prolific than native-born mothers. Though no exact ratio is worked out, the presumption is that the white population which has been domiciled in this country for two generations or more is increasing very slowly by the excess of births over deaths. Whatever else the United States and the world may lack, they do not lack people.

Our immigration in the last dozen years has come very largely from Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. Those countries have a birth rate decidedly higher than ours. They also have a decidedly higher death rate; so the increase in population through excess of births over deaths is greater here than in any of them. Russia's birth rate is forty-four to our twenty-five minus; its death rate is nearly twenty-nine to our fourteen. So births are only a hundred and fifty-two per cent of deaths against our hundred and seventy-eight per cent. Russia's birth rate is the highest among important countries. Her infant-mortality rate, also, is the highest. For every thousand births two hundred and forty-eight infants die under one year of age—nearly two and a half times as many as in the United States.

Turn the records as you will, indiscriminate breeding is the sign of poor social conditions and a high death rate. The problem is not more children, but taking better care of the children we have.



# STRENGTH

## Why the Egg Doesn't Break

HOLD an egg between the hands as shown above. It will withstand great pressure without breaking because the hands fit the egg and the pressure is applied over a large surface.

Now examine the cross section of a ball bearing at the right, and note how the grooves in the race-rings fit the ball, in almost the same way that the hands fit the egg. This is the secret of the great load-carrying capacity of

# GURNEY
# BALL BEARINGS

This close fitting of the race grooves to the balls enables each ball to carry twenty-six times as much load as it can carry when rolling on a flat surface. It explains how Gurney Ball Bearings can stand the shocks and strains on street car axles, automobile wheels, and gigantic gun-boring lathes.

Gurney Ball Bearings are used by all of America's most prominent engineering companies. If you design or manufacture machinery, our engineers will be glad to help solve your bearing problems.

GURNEY BALL BEARING COMPANY
CONRAD PATENT LICENSEE
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

# The Beagle in American Sport

IN THE North a great many former quail shooters are selling their bird dogs. They are endeavoring to do this by means of advertising. And right alongside this going-out-of-business advertising appear almost equal numbers of pages of advertisements of beagles, representing a business just coming in.

Quail shooting is a very expensive sport. Rabbit shooting is very inexpensive, very convenient, very practical, and very simple. It costs a lot of money to train a good bird dog—and when you have done it he isn't a good bird dog for the most part, because there haven't been enough good birds to shoot over him.

On the other hand, just over in grandpa's woodlot there always have been, and always will be, world without end probably, enough rabbits for the breaking of a half dozen beagles; and the half dozen beagles will not cost so much as one bird dog, nor eat so much, nor be so much trouble and expense to transport. Beagle hunting is a coming thing in America, because it is a practical thing. As we welcome Molly Cotton we must also welcome her little friend.

The beagle has been known in the United States for a great many years of course, and has been in sporting use, more especially in certain of the Eastern States, for a very long time. In any country of heavy cover he is as natural an adjunct of sport as is or was the spaniel on woodcock, or less frequently on grouse. It was entirely natural that the use of the beagle, known in England since the time of good Queen Bess, should come to the fore on this side of the water. The only thing that kept it back was the abundance of sport of higher class. I do not doubt that any man accustomed to the use of the shotgun over good bird dogs would classify that as higher-grade sport than the good fun of running rabbits with any sort of dog. It was not until feathered game began to become rather scarce that the beagle made its way into the Western States. From that time on the increase in the use of this breed has been slow but steady. To-day there are a great many in Wisconsin, in Illinois and Indiana. As far as Texas you may find quite a beagle cult, and even in Oregon and Washington as well. In the South the little hound has been known for a long time.

The beagle, mixed as is his derivation, may be called a true hound to-day. The hound himself is a noble dog and the most ancient ally of man in sport. Of course every separate importer and breeder of foxhounds is of the firm conviction that his kennel alone produces decent specimens of the breed. There is no more contentious individual in the world than the professional dog man. What has been the story of the foxhound in America to some extent has also been that of other species of hounds.

### Old-Fashioned Coursing

Some twenty or more years ago the English idea of coursing hares attained a certain standing in America. There were at that time regular meets held in some of the Western States, where greyhounds were used in coursing the jack rabbits—certainly a good substitute for the English hare. I saw a great many of these early American meets, but must confess I never cared much for this sport. It had in it not the natural competition of hound with wild game but the artificial competition of one hound with another—the winning of a course depending not upon the kill alone but upon the scoring of a certain number of artificial points of merit. Moreover, there was a sort of brutality and cruelty in the idea of a couple of dogs running a frightened little animal to death.

Many were glad when the coursing meets fell more and more into disrepute—a fact that was largely due to the overcommercialism and overprofessionalism of the men engaging in the sport, but in part to the limited field for the practice.

Coursing deer with greyhounds was a distinctly higher grade of sport. Only a few men have ever engaged in that, though it was my fortune at one time in my life to have a considerable experience with a greyhound pack with which we did kill many white-tailed deer in the old Indian Nations. It took some riding to see this sort of race. The same pack was able to account for antelope on the open plains—something which could be said of almost no other dogs in the history of the Western country, for the antelope is, or was, the fleetest of all game.

But all these uses of the hound of one strain or another in wild sport in America have practically passed away now. We have with us to-night the surviving hound—the hound of the future. He is not a splendid, upstanding, fighting creature, but a miniature hound, about a foot in height, not with the hound melancholy on his face, but the merriment and the affection of the spaniel thereon. Indeed the experts will tell you that the beagle, at one time or other of his career a mixed product, has both hound and spaniel in the pronounced features of his make-up. Cut off his head and he is all hound. Extract his disposition and he would not be beagle. Cut off his body and look into the eyes and you will see the soft spaniel look. The spiky nose is the weakest feature about him. Otherwise he is a stocky, sturdy, practical, coarse-haired little hunting dog.

### The Traits of Beagles

It is always difficult to make friends with the genuine old-time hound, even the derivative of that ancient breed, the bloodhound, which was the base of all our varied hunting packs that have grown up since then. A hound will follow at your heels, and will depend on you and obey you, but he is not your companion so much as the pointer or the setter or the spaniel—or the beagle. There is something merry and affectionate and winning about the beagle which is bound to endear it in the heart of anyone acquainted with the breed. He has the sprightliness of the spaniel about him, and yet knows the endurance and perseverance of the hound.

All the gameness of the old foxhound to run and to keep on running, and not to quit until the chase is ended, belongs to the pure-bred beagle of to-day. He is in every sense of the word a sporting little dog, while at the same time he is a very lovable little dog as well. You can make a pet and a companion of a beagle as well as a hunting machine.

We Americans have rather reduced the stature of the beagle in our development. Naturally a sixteen-inch beagle is a little bit faster than a twelve-inch or a ten-inch; and that was necessary in England, where at one time, after the introduction of Arabian blood in the English hunting horse and after the lessening of the old wooded covers in which footmen once hunted beagles, additional speed was demanded in the breed. From hound down to harrier and from harrier to beagle were natural gradations in stature, and we extended that gradation on this side of the water, where ten-inch beagles are not unknown and are not called impractical. They crawl through woven wire fences that stop a larger dog altogether and so end a chase.

In classing, beagles are usually rated as those under fifteen inches and those under thirteen inches, the dividing line between large ones and small ones being thereabouts in the opinion of judges. There are some packs in America, and very good ones, where the average of stature is twelve inches or less. It will be seen that such a dog is no very bulky specimen. He is not as yet fashionable enough to sell for any extraordinary price—a farmer boy may get a good puppy for fifty cents or five dollars or ten dollars, as the case may be, and a grown-up man may buy a very good one, partly trained, for as little as thirty dollars. You cannot begin to buy or break a bird dog for any such figures as that. If your bird dog has been trained by a professional handler he will perhaps have cost you a couple of hundred dollars before he is fit to shoot over—and then probably he isn't fit. Not so with the beagle. You can own him yourself, hunt him yourself and train him yourself.

In beagle hunting it is nice to be able to own a pack well assorted as to type, whose voices are in attunement, and which run and work well together. This, however, is refinement in the sport. For practical results you need not be so finicky. You will get as many rabbits ahead of a pack that contains a squeaky voice or two as you can with the most mellow and mellifluously accorded mouths of any crack pack of the effete Eastern States. You can take a dozen beagles with you in a flivver, and you surely will not have to travel three hundred miles to get to a good cottontail country. Put down your dogs and at once they will begin to show you that there are more rabbits in your country than you ever had dreamed. It is simply astonishing how much sport a bunch of beagles can dig out of a country that has long been considered practically barren. A rabbit lies very close, but not so close that these keen-nosed eager little chaps cannot dig him out.

It is in this personal or amateur use of the breed that the greatest interest and its true value attach. Given a few acres of weed patch, a sidehill with a clean opening for the gun stations and a half dozen or a dozen beagles, and you can still see considerable fun in any state now lying under the Star-Spangled Banner. So much cannot be said of the use of any other species of sporting dog. As they say in New York, "You gotta hand it to the beagle."

With even one beagle a very practical rabbit-hunting machine can be installed. I recall that many years ago I once in a spirit of amusement joined a country rabbit hunt on the Kankakee marsh of Indiana, where some local shooters were out working among the timber mottes of the marsh—very good rabbit country indeed. We had only one beagle, a slow, deep-voiced, gray-muzzled old dog, which I suppose would have stood about eighteen inches in height. This dog could not go fast enough to make a rabbit keep warm. Our method was to get on top of a stump and wait for the rabbit to stroll round. Quite often one could see bunny hopping along, stopping, sitting up, pricking his ears, waiting for a time, and then hopping on a little bit farther as the old hound's voice came closer. I don't suppose that dog could have caught a single rabbit in a hundred years, but ahead of him were killed a sackful or so that afternoon.

It is not precisely thus that one pursues the *chasse au cottontail* in our best circles to-day. Perhaps we would better have along eight or ten beagles used to hunting with one another. All the better if each of these is a good hunter, but surely there must be two or three good striking dogs in this pack, as in any bear pack. The others will honor the mouth of known trailers and strikers.

### On a Sporting Basis

The average pack will scatter a little bit in running a trail, but almost always out of a dozen dogs you will see six or eight at the same time nosing along, lifting their heads once in a while to bay in their delight in the chase, and then going on, precisely like a miniature fox pack in their work.

A pointer or even a setter will hesitate at going into very heavy brier thickets and dense weed patches such as furnish the best cover for cottontail rabbits, but the beagle pack, being of very low suspension, will bolt directly into such cover without a moment's hesitation. If there is a rabbit there they will be sure to find him, and when they find him you are sure to know it. Of course a good part of the sport, just as in bear hunting with hounds, consists in the music of the pack and their ability to run the trail to a finish; the actual shooting of the game is not by any means the best of the fun in black-bear hunting, for instance.

If you are using only one beagle it is easy enough to tell where he is all the time, but if you have a dozen or more the matter is quite otherwise. It is practically necessary that there shall be an M. F. H.; and if you own dogs the master of the hunt may be yourself. You must have a horn to assemble the pack when necessary. You must understand the habits of each of your dogs and know the mouth of each if you are to hunt successfully and get out of the pastime all there is in it. The longer you hunt your own pack the more sport you will get out of the pack itself, and the less you will care for the killing of the game that they pursue so eagerly.

It is not in the least difficult to kill a rabbit with a shotgun; in fact it is too easy to be called sport. Some use the twenty-two caliber rifle. I know of one ardent beagle hunter who kills his rabbits with a bored-out army six-shooter loaded with shot. This puts the thing on something of a sporting basis all round. Of course almost any kind of gun or any kind of charge will do for rabbit shooting. The quail-hunting load of Number Eight shot is usually heavy enough, as the range is customarily short. Sevens or Sixes will stop a rabbit farther.

The worst thing about shooting rabbits ahead of beagles is that a rabbit is very heavy after he is killed. A half dozen in one's game bag make a back load, and a dozen constitute an anchor. As the best part of a rabbit is the saddle, the ribs and forelegs not being so delectable, a very good way is to amputate your rabbit amidships as soon as you kill him, leaving the fur on the hind quarters and saddle. The entrails of course are thus removed entirely. You have saved about all of the valuable part of a rabbit, and it is much lighter to carry. Be careful, however, if you clean a rabbit in the field, not to leave any of the offal lying on the ground. The dogs will surely find it and eat it, and that will put them out of the chase for the rest of the day.

### What Beagledom Wears

The more you see the beagle in use the more you begin to admire him and to inquire about him and to regard him not merely as a good-looking little dog but as a true and valid sporting dog. The actual origin of the breed is not known, though it is usually considered a very ancient one. It is said that the fox terrier, the bloodhound, the dachshund and the spaniel all have contributed to the beagle strain at various times in its history. Of all these the hound's type is, of course, the most dominant remainder. The beagle is a compact hound, and little else. His coat is strong and good against cover. His tail is stocky and well haired out, and carried with not too much bend. His back is short and strong, his chest broad and strong, his legs short and strong, his feet round and strong. His long ears are those of the ancient hound. Only the soft eye and the rather weak-looking muzzle make him anything but a typical running and fighting dog. When you come to examine him, whether he be in white, black and tan, in pepper and salt, or even the least desirable pure white, you will have to admit that he is a very considerable individual. Indeed, he is the biggest little dog of them all.

Though English writers refer to small beagles dating back to the time of Queen Elizabeth, the arrival of the breed in this country is relatively recent. There were scattered importations many years ago without doubt, but all authorities agree that it was a Western man who first put the American beagle on the map. This was old General Rowett, of Carlinville, Illinois, who about 1871 brought over some high-class beagles from England. It is not known to-day from what English kennels he obtained his stock. The Rowett kennels were scattered after the death of their owner, and some of the best specimens made their way into the Eastern States or elsewhere. They joined importations of other gentlemen engaged in establishing and extending the breed in the United States. To this day General Rowett is, however, spoken of with reverence by all the cognoscenti of beagledom. For a long time after his death the numbers of the strain did not increase very much in the prairie state which was his home. Within the last ten years, however, the beagle industry in the Mississippi Valley has advanced very rapidly, and there are centers of distribution, not so far from Carlinville, which might be called the original capital of beagles in this country.

If you are interested yourself in a pictorial capacity perhaps you may care to know that the correct costume for a master of beagles is a dark-green riding coat with buttons carrying the letters of the hunt; breeches of white buckskin, four buttons above boot tops; black hunting boots with sewed tops of brown; a brown thonged crop; white buckskin gloves; a copper hunting horn carried carelessly in the bosom of the coat; a white stock tie with a plain pin. The wearing of jewelry is not being done to any great extent in the best beagle circles.

# Birdmen depend on it

The Plug with the Green Jacket

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

# SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

# FRIEND or ENEMY— which kind of cigar do you smoke?

If we asked you point-blank whether you would rather have clear wits or dizzy wits, steady nerves or shaky, a strong heart or weak, there wouldn't be any doubt about your answer.

So there can't be any doubt about which kind of cigars you *ought* to smoke. The Girard is a friend that cheers, comforts, stimulates and inspires—a true friend that never beguiles your wits, betrays your nerves, or attacks your heart

"Broker," 10c
Actual Size

The Girard Cigar

*Never gets on your nerves*

Smoke Girards *exclusively* for two weeks. Stick to your usual number of cigars per day—smoke neither more nor less than usual.

If you are an *average* smoker, this test will convince you that the Girard Cigar takes the danger out of smoking. If you have been a smoker of *heavy* cigars, our prediction is that this test will bring a definite benefit to your feelings and enjoyment.

***Real Havana*** ***10c and up***

Any cigar dealer in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us. Put Girards to the test—today.

**Antonio Roig & Langsdorf**

Established 1871 Philadelphia

## BILLY THE KID

(Concluded from Page 7)

"The minors for me, I guess." He tried to speak lightly, but the false flippancy did not deceive his hearers. "You know what a rotten season I've had—just couldn't get going somehow. Sauers says that nobody in this league wants me—and I guess that's the answer."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said McCoy. "Nice cheerful thing to tell a kid to tide him over the winter! Well, I can afford to forgive the long-legged stiff. Half of your purchase money came out of his pocket!"

"He says you knew something when you sold me," said Billy.

"I did," said McCoy. "So did MacLagan here."

"If you knew something," said the boy, "why couldn't you have told me about it? Then I wouldn't have felt so bad."

"Well," said McCoy slowly, "I had a lot of reasons. Billy, do you remember the night we got into the argument as we were leaving the park? You was after me to let you play, and I turned you down hard."

"You needn't have been so mean about it, John."

"There was a reason though. I wanted Sauers to buy you. I wanted him to think I had you on the bench because we'd had trouble. Ordinarily I couldn't have given that old thief a ball player; he's kind of suspicious of me on general principles. My game was to make him buy you; and, Billy, all that talk was pulled for his benefit. He was just ahead of us, and he waited and stole an earful."

"And that night," added MacLagan, "I got gabby and helped things along. But I never told him anything but the truth—part of it anyhow."

"I still think you might have told me."

"I didn't dare," said McCoy. "You see, my boy, you're too much of a kid to keep a secret."

"You're not," said Finch. "You haven't told me yet why you wanted to sell me or why you kept me on the bench so long. Sauers said you knew something. What is it, John?"

"I'm coming to that now. Can you stand a bump without squealing?"

"Why—I—I hope so. Yes. Go ahead."

"All right. You remember you looked pretty bad in spring training? And in the exhibition games ——"

"I was awful," said Billy steadily. "Go on, John."

"Then you broke your finger. And a couple of days after that I took you to see an oculist."

Billy Finch laid hold of the table edge with both hands, and his knuckles whitened through the tan.

"But the oculist didn't say there was anything the matter with me. My God, John! You don't mean ——?"

McCoy nodded and looked out of the window.

"But I can see as well as anybody!" cried Billy.

"Of course you can," said MacLagan. "There's nothing wrong with you that glasses won't help. You've got just enough eye trouble to make you uncertain. That's where the booting came in. It's tough luck, Billy, old son, but—you're through playing baseball, that's all."

"All!" cried Billy. "Ain't that enough?"

Because he knew they were sorry for him and dared not meet the pity in their eyes he turned his head away and looked out of the window. Down in the street the electric lights suddenly grew blurred and indistinct. He was conscious of McCoy's voice, flowing on in a steady stream; it seemed to be explaining something. From time to time phrases reached Billy's ears, but their meaning eluded him. He was listening to two words, repeating themselves over and over and over again, hammering themselves into his brain:

"All through—all through—all through."

The accompaniment flowed on, undisturbed and unheeded.

"Ballard saw it the same way I did . . . heart like an ox . . . didn't want to see you get the worst of it . . . coming to Sauers . . . twenty-eight hundred bucks, and interest . . . it figures out pretty close ——"

A sudden blaze of light leaped into Billy's wavering vision—ten feet of white flame, where before there had been darkness. A new electric sign was flashing its first message to the hurrying thousands below. Billy found himself staring at the winking letters, fascinated, dumfounded. At last speech came to him.

"Now I know my eyes have gone wrong! Do I see that thing—or do I just think I see it?"

McCoy laughed.

"Considering the trouble we had getting it installed in time, it would be a pity if you didn't see it. Can you see it, Mac?"

"Why, yes," said MacLagan. "'Billy Finch'—that's what it says, in letters three feet high."

"You see, kid," said John McCoy, "Sauers owed me something, so I took his half of that check and set you up in the cigar business. The other half will go back to the men it came from. To-night is your grand opening, Billy. Don't you think you ought to be behind the counter—in case anybody drops in to get a smoke?"

## BEING BOMBED AND SEEING IT DONE

(Continued from Page 4)

You see that the highways are kept in repair by boys of twelve or thirteen and by grandsires in their seventies and their eighties, and by crippled soldiers, who work from daylight until dusk upon the rock piles and the earth heaps; that the fields are being tilled—and how well they are being tilled!—by young women and old women; that the shops in the smaller towns are minded by children, whose heads sometimes scarcely come above the counters.

You see where the tall shade trees along the roads and the small trees in the thickets are being shorn away in order that the furnaces and the hearthstones may not be altogether fireless, since the enemy holds most of the coal mines. I have come in one of the fine state forests upon a squad of American lumberjacks, big huskies from the logging camps of Northern Michigan, with their portable planing mill whining and their axes flashing, making the sawdust and the chips fly, in what once not long ago was a grove of splendid timber, where beeches and chestnuts, hundreds of years old, stood in close ranks; but which now is being turned into a wilderness of raw stumps and trodden earth and stacks of ugly planking.

You see an old woman, as fleshless as a fagot, helping a dog to drag a heavy cart up a rocky street, the two of them together straining and panting against the leather breast yokes. For every kilometer that the foe advances you see the refugees fleeing from their desolated steadings; indeed, you may very accurately gauge the rate of his progress by their number.

In one lonely little town in a territory as yet undefiled by actual hostilities I went one morning not long ago into a quaint thirteenth-century church. It was one of three churches in the place; and in point of membership, I think, the smallest of the three. But in the nave, upon a stone pillar gnawed by time with furrows and runnels, I found a little framed placard containing the names, written in fine script, of those communicants who had died in service for their country in this war. The list plainly was incomplete. It included only those who had fallen up to the beginning of last year; the toll for 1917 and for 1918 was yet to be added; and yet of the names of the dead out of this one small obscure interior parish there were an even one hundred. I dare say the poll of the whole commune would have shown at least three times as many. France has shown the world how to fight. Now it shows the world how to die.

But of all the tragedies that multiply themselves so abundantly here in this bloodied land it sometimes seems to me there is none greater than the look of things that is implanted upon an unfortified town that has been subjected to frequent bombings. It is not so much the shattered, ragged

(Continued on Page 57)

# THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE

OUR GUARANTEE
IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS CAN IS OF THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE QUALITY, YOUR DEALER WILL REFUND THE PURCHASE PRICE
WILSON & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.

WILSON & CO.
Certified Brand
CANNED FOODS

*A partial list of Wilson's Certified Brand products sold under our "money back" guarantee*

Sweet Corn
Green Peas
Tomatoes
String Beans
Beets
Pork and Beans
Pumpkin
Leaf Spinach
Giant Asparagus
Asparagus Tips
California Peaches
Hawaiian Pineapple
Apricots
Cherries
Blackberries
Blueberries
Gooseberries
Loganberries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Plums
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Apple Butter
Peach Butter
Jellies
Jams
Preserves
Peanut Butter
Mince Meat
Olives
Sardines
Salmon
Vienna Style Sausage
Corned Beef Hash
Ox Tongue
Lunch Tongue
Veal Loaf

## Read our guarantee—it means just what it says!

BEFORE we could say "Your money back if you are not satisfied" we had to satisfy ourselves that you would be satisfied.

We began with the selection of the fruits, vegetables, fish, etc., we perfected our plants, we installed the best modern equipments, we secured the services of recognized experts who believed with us that a "money-back" line was possible. And so today you can buy

## WILSON'S Certified Brand

*Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Fish and Grocery Specialties*

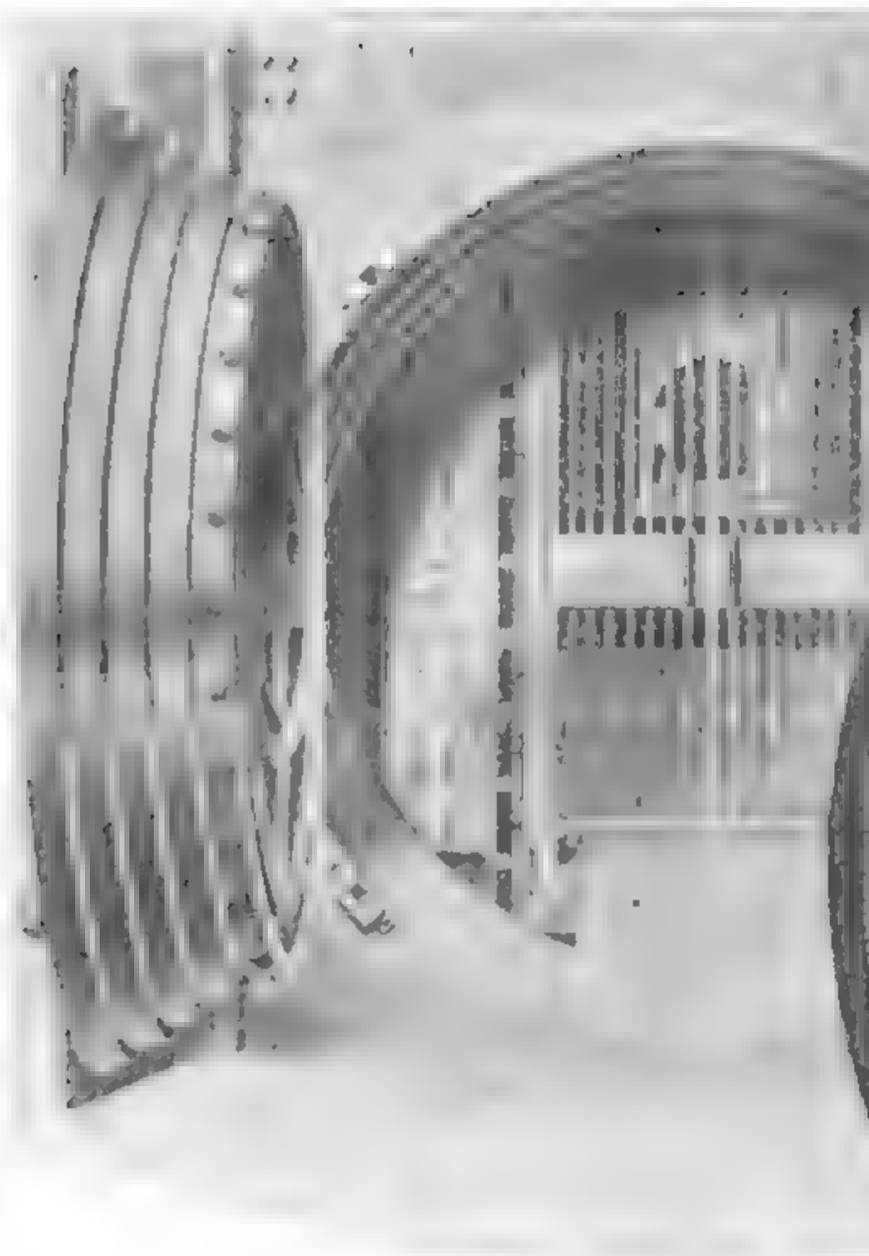
You will see the "money-back" guarantee prominently printed on every can or package of this line. Read the partial list of our Certified Brand products. Ask your grocer for them. Try them on your table. A surprise is in store for you. The delicious goodness, the natural quality, the true flavor, the evident purity of each of these products tells you why we can so confidently say to you: "Your money back if you are not satisfied."

Ask your grocer for Wilson's Certified Brand. If he cannot supply you he can quickly arrange for a stock, for our distribution is national and we make quick shipments to all points.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

*War Time Cooking Helps—Write us for a free copy of our special War Time Cook Book giving economical uses of meats*

THE WILSON LABEL PROTECTS YOUR TABLE



# Two great engineering achievements -each designed for your security

*This great door moves silently at a touch, giving no indication of the engineering science involved in bringing its complex mechanism to this simple perfection. Only masters in specialization produce results which, like this, justify unquestioning confidence.*

*Firestone Cord Tires give you a new experience of riding ease, adding more miles to tire records, taking terrific road shocks and strains, with no indication of the years of specialization in tire science which makes this performance possible.*

THE illustration gives you only an idea of what Firestone builders have done in cord tire betterments. You must see the section yourself, at your Firestone dealer's. Ride on Firestone Cord Tires. Then you will realize the values of more rubber in the tread, more depth of cushion layer, the Firestone reinforcement of the bead and sidewall.

You will get the new experience of Firestone resilience. You will see the gain in car power, because it is not wasted in tire resistance. You will prove this for yourself in easier starting, easier running and the longer coast. Never again will you be satisfied with ordinary cord construction.

And you will gain by your security in tire investment, your saving in tire expense, your satisfaction and comfort.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

Firestone Park, Akron, Ohio — Branches and Dealers Everywhere

**Firestone CORD TIRES**

(Continued from Page 54)

ruins where bombs have scored direct downward hits that drive home the lesson of what this mode of reprisal, this type of punishment means; rather it is the echoing empty street, as yet undamaged, whence the dwellers all have fled—long stretches of streets, with the windows shuttered up and the shops locked and barred and the rank grass sprouting between the cobblestones, and the starveling tabby cats foraging like the gaunt ghosts of cats among forgotten ash barrels. And rather more than this it is the expression of those who through necessity or choice have stayed on.

I am thinking particularly of Nancy—Nancy which for environment, setting and architecture is one of the most beautiful little cities in the world; a city whose ancient walls and massy gateways still stand; whose squares and parks were famous; and whose people once led prosperous, contented and peaceful lives. Its Place Stanislaus, on a miniature scale, is, I think, as lovely as any plaza in Europe. Since it is so lovely one is moved to wonder why the Germans have so far spared it from the ruination they shower down without abatement upon the devoted city. It is well-nigh deserted now, along with all the other parts of the town. Those who could conveniently get away have gone; the state in the early part of this year transported thousands of women and children on special trains to safer territory in the south of France. Those who remain have in their eyes the haunting terror of a persistent and an unceasing fearsomeness.

To be in Nancy these times is to be in a stilled, half-deserted place of flinching and of danger, and of the death that comes by night, borne on whirring motors. I walked through its streets on a day following one of the frequent air raids and I had a conception of how these Old-World cities must have looked in the time of the plague. The citizens I passed were like people who dwelt beneath the shadow of an abiding pestilence, as indeed they did.

To them a clear still night with the placid stars showing in the heavens meant a terrible threat. It meant that they would lie quaking in their houses for the signal that would send them to the cellars and the dugouts, while high explosives and gas bombs and inflammable bombs came raining down. They knew full well what it meant to stay above ground during the dread passover of the Huns' planes, when hospitals had been turned into shambles and supply depots into craters of raging fire. Yet there remained traces of the racial temperament that has upbuoyed the French and helped them to endure what was unendurable.

A little waitress in a café said to three of us, with a smile: "Ah, but you should be in Nancy on a rainy night, for then the sound of snoring fills the place. We can sleep then—and how we do sleep!"

In Nancy they pray before the high altars for bad weather and yet more bad weather. And so do they in many another town in France that is within easy striking distance of the enemy's batteries and airdromes.

### A Night in Adelphi Arches

Of all city dwellers I am sure the Londoner is the most orderly and the most capable of self-government, as he likewise is the most phlegmatic. Because of these common traits among the masses of the populace an air raid over London, considering its potential possibilities for destruction, is comparatively an unexciting episode everywhere in the metropolis, save and except only in those districts of the East End where the bulk of the foreign-born live. There, on the first wail of the shrieking sirens, before the warning "maroon" bombs go up or the barrage fire starts from protecting batteries in the suburbs and along the Thames, these frightened aliens, carrying their wives and children, flock pell-mell into the stations of the Underground. They spread out bedclothes on the platforms and camp in the Tube, which is the English name for what Americans call a subway, and sometimes refuse to budge until long after the danger has passed. At the height of the bombardment they pray and shriek, and the women often beat their breasts and tear at their hair in a very frenzy.

But this is true only of the emotional Russians and Rumanians. The native Londoners proceed in the most leisurely fashion to the subterranean shelters. Indeed, the chief task of the police is to keep them from exposing themselves in the open in efforts to get a sight of the enemy. People who live on the lower floors of stoutly built houses mainly bide where they are, their argument—and a very sane one it is—being that since the chances of a man's being killed in his home at such a time are no greater than of his roof being pierced by lightning during a thunderstorm he is almost as safe and very much more comfortable staying in his bed than he would be squatting for hours in a damp cellar.

No matter how intense the bombardment the busses keep on running, though they have few enough passengers. From one's window one may see the big double-deckers lumbering by like frightened elephants, empty of all but the drivers and the plucky women conductors, who invariably stick to their posts and carry on. The London bobby promenades at his usual deliberate pace no matter how thick the shrapnel from the defender guns may splash down about him in the darkened street; and the night postman calmly goes his rounds too.

One night in London after the alarm had been sounded I invaded the series of walled caverns and wine vaults known as the Adelphi Arches, which are just off the Strand, near Charing Cross. Several hundred men, women and children had already taken refuge there. Near one of the entrances a young mother was singing her baby to sleep; a little farther on a group of Australian soldiers were trying, rather unsuccessfully, to open beer bottles with their finger nails; and at the mouth of a side basement opening off a layer cave half a dozen typical Londoner civilians, of the sort who wear flat caps instead of hats and woolen neckerchiefs instead of collars, were warmly discussing politics in high nasal notes. Nowhere was there evident any concern or distress, or even any considerable amount of irritation at our enforced inconvenience.

### The Raid Preacher's Ministry

Still, any man who figures that the Englishman is not stimulated to stouter resistance by these visitations from the German would be mistaken. Beneath the surface of his apparent indifference there is produced at each recurrent attack an enhanced current of hate for the government that first inaugurated this system of barbaric warfare against unfortified communities. There is something so radically wrong in the Prussian propaganda it is inconceivable that any mind save a Prussian's mind could have imagined it. His imagination is on backward and he thinks hind part before. In the folly of his besetting madness he figures that he can subjugate a man by mangling that man's wife and baby to bits—the one thing that has always been potent to make a valiant fighter out of the veriest coward that lives.

They may not waste their rage in vain and vulgar mouthings—that would be the German, not the English way—but one may be sure that the people of London will never forgive the Kaiser for the hideous things his agents, in accordance with his policy of frightfulness, have wrought among innocent noncombatants in their city and in their island. They are entering up the balance in the ledgers of their righteous indignation against the day of final reckoning.

After I had seen personally some of the results of one of the nocturnal onslaughts I too could share in the feelings of those more directly affected, for I could realize that, given an opportunity now denied him by the mercy of distance and much intervening salt water, the Hun would be doing unto American cities what he had done to this English city; and I could picture the same unspeakable atrocities perpetrated upon New Haven or Asbury Park or Charleston as have been perpetrated upon London and Dover and Margate.

There was an old clergyman of the Established Church who lived in a rectory not far from Covent Garden, a man near seventy, who probably had never wittingly done an evil thing or a cruel thing in all his correct and godly life. He came to have the name of the Raid Preacher, because at every aërial attack he went forth fearlessly from his home, making the tour of all the shelters in the neighborhood. At each place he would cheer and quiet the crowds there assembled, telling them there was no real danger, reading to them comforting passages of the Scriptures and encouraging them to sing homely and familiar songs. He had been doing this from the time when the Zeppelins first invaded the London district. He had held funeral services over the bodies of hundreds of raid victims, so they told me.

# Keds The Right Footwear for Summer

For walking, hiking, golfing and sports—outdoors or indoors, town or country—whatever the occupation and wherever the place, Keds are always good form.

Men, women and children find that the flexible canvas tops of Keds respond to every foot-movement. The live-rubber soles add spring to the stride—make for easy, graceful walking.

If you would have Summer shoes that fit well, look well and also wear well, buy Keds. Not only for yourself but for every member of the family. There are styles for all tastes; grades at prices to suit all pockets.

More than 50,000 dealers carry stocks of Keds. Each pair bears the stamp of satisfaction. Look for the name "Keds" on the sole.

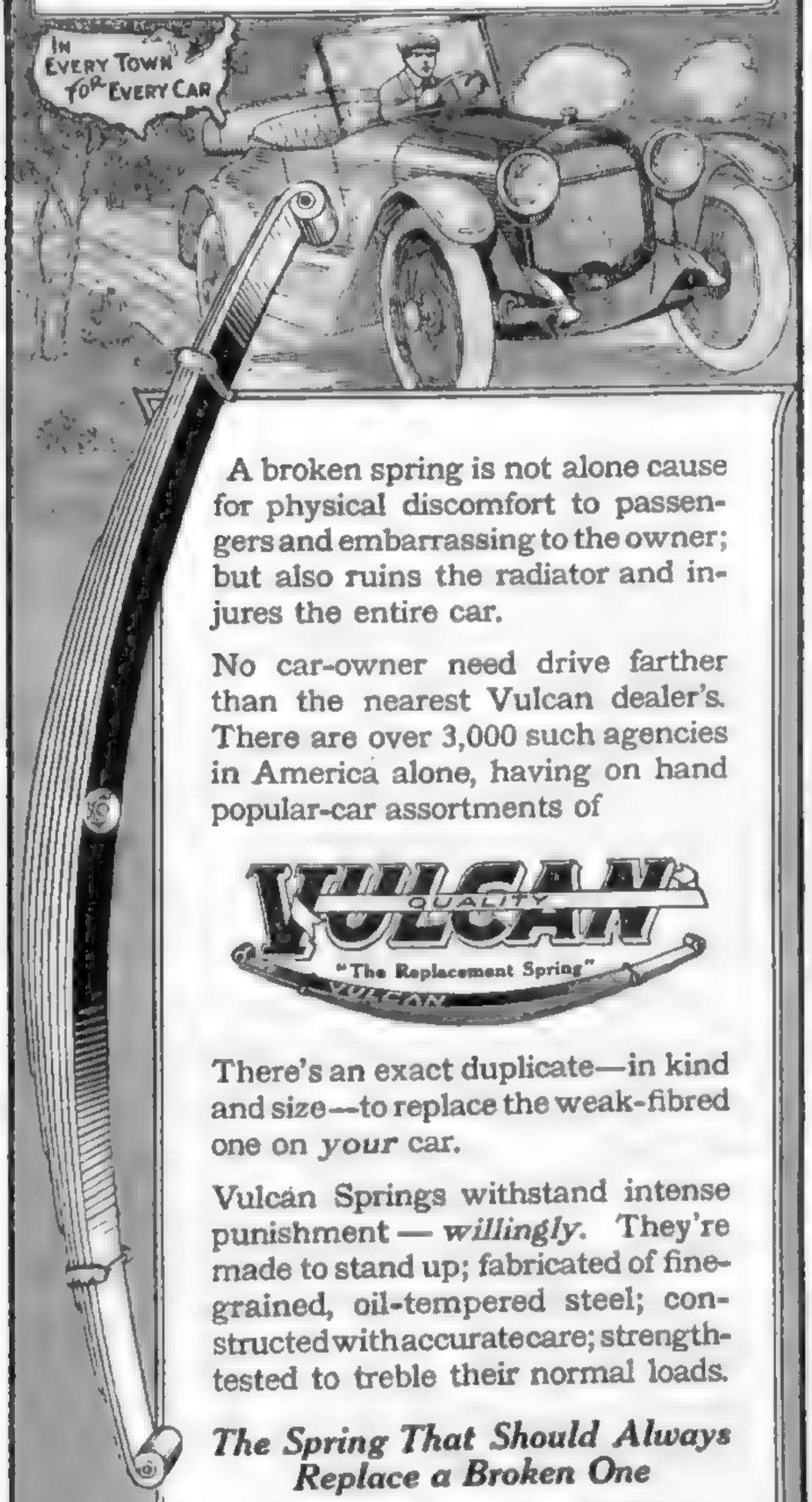
| National Keds | Campfire Keds | Champion Keds |
|---|---|---|
| $1.50 up | $1.25 up | $1.00 up |

*Sizes for boys and girls cost less*

United States Rubber Company

New York

# When Your Spring Breaks Put On VULCAN QUALITY




A broken spring is not alone cause for physical discomfort to passengers and embarrassing to the owner; but also ruins the radiator and injures the entire car.

No car-owner need drive farther than the nearest Vulcan dealer's. There are over 3,000 such agencies in America alone, having on hand popular-car assortments of

VULCAN QUALITY "The Replacement Spring" VULCAN

There's an exact duplicate—in kind and size—to replace the weak-fibred one on *your* car.

Vulcan Springs withstand intense punishment — *willingly*. They're made to stand up; fabricated of fine-grained, oil-tempered steel; constructed with accurate care; strength-tested to treble their normal loads.

***The Spring That Should Always Replace a Broken One***

Ask Your Dealer For Vulcan Springs.

*To Dealers:* Write us for full information, catalogue and prices.

**JENKINS VULCAN SPRING CO.**
**Richmond, Indiana**

FACTORY BRANCHES:

| | |
|---|---|
| St. Louis, Mo. | 1402 Chestnut St. |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | 1024 Hennepin Ave. |
| Dallas, Texas | 209 South Houston St. |
| Reading, Pa. | 538 Franklin St. |
| Sumter, S. C. | 29 Caldwell St. |


Regardless of the religious affiliations of the dead, or the lack of church ties, their families almost invariably asked him to conduct the burials.

One night in the present year—I am forbidden to give the exact date or the exact place, though neither of them matters now—the raiders came. The old clergyman hurried to a cellar under a near-by business establishment, where a swarm of tenement dwellers of the quarter had congregated for safety. He was standing in their midst in the darkened place, bidding them to be of good and tranquil faith, when a two-hundred pound bomb of high explosives, sped from a Gotha eight thousand feet above and aimed by chance, came through the building, bringing the roof and the upper floors with it.

A great many persons were killed or wounded. When the rescuers came almost the first body they brought out of the burning ruins was that of the Raid Preacher. They had found him, with torn flesh and broken bones, but with his face unmarred, lying on the floor. His thumbed leather Bible was under him, open at a certain page, and there was blood upon its leaves.

Men who saw his funeral cortège told me of it with tears in their eyes. They said that people of all faiths walked in the rain behind the hearse, and that the biggest of all the funeral wreaths was a gift from a little colony of poor Jewish folk in the district, and that one whole section of the sorrowful procession was made up of cripples and convalescents—pale, lame, halt men and women and children who limped on crutches or marched with bandaged heads or with twisted trunks; and these were the injured survivors of previous raids, to whom the dead man had ministered in their time of suffering.

In a hospital I saw a little girl who had been most terribly maimed by the same missile that killed the old rector. I am not going to dwell on the state of this child. When I think of her I have not the words to express the feelings that I have. But one of her hands was gone at the wrist, and the other hand was badly shattered; so she was just a wan little brutally abbreviated fragment of humanity, a living fraction, most grievously afflicted. Her wounds had ceased to pain her, the head nurse told me before we entered, and for the rest of the time she was a good patient, one of the best in the ward.

She was lying, when I saw her, with her head propped upon a pillow that was no whiter than her face was, and there was the pitiable wraith of a smile on her poor little pinched commonplace face, and to her breast, with the bandaged stump of one arm and with her remaining hand that was swathed in a clump of wrapping, she cuddled up a painted china doll which somebody had brought her; and she was singing to it. The sight, I take it, would have been very gracious in the eyes of His Imperial Majesty of Prussia—except, of course, that the little girl still lived; that naturally would be a drawback to his complete enjoyment of the spectacle.

### *Facetious French Firemen*

There was mingled comedy and woe in the scenes at Paris on the memorable day when the great long-distance gun—which the Parisians promptly christened "Bertha" in tribute to the titular mistress of the Krupp works where it was produced—first opened upon the city from seventy-odd miles away and thereby established, among other records, a precedent for distance and scope in artillery bombardments. Paris was in a fit mood for emotion. The people were on edge; their nerves tensed, for there had been an alarm the evening before. The raiding planes had been turned back at the suburbs and driven off by the barrage fire, but the populace mainly had flocked into the *abris* and the underground stations of the Métropolitain.

At ten o'clock that night, after the danger was over, a funny thing occurred: The crew of a motor-drawn fire engine had fuddled themselves with wine, and for upward of half an hour the driver drove his red wagon at top speed up and down the Rue de Rivoli, past the Tuileries Gardens. With him he had four of his *confrères* in blue uniforms and brass helmets. These rode two on a side behind him, their helmets shining in the bright moonlight like pots of gold turned upside down; and as they rode the two on one side sounded the *alerte* signal on sirens, and the two on the other side sounded the "all clear" on bugles; and between blasts all four rocked in their places with joy over their little joke.

In London the thing would have constituted a public scandal; in New York there would have been a newspaper hullabaloo over it. It was typical of Paris, I think, that the street crowds became infected with the spirit which filled the roistering firemen and cheered them as they went merrily racketing back and forth. Nor, so far as I could ascertain, were the firemen disciplined; at least there was no mention in print of the incident, though a great many persons, the writer included, witnessed it.

At one o'clock the following morning I was standing at the window of my bedchamber when something of a very violent and a highly startling nature went off just beyond the line of housetops and tree tops which hedged my horizon view to the northward. Another booming detonation, and yet another, followed in close succession. I figured to my own satisfaction that one of the enemy planes which were chased away the night before had taken advantage of the cloaking mists of the new day to slip back and pay his outrageous compliments to our unsuspecting municipality. Anyhow a fellow becomes accustomed to the sounds of loud noises in wartimes, and after a while ceases to concern himself greatly about their causes or even their effects unless the disturbances transpire in his immediate proximity. Life in wartime in a country where the war is consists largely in getting used to things that are abnormal and unusual. One takes as a matter of course occurrences that in peace would throw his entire scheme of existence out of gear. He is living, so to speak, in a world that is turned upside down, amid a jumble of acute and violent contradictions, both physical and metaphysical.

### *An Interrupted Breakfast*

With two companions I set out for a certain large hotel which had the reputation of being able to produce genuine North American breakfasts for North American appetites. In the main grillroom we had just finished compiling an order, which included fried whiting, ham and eggs country style, and fried potatoes, when a fire-department truck went shrieking through the street outside, its whistle blasting away as though it had a scared banshee locked up in its brazen throat.

There were not many persons in the room—to your average Frenchman his dinner is a holy rite, but his breakfast is a trifling incident—but most of these persons rose from their tables and straightway departed. The woman cashier hurried off with her hat on sidewise, which among women the world over is a thing betokening agitation.

The head waiter approached us with our bill in his tremulous hand, and bowing wished to know whether monsieurs would be so good as to settle the account now. By his manner he sought to indicate that such was the custom of the house. We told him firmly that we would pay after we had eaten and not a minute sooner. He gave a despairing gesture and vanished, leaving the slip upon the tablecloth. Somebody hastily deposited within our reach the food we had ordered and withdrew.

Before we were half through eating a very short, very frightened-looking boy in buttons appeared at our elbows, pleading to know whether we were ready for our hats and canes. Since he appeared to be in some haste about it and since he was so small a small boy and so uneasy, we told him to bring them along. He did bring them along, practically instantaneously, in fact, and promptly was begone without waiting for a tip—an omission which up until this time had never marred the traditional ethics of hat-check boys either in France or anywhere else.

Presently it dawned upon us that as far as appearances went we were entirely alone in the heart of a great city. So when we were through eating we left the amount of the breakfast bill upon a plate and ourselves departed from there. The lobby of the hotel and the office and the main hallway were entirely deserted, there being neither guests nor functionaries in sight. But through the grating in the floor came up a gush of hot air, licking our legs as we passed. This may have been the flow from a unit of the heating plant, or then again it may have been the hot and feverish breathing of the habitués of that hotel, 'scaping upward through a vent in the subcellar's roof.

(Continued on Page 61)

# *Sixty Years of Borden Milk Protection*

SIXTY, fifty—even forty years ago—more than one-half of all the deaths in our cities were of babies under five—the nation's most precious resource.

Your children are better protected now. Their health is safe-guarded; each year the dangers are reduced and their life made surer. This protection is due largely to the regulations which govern the principal food of children—milk.

The purity of milk and its protection from the source of supply to the consumers was Gail Borden's one idea. And when he formulated that idea as the Borden code it became not only the foundation for an industry but a basis for all subsequent milk sanitary regulations.

Founded upon this idea is the Borden institution. This company, amplifying and improving Gail Borden's code as only an institution of its resources and experience can, has built up a name, which in itself, is a symbol of purity and protection.

Today, wherever milk in a safe, convenient, nutritious form is needed for the children, for the kitchen, for the table, for out-of-the-way places all over the world, there is a product, backed by the Borden name, to fill the need.

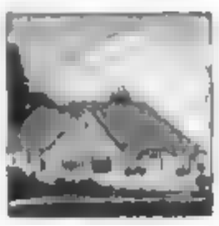
This is the fulfillment of Gail Borden's ambition.

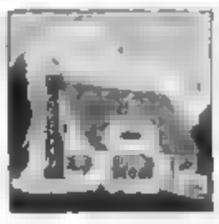
**BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, 114 Borden Bldg., New York**

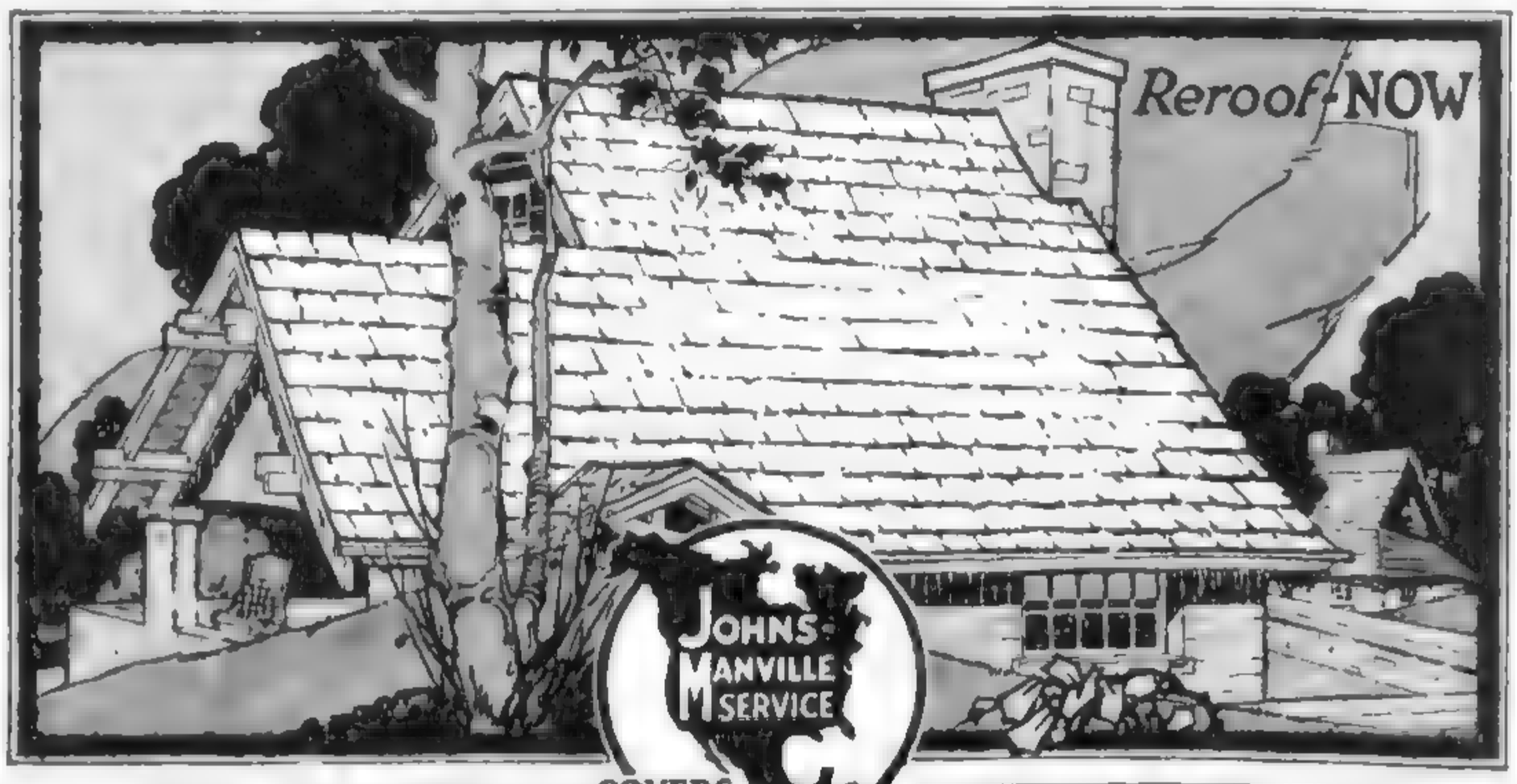
# *Borden's*
## THE NATION'S MILK

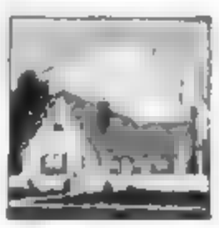
*Borden's* EAGLE BRAND — *Borden's* EVAPORATED MILK — *Borden's* MALTED MILK

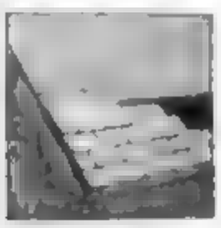
# JOHNS-MANVILLE
## FIRE PROOF
# ASBESTOS SHINGLES











American Method

Apply one course of No. 51, 9x18-in. shingles at eaves lengthwise and parallel, overhanging eaves about ½ inch. Apply second course, entirely covering first course, breaking joints; after which proceed in the regular manner as with wooden shingles or slate, exposing seven inches to the weather. Never drive nails down tight, it is only necessary to drive them firmly, as with slate.

*There's a Johns-Manville Branch Near You*

AKRON
ALBANY
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BIRMINGHAM
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAYTON
DENVER
DES MOINES
DETROIT
DULUTH
EL PASO
GRAND RAPIDS
GREAT FALLS
HAVANA
HOUSTON
HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS

*Fireproof—beautiful—lasting—inexpensive*
*What more could you have in a Shingle?*

IF you are delaying re-roofing now because of high prices, investigate Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. They, of all home roofings, have not materially increased in cost—in spite of their unusual value. Roof or re-roof now, before shipment becomes more difficult; while they are yet less expensive than more common types of residence roofings. Get a fire-proof—beautiful—lasting—inexpensive roof.

### They Never Need Coating or Painting

There is no cost except the first one. No matter what your building plans there is greater economy in these shingles than in any other roofing. They are lighter than slate or tile, cheaper than good slate or wood shingles. A house roofed with them is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Frost will not split these shingles as it does slate roofing. Nor will the sun make them warp or curl. For the asbestos in them makes them impervious to the effect of heat or cold, or rot. And they actually toughen with the passing of time. They are fire-proof, time-proof and weather-proof. They require no painting or coating and the annual bills for patching or repair—common to other roofings—are reduced to the very minimum.

### What They Are

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles stop fire-worry and answer roof problems. They are made of asbestos fibre and Portland cement—two fire-proof minerals.

### Many Kinds to Choose From

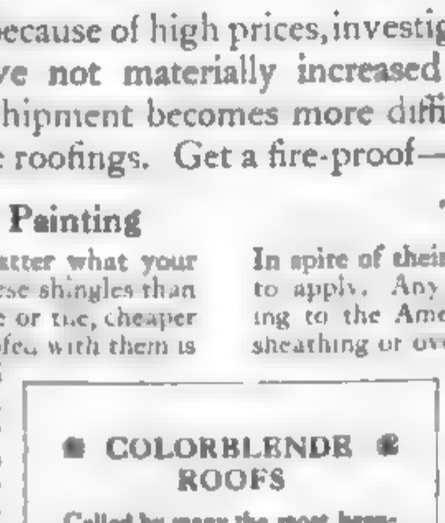
They are made in styles and shapes and sizes to meet the needs of the architect, the owner and the builder. You can get ⅛ in. and ¼ in. thicknesses in gray, Indian red and mottled brown, with rough or smooth edges, square or hexagonal shape. We are ready to ship on receipt of your order through your dealer or architect.

### They Are Easy to Apply

In spite of their exceptional qualities, they are nevertheless easy to apply. Any carpenter or slate roofer can lay them according to the American, Hexagonal or Diagonal methods, on new sheathing or over present roofs.

### ■ COLORBLENDE ■ ROOFS

**Called by many the most beautiful roof in America and a new departure in fireproof residence roofing. A special blending of four-tone Conglomerate Brown Asbestos Shingles with or without the use of accidental colors such as gray and red. They have all the fireproof and time-resisting properties of all Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings with the added virtue of exquisite beauty.**




### With Our Product You Buy Our Responsibility

When you buy Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you buy Johns-Manville Roofing Responsibility. You obligate us to you. We have instituted the Johns-Manville Roofing Registration Plan. Register your roof with our nearest Branch. This is our obligation to see that your roof gives you the full service promised.

### A Johns-Manville Distributor Is Near You

We want to convince you that these Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are all we claim them to be. We want to show you why they do make good our sweeping claims. Proof of this is due before you buy. Clip this advertisement. See or write the nearest Johns-Manville distributor or the nearest one of our sixty-one Branches. Get the facts that will save you money. Our roofing experts can help you on *your* problem.

**Send for this book of facts**

Hexagonal Method

The hexagonal or "honeycomb" method of applying Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in the ⅛ inch thickness is cheaper than the American method because less shingles are required for the same roof area. The hexagonal method apparently shows six sides of the shingle, thus overcoming the objection to severely straight lines.

*There's a Johns-Manville Branch Near You*
(Continued)

NASHVILLE
NEWARK
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PORTLAND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SACRAMENTO
SALT LAKE CITY
SAN DIEGO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
STOCKTON
SYRACUSE
TACOMA
TOLEDO
TULSA
WASHINGTON
WILKES-BARRE
YOUNGSTOWN

Canada
HAMILTON
LONDON
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG

**Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.**
Under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles have been examined and approved.

**H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.**
New York City
*10 Factories—Branches in 61 Large Cities*

**Send for This Book of Facts**
Roofing problems vary—this book tells how; yours may be unique—it will help to solve it. Don't spend money for roofing until you get these facts before you. Send for it now—to the nearest Branch.

(Continued from Page 58)

Outside, in the streets, the shopkeepers had put up their iron shutters. At intervals the plug-plug-blooie! of fresh explosions punctuated the hooting of fire engines racing with the alarm in adjacent quarters. Overhead, ranging and quartering the upper reaches of the sky, like pointer dogs in a sedge field, were scores of French aëroplanes searching, and searching vainly, for the unseen foeman.

The thing was uncanny; it was daunting and smacked of witchcraft. Here were the projectiles dropping down, apparently from directly above, and they were bursting in various sections, to the accompaniments of clattering débris and shattering glass; and yet there was neither sight nor sound of the agencies responsible for the attack. All sorts of rumors spread, each to find hundreds of earnest advocates and as many more vociferous purveyors.

One theory, often advanced and generally retailed, was that the Germans had produced a new type of aëroplane, with a noiseless motor, and capable of soaring at a height where it was invisible to the naked eye. Another possible solution for the enigma was that with the aid of spies and traitors the Germans had set up a gun fired by air compression upon a housetop in the environs and were bombarding the city from beneath the protection of a false roof. In the doorway of every *abri* the credulous and the incredulous held heated arguments, dodging back under shelter, like prairie dogs into their holes, at each recurring crash.

Presently it dawned upon the hearkening groups that the missiles were falling at stated and ordained periods. Twenty minutes regularly intervened between smashes. Appreciation of this circumstance injected a new element of surmise into a terrific and most profoundly puzzling affair. This was a mystery that grew momentarily more mysterious.

Business for the time being was pretty much suspended; anyhow nearly everybody appeared to be taking part in the debates. However, the taxicabs were still plying. A Parisian cabby may be trusted to take a chance on his life if there is a fare in sight and the prospect of a *pourboire* to follow. Two of us engaged a weather-beaten individual who apparently had no interest in the controversies raging about him or in the shelling either; and in his rig we drove to the scene of the explosions, arriving there within a few minutes after the devilish cylinder fell.

### *No Wonder She Resigned*

There had been loss of life here—no great amount as loss of life is measured these times in this country, but attended by conditions that made the disaster hideous and distressing. The blood of victims still trickled in runlets between the paving stones where we walked, and there were mangled bodies stretched on the floor of an improvised morgue across the way—mainly bodies of poor working women, and one, I heard, the body of a widow with half a dozen children, who now would be doubly orphaned, since their father was dead at the Front.

Back again at my hotel after a forenoon packed with curious experiences, I found in my quarters a very badly scared chambermaid, trying to tidy a room with fingers that shook. In my best French, which I may state is the worst possible French, I was trying to explain to her that the bombardment had probably ended—and for a fact there had been a forty-minute lull in the new frightfulness—when one of the shells struck and went off among the trees and flowerbeds of a public breathing place not a hundred and fifty yards away. With a shriek the maid fell on her knees and hurled her head, ostrich fashion, in a nest of sofa pillows.

I stepped through my bedroom window upon a little balcony in time to see the dust cloud rise in a column and to follow with my eyes the frenzied whirlings of a great flock of wood pigeons flighting high into the air from their roosting perches in the park plot. The next instant I felt a violent tugging at the back breadth of the leather harness that I wore. Unwittingly, in her panic the maid had struck upon the only possible use to which a Sam Brown belt may be put—other than the ornamental, and that is a moot point among fanciers of the purely decorative in the matter of military gearing for the human form. By accident she had divined its one utilitarian purpose. She had risen and with both hands had laid hold upon the crosspiece of my main sureingle and was striving to drag me inside. I rather gathered from the tenor of her contemporaneous remarks, which she uttered at the top of her voice and into which she interjected the names of several saints, that she feared the sight of me in plain view on that stone ledge might incite the invisible marauder to added excesses.

But I was the larger and stronger of the two, and my buckles held, and I had the advantage of an iron railing to cling to. After a short struggle my would-be rescuer lost. She turned loose of my kicking straps and breech bands, and making hurried reference to various names in the calendar of the canonized she fled from my presence. I heard her falling down the stairs to the floor below. The next day I had a new chambermaid; this one had tendered her resignation.

Not until the middle of the afternoon was the proper explanation for the phenomenon forthcoming. It came then from the Ministry of War, in the bald and unembroidered laconics of a formal communiqué. At the first time of hearing it the announcement seemed so inconceivable, so manifestly impossible that official sanction was needed to make me believe Teuton ingenuity had found a way to upset all the previously accepted principles touching on gravity and friction; on arcs and orbits; on aims and directions; on projectiles and projectives; on the resisting tensility of steel bores and on the carrying power of gun charges—by producing a cannon with a ranging scope of somewhere between sixty and ninety miles.

### *French Calmness in Danger*

Days of bombardment followed—days which culminated on that never-to-be-forgotten Good Friday when malignant Chance sped a shell to wreck one of the oldest churches in Paris and to kill seventy-five and wound ninety worshipers gathered beneath its roof in celebration of the crucifixion of a merciful and loving Redeemer.

After the first flurry of uncertainty the populace for the most part grew tranquil; now that they knew the origin of the far-flung punishment there was measurably less dread of the consequences among the masses of the people. On days when the shells exploded futilely the daily press and the comedians in the music halls made jokes at the expense of Big Bertha; as, for example, on a day when a fragment of shell took the razor out of the hand of a man who was shaving himself, without doing him the slightest injury; and again when a whole shell wrecked a butcher shop and strewed the neighborhood with kidneys and livers and rib ends of beef, but spared the butcher and his family. On days when the colossal piece scored a murderous coup for its masters and took innocent life, the papers printed the true death lists without attempt at concealment of the ravages of the monster. And when it resumed its even terrors women went shopping in the Rue de la Paix; children played in the parks; the flower women of the Madeleine sold their wares to customers with the reverberations of the explosions booming in their ears; the crowds that sat sipping colored drinks at small tables in front of the boulevard cafés on fair afternoons were almost as numerous as they had been before the persistent thing started; and unless the sound was very loud indeed the average promenader barely lifted his or her head at each recurring report. In America we look upon the French as an excitable race, but here they offered to the world a pattern for the practice of fortitude.

A good many people departed from Paris to the southward. However, there was calmness under constant danger. Our own people, who were in Paris in numbers mounting up into the thousands, likewise set a fine example of sang-froid. On the evening of the opening day of the bombarding, when anyone might have been pardoned for being a bit jumpy, an audience of enlisted men which packed the American Soldiers and Sailors' Club in the Rue Royale was gathered to hear a jazz band play Yankee tunes and afterward to hear an amateur speaker make an address. The cannon had suspended its annoying performances with the going down of the sun, but just as the speaker stood up by the piano the *alerte* for an air attack—which, by the way, proved to be a false alarm, after all—was heard outside.

There was a little pause, and a rustling of bodies.


# DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

## NEW YORK STATE

**For sixty years the leading American Business College**

Eastman

***Trains thoroly for business and the Civil Service and obtains employment for students who can be recommended as to character and capability.***

EASTMAN men and women—[illegible] thousand of them—occupy [illegible] responsible relations to the business world. Ambition plus Eastman training will make YOU eligible to a good situation and a high salary. EASTMAN graduates are in demand. At Eastman you can qualify in a single year for rapid advancement and executive position. Persons seeking the best advantages will find at the Eastman-Gaines School of Business a practical opportunity to obtain not only instruction and study, but experience in the work which prepares for the most PAYING OCCUPATIONS. Under the Eastman system of training students operate practice banks, retail and wholesale business, real estate, insurance, brokerage, commission, P. O., express, and railroad offices. Accounting, Banking, Commercial Law, Advertising, Business Calculations, English, Secretarial, Shorthand, Stenotypy, Typewriting, and Penmanship courses with experienced [illegible] at the head of each. Ideal location, strong [illegible] courses, excellent record of more than 56,000 successful alumni, moderate expenses. Students enroll and begin work every week day. Write for handsome, illustrated prospectus. Address

CLEMENT C. GAINES, M. A., LL.D., Box 947, Poughkeepsie, New York

## SOUTHERN and WESTERN STATES

**STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY**

*An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys*

**425 boys from 46 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.**

1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral **spring water.** High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in **open air.** Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system. Academy fifty-eight years old.** $200,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges $470. Catalog free. Address

Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Principal, Staunton, Va.

**Colorado School of Mines**
Golden

MINING more active and important than ever before. Unexcelled location and equipment for practical work. Four-year courses in Metal Mining, Coal Mining, Metallurgy, and Mining Geology. High standards. Graduates in constant demand. Athletics, scientific societies, social club. For catalog address Registrar, Dept. E, School of Mines, Golden, Colo.

**Tri-State College of Engineering**

Make you a Civil, Mechanical, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in two years. $184 covers tuition, board and furnished room for 48 weeks. Preparatory courses at same rate. No entrance examination. INDIANA, Angola, 10 S. St.

**Grand River Institute**

Founded 1831. Strictly high-grade, co-educational preparatory school. Exceptional equipment made possible by endowment. New [illegible] and gymnasium. Special training in business fundamentals, music and [illegible]. Rates $400.00. E. W. HAMLINE, Box 12, Austinburg, Ohio

**KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL**

Highest standard as "prep" school. Highest rating by War Department. New $150,000 fire proof barracks. All athletics. Tuition $600 per year. For catalog address, Supt., COL. T. A. JOHNSTON, 732 Third Street, Boonville, Missouri.

**CHRISTIAN COLLEGE**

An Ideal Junior College for Women. Send today for beautifully illustrated viewbook and catalog.

MRS. L. W. ST. CLAIR-MOSS, Pres., Columbia, Mo.

**LINDENWOOD College** St. Charles, Mo.

Prepares young women for the social [illegible] and meeting the individual needs of each girl. Beautiful surroundings, modern buildings and equipment, gymnasium and [illegible]. Thorough courses of instruction in all lines. Ten Conservatory [illegible]. Two [illegible] Rates $400.00 per year. For catalog address J. L. ROEMER, D. D., Pres., Box K, St. Charles, Mo.

## NEW ENGLAND STATES

MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON, 563 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

**Chauncy Hall School.**

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

**DEAN ACADEMY, Franklin, Mass.** 52d Year

Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and [illegible] training, [illegible] culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, $325 $400 per year. Special Course in Domestic Science. For catalogue and information address

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D., Principal

**Her own money paid for this girl's musical education**

HER name is Miss Marjorie Chambers. She recently wrote us this note from her home in Canada:

"I want to pay for my own music lessons. And, still more, I want the feeling of being able to do something for myself. Can you help me?"

We explained how she could earn as much money as she needed by asking her friends and neighbors to give her their subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

It took her only a few days to earn $30.00 in cash.

If you would like to earn some money to help pay for your education, we will make you the same offer we made Miss Chambers. The address is

*Educational Division*

The Curtis Publishing Company
304 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Better Athletic Underwear Sold in a Cleaner Way

Sealpax

*Be Particular When You Buy Athletic Underwear*

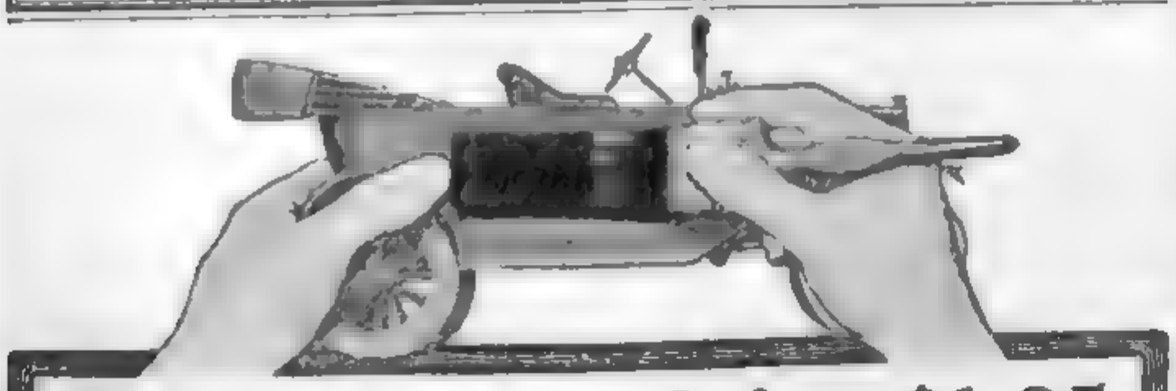
**Buy SEALPAX because it comes to you fresh from the laundry in a sealed container, ready to put on—unhandled—unmussed.**

**Buy SEALPAX because it is made of fine, cool, airy fabrics—carefully sewn—designed on freer-cut lines,—comfortable without pull or pinch.**

**Buy *only* SEALPAX because it's a *better* Athletic Underwear, sold in a cleaner way. Insist on SEALPAX in the sealed container and get the most for your money.**

THE SEALPAX COMPANY DEPT. A BALTIMORE, MD.
*(Also makers of Lady Sealpax Athletic Underwear)*

YOU can add $5.00 or even $20.00 a week to your present income by acting locally as a subscription representative of the Curtis publications. Let us explain our spare-time offer. Write to THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 395 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.



Paint Your Ford for $1.25

Think of it—only one coat of Glidden Auto Finish and you have a new looking car.
You can easily do it yourself and in less than 48 hours you'll be driving again.
You'll have a rich, brilliant finish that will give you lasting satisfaction.
Go to your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, send $1.25 (Canadian Imperial Quart $1.50) for 1 quart of Auto Finish Black to—THE GLIDDEN CO., 1519 Beres Rd., Cleveland, Ohio. Canadian Address, Toronto, Ontario.

*Note to Dealers*—Send at once for our Marketing Book of Glidden Auto Finishes.

GLIDDEN AUTO FINISHES


Then the man, who was on his feet, spoke up. "I'll stay as long as anyone else does," he said. "Anyhow, I don't know which is likely to be the worse of two evils—my poor attempts at entertaining you inside or the boche's threatened performances outside."

A great yell of approval went up and not a single person left the building until after the chairman announced that the program for the evening had reached its conclusion. I know this to be a fact because I was among those present.

To be sure, the strain of the harassment got upon the nerves of some; that would be inevitable, human nature being what it is. Attendance at the theaters, especially for the matinées, fell off appreciably; this, though, being attributable, I think, more to fear of panic inside the buildings than to fear of what the missiles might do to the buildings themselves. And there was no record of any individual, whether man or woman, quitting a post of responsibility because of the personal peril to which all alike were exposed.

### *The Picture at Saint-Gobain*

Likewise on those days when the great gun functioned promptly at twenty-minute intervals one would see men sitting in drinking places with their eyes glued to the faces of their wrist watches while they waited for the next crash. For those whose nerves lay close to their skins this damnable regularity of it was the worst phase of the thing.

There was something so characteristically and atrociously German, something so hellishly methodical in the tormenting certainty that each hour would be divided into three equal parts by three descending steel tubes of potential destruction.

Big Bertha operated on a perfect schedule. She opened up daily at seven A. M. sharp; she quit at six-twenty P. M. It was as though the crew that tended her carried union cards. They were never tardy. Neither did they work overtime. But if the Prussians counted upon bedeviling the people into panic and distracting the industrial and social economies of Paris they missed their guess. They made some people desperately unhappy, no doubt, and they frightened some; but the true organism of the community remained serene and unimpaired.

I had the small advantage of being able to visualize the setting in the forest of Saint-Gobain, to the west of Laon, for I was there once in German company. I could conjure up a presentment of the scene there enacted on the day when Big Bertha's makers and masters sprang their well-guarded surprise, which so carefully and so secretly had been evolved during months of planning and constructing and experimentations.

Behold, then, the vision: It is a fine spring morning. There is dew on the grass and there is song in the throats of the birds, and young foliage is upon the trees. The great gray gun—it is nearly ninety feet long and according to inspired Teutonic chroniclers resembles a vast metal crane—squats its misshapen mass upon a prepared concrete base in the edge of the woods, just on the timbered shoulder of a hill. Its long muzzle protrudes at an angle from the interlacing boughs of the thicket where it hides; at a very steep angle, too, since the charge it will fire must ascend twenty miles into the air in order to reach its objective. Behind it is a stenciling of white birches and slender poplars flung up against the sky line; in front of it is a disused meadow where the newly minted coinage of prodigal springtime—dandelions that are like gold coins and wild marguerites that are like silver ones—spangles the grass as though the profligate season had strewn its treasures broadcast there. The gunners make ready the monster for its dedication. They open its great naval and slide into its belly a steel shell nine inches thick and three feet long, ready and girthed with beltings of spun brass. The supreme moment is at hand.

From a group of staff officers advances a small man, grown old before his time; this man wears the field uniform of a Prussian field marshal. He has a sword at his side and spurs on his booted feet and a spiked helmet upon his head. His hair is almost snow-white, and his mustache with its fierce upturned and tufted ends is white. From between slitted lids embedded in his skull behind unhealthy dropsical pouches of flesh his brooding morbid eyes show as two blue dots, like touches of pale light glinting on twin disks of shallow polished agate.

While all about him bow, almost in the manner of priests making obeisance before a shrine, he touches with one sacred finger the button of an electrical controller. The air is blasted and the earth rocks then to the loudest crash that ever issued from the mouth of a gun; for all its bulk and weight, the cannon recoils on its carriage and shakes itself; the tree tops quiver in a palsy; the young grass is flattened as though by a sudden high wind blowing along the ground; the frightened birds flutter about and are mute.

The bellowing echoes die away in a fainter and yet fainter cadence. The anointed of God turns up his good wrist to consider the face of the watch strapped thereon; his staff follow his royal example. One minute passes in a sort of sacerdotal silence. There is drama in the pause—a fine theatricalism in the interlude. Two minutes—two and a half minutes pass. This is one part of the picture.

There is another part of it: Seventy miles away, in a spot where a busy street opens out into a paved plaza, all manner of common ordinary workaday persons are busied about their puny affairs. In addition to being common and ordinary these folks do not believe in the divine right of kings—truly a high crime and misdemeanor. Moreover, they persist in the heretical practice of republicanism; they believe actually that all men are born free and equal; that all men have the grace and the authority within them to choose their own rulers; that all men have the right to live their own lives free from foreign dictation and alien despotism. But at this particular moment they are not concerned in the least with politics or policies. Their simple day is starting. A woman in a sidewalk kiosk is arranging morning papers on her narrow shelf. A half grown girl in a small booth set in the middle of the square where the tracks of the tramway end is selling street-car tickets to workingmen in blouses and baggy corduroy trousers. Hucksters and barrow men have established a small market along the curbing of the pavement. A waiter is mopping the metal tops of a row of little round tables under the glass marquise of a café. Trains and wagons are passing with a rumble of wheels. Here there is no drama except the simple homely drama of applied industry.

### *When the Shell Fell*

Three minutes pass! Far away to the north, where the woods are quiet again and the birds have mustered up courage to sing once more, the Regal One drops his arm and looks about him at his officers, nodding and smiling. Smiling they nod back in chorus like well-trained automata. There is a murmur of interchanged congratulations. The effort upon which so much invaluable time and so much scientific thought have been expended stands unique and accomplished. Unless all calculations have failed the nine-inch shell has reached its mark, has scored its bull's-eye, has done its predestined job.

It has; those calculations could not go wrong. Out of the kindly and smiling heavens, with no warning except the shriek of its cleaving passage through the skies, the bolt descends in the busy square. The glass awning over the café front becomes a darting rain of sharp-edged javelins; the paving stones rise and spread in hurtling fragments from a smoking crater in the roadway. There are a few minutes of mad frenzy among those people assembled there.

Then a measure of quiet succeeds to the tumult. The work of rescue starts. The woman who vended papers is a crushed mass under the wreckage of her kiosk; the girl who sold car tickets is dead and mangled beneath the flattened booth; the waiter who wiped off the table tops lies among his tables now, the whole top of his head sliced away by slivers of glass; here and there in the square are scattered small motionless clumps that resemble heaps of bloodied and torn rags. Wounded men and women are being carried away, groaning and screaming as they go.

But in the edge of the woods at Saint-Gobain the Kaiser is climbing into his car to ride to his headquarters. It is his breakfast time and past it, and he has a fine appetite this morning.

The picture is complete. The campaign for Kultur in the world has scored another triumph, the said score standing: Seven dead; fifteen injured.

# Miles, Miles and More Miles

THE utility of the automobile—the spine of America's great secondary transportation system—is measured largely in terms of tire miles. Carry on! Use your car. But exercise greatest care to select the tires that show the largest mileage returns for their cost.

## Shoulders of Strength Mean More Tire Miles

Shoulders of Strength—a mileage-adding feature belong exclusively to Ajax. They are burly supports—as the picture shows—built in on both sides of the tread. They brace and reinforce. They give Ajax tires more rubber where it should be—*more tread on the road.*

Shoulders of Strength distribute road friction evenly over the entire tread surface. It cannot center and grind quickly through to the fabric.

Ajax tires are the tires careful buyers choose. In fact, 97% of the entire Ajax output is chosen each year by individual car owners to replace other tires that came on their cars.

*The Ajax Road King*

## AJAX ROAD KING

Here's the monarch of them all. Mark the massive tread, braced by the Shoulders of Strength. Miles, miles and more miles are actually built in. It's the king of casings.

*Ajax Inner Tubes* are marked by the same peak quality—the same superior resistance to wear. *Ajax tubes in Ajax casings* form the combination that shows the greatest mileage profit.

## AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, Inc.

New York

**Factories: Trenton, N. J.** **Branches in Leading Cities**

Your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes, and *real* service. Write for the free descriptive booklet—"Ajax Shoulders of Strength."

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

AJAX TIRES

MORE RUBBER WHERE IT SHOULD BE

# From a Ford to a Truck in 60 Seconds

## Heath Duplex

PATENTED MAY 12 1908, DEC 19 1916

### Touring Car One Minute; Delivery Truck the Next

A Ford touring car equipped with the Heath DUPLEX is changed *in one minute* to a delivery car, or back again.

The Heath DUPLEX is a delivery body, permanently attached to the Ford without alteration of the chassis.

It folds away under the regular Ford tonneau and is entirely concealed when not in use.

It has a carrying space 4 feet 4½ inches long, 32 inches wide, 10 inches deep.

In making the original installation, the tonneau is detached and made removable. Thereafter it can be taken off or slid into place in 60 seconds, and the front seat of the Ford remains undisturbed.

When the Heath DUPLEX is opened up, the Ford becomes a large-capacity, economical delivery car, properly fitted out for its work.

When the Heath DUPLEX is folded away and the tonneau in place, the Ford is again a passenger car, with no outward sign of its double utility.

The Heath DUPLEX is fully guaranteed by the McCord Manufacturing Company.

The Heath DUPLEX comes securely packed, ready for installation. Complete instructions are furnished, and anyone handy with tools can readily make the original installation.

Until the dealer organization is completed, the Heath DUPLEX can be bought direct from the manufacturers. Price—F. O. B. Detroit, $57.50

Lift off the Ford tonneau, open up the Heath DUPLEX, and you have a staunch, strong delivery car.

Fold up the Heath DUPLEX, put back the tonneau, and you have a Ford touring car. No tools are required.

Either way, the change is accomplished *in a minute's time* or less.

The Heath DUPLEX delivery body folds up out of sight under the tonneau of the Ford touring car.

It is a permanent attachment, always ready for instant use on any Ford car, new or old.

Once the Heath DUPLEX is installed, your Ford is forever after ready as passenger car or truck in 60 seconds' time.

The Heath DUPLEX is manufactured by the McCord Manufacturing Company of Detroit, maker of McCord Radiators for passenger motor cars and motor trucks.

It is built with the conscientious care that has always characterized the work of this company—built to last as long as the Ford lasts.

It comes to a million or more Ford owners who habitually transport goods in the tonneau of their cars, as the one practical, simple and economical solution of the passenger-delivery-car problem.

It enters a ready-made market that includes every community in the country.

Its wholesale and retail distribution requires a widespread organization.

Dealers and distributors now established in the motor-car business are the logical men to assist in Heath DUPLEX distribution.

This is particularly true, now, because of the acute shortage of new cars.

The Heath DUPLEX market is among the thousands of Fords already in use.

Bankers and other business men are encouraged to form companies to take over Heath DUPLEX territory.

The McCord Manufacturing Company requires, of individuals and companies, personal and financial integrity of the highest order.

Applications should be filed at once, by wire or by mail, direct with the McCord Company, which will send a representative in cases where a personal call is necessary.

**McCord Manufacturing Co., Inc.**
Detroit, Michigan

# MARY ELDON'S AUNT

(Continued from Page 11)

"Why didn't you marry someone clever, Frank?"

"I was engaged to one once for two years."

"Was she clever?"

"Oh, very!" he replied solemnly; then, in rather a hard tone: "Damn clever!"

Mary looked frightened.

"Why didn't you marry her, then?"

"They were very unhappy years, little Thingummy."

"I don't understand. Tell me, so that I can."

"She wasn't clever enough," he answered.

"That's horrid—horrid!" said Mary. "I wish you hadn't told me."

"Let's pretend I didn't."

"Yes; we'll pretend that. What was her name?"

"That's not much of a beginning."

"But tell me."

"Her name was Eleanor Broon."

"And she wasn't clever enough?"

"No."

"In fact, she was silly?"

"She was silly then; and now let's forget all about it."

But Mary didn't forget. As with all simple-minded folk, the small seed of doubt, once implanted, took root. She regarded Frank curiously when he was not actually looking at her, and an aching wondering oppressed her as to whether her small stock of attainments would be sufficient to satisfy this big man's requirements. She found herself criticizing the character of her replies to what he said, and realized that almost invariably they were the same: "Oh, yes, Frank—let's!" or "Oh, Frank, you are funny!" It is an awful discovery to catch oneself in repetition.

It was just then when Frank began to look worried. Certain business interests in which he was concerned were becoming troublesome, which pointed to the necessity of going abroad for a while to straighten them out. He delayed telling her as long as possible; but meantime his manner was preoccupied and distrait. He answered her questions vaguely, as though his attention was otherwise occupied. It required only this to set Mary's alarms more solidly.

And then came disaster, bound in a green cover and entitled Change, by Eleanor Broon.

The newspapers acclaimed the book as a work of astonishing wit and insight; and the public, ever appreciative of a savory diet, lavished upon it their praises and four-and-sixpences.

Frank returned from the city with a copy one evening and stayed up half the night reading.

At twelve o'clock Mary descended the stairs and found him enthralled.

"Frank," she said reproachfully.

"Um!"

"It's ever so late; it is ——"

"Right-oh, little Thingummy. I'll not be long ——"

"But it's lonely as anything in bed!"

He smiled at her over the top of the book.

"You'll catch cold in your nighty."

"Do you like that book better than me in my nighty?"

"I shall if you catch a cold."

"Is it clever?"

"Yes; I suppose it's clever."

"Who wrote it?"

"Eh! Oh, it was written by an old friend of mine—Eleanor Broon."

"Oh!" said Mary, and quietly mounted the stairs.

In bed she lay with her eyes wide open and the lights out. Eleanor Broon! She had written a book—wonderful enough to keep her Frank poring over its pages late in the night. And this was the woman who wasn't clever enough to become his wife!

Followed a more startling thought: They had been engaged two years before Frank cut the ties with Eleanor; whereas she—Mary—had known him but twelve months. The arithmetic was obvious. If he had tired in so short a while of someone clever enough to write a book—in itself an achievement of such immensity as to stagger the intellect—then he would clearly have drained Mary's slender resources in a far shorter period.

She reflected that never once had Frank said she—his wife—was clever. Always he had laughed or kissed her when she had put a question on this point. No—there was no escaping from the truth; she was not clever; she was just a silly little thing, and as such her days of happiness were numbered.

And, lying lonely in her white bed, Mary gasped, as fear laid hands of ice upon her warm little heart.

The next day Frank told her he would have to go away.

"It is wholly wretched, little Thingummy," he blurted out. "But I'll be gone only two months at the outside."

He expected tears; but they were not forthcoming. To his surprise, she nodded gravely. He was not to know that, despite the misery the thought of his absence caused, those two months opened to Mary a path to deliverance. She had been thinking and had arrived at a mighty resolution.

She had decided that to keep his love she must become clever; and here was the chance to do so. Eight weeks' wretchedness was worth enduring when the prize offered was a lifetime of happiness.

It was a tremendous undertaking; but "I won't start until he has really gone," she told herself, and the few days before his departure were the closest and coziest of all her love memories.

And then the day of departure came, and she was back in the empty house, confronted with the task of becoming clever.

So Mary read Change, and hated it. The essence of the book was provocation. The male must forever be kept guessing; he must follow the woman's moods through a labyrinth of dark galleries, leading to nowhere. From high spirits she must drop to melancholy, without apparent transition; when his mood was adjusted to hers she must vary the program with cynicism.

These principles, and many others, were set forth in novel form with a spice of wit that was undeniable.

What little Mary comprehended filled her with pious disgust, and this made her strenuous efforts to suit these qualities to her own personality the more praiseworthy.

Frank would expect her to write every day, even though the mail went but once a week; and to do so was a natural inclination. She perceived, however, that to do so would not suit the new character, and so forbore to address more than one short letter to him in each seven days. To ease her conscience for this fearful sacrifice she wrote him a nightly letter, in which she poured forth her sorrows; and this she posted under his unrumpled pillow in the big lonely bed.

In the daytime she studied neurotics and committed to memory phrases such as "How weirdly fascinating!" or empty epigrams culled from expensive periodicals. She learned to touch her temple with a sensitive third finger—play a chord of music—slam the piano cover—exclaim "Ha!" and walk quickly from the room. She visited the best theaters and observed how the best wives shivered in their husbands' arms—eluded the touch of their lips; and, with horror, she listened to their heresies about babies.

It was a particularly awful thought that to be clever one must express contempt and apathy to the appeal of tiny beings. It came to Mary at a time when she herself was stirred by first lights of the dawn of motherhood.

Her tragedy was thus complete; and that night of discovery Mary hugged Frank's pillow and howled dismally. Then she pretended it was a baby and, cradling it in her arms, cried herself to sleep.

On the sixth week of the separation little Miss Eldon, who had written repeatedly, but without result, to ask Mary to come to see her, packed a basketwork suitcase and traveled to town to find out what it was all about.

The first things she noticed were that the parlor maid had on a grubby apron and that the white stair treads "weren't"!

She found Mary with her hair brushed off her forehead, and a book, entitled Hints to Young Mothers, screened behind the voluptuous sheets of La Vie Parisienne.

Mary's impulse was to spring to her feet and envelop the little old lady in a smother of embraces; but her six weeks' unrelenting study opposed the action, and her first words were the only really serious offense she ever committed:

"My dear aunt—this is too delightful, and so unexpected!"

Miss Eldon opened her gray eyes wide, sat down suddenly on a small sofa, and burst into tears. In an instant Mary was

Palm Beach
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
This label means the Genuine. It's your safeguard against imitation.
A Lesson in Practical Economy
INVENTIVE Science gave the world Palm Beach Cloth. But Fate decreed that it should be born in time to meet today's need for Economy and Conservation. Its delightfully porous coolness—its wonderful washing qualities—its happy blend of smartness and comfort—may all be had for a fractional part of the cost of a woolen or worsted. The Clothier who specializes in the Genuine
PALM BEACH SUIT
is a very good man to know. Evidently his platform is Quality and Money's Worth. In his suits you'll find the trade-marked label—your assurance against fraud.
THE PALM BEACH MILLS
Goodall Worsted Co., Sanford, Me.
A. Rohaut, Selling Agent, 229 Fourth Ave., New York

# the easiest way to mend tubes

Don't carry from $5 to $15 worth of spare tubes which deteriorate before they are ever used.

Save this expense. It's easier to vulcanize and replace a punctured tube than to change tubes. Save delay and repair bills. Vulcanized repairs are cheapest in the long run because they last as long as the tire itself.

SHALER

5 Minute Vulcanizer

The one-piece Patch & Heat unit contains [illegible] chemical fuel, vulcanizing patch and patch of raw rubber. Brush, clean surrounding surface for cold vulcanization; rubber and fuel protected against deterioration in your tool box. Six each of the round and oblong [illegible] with each outfit. Additional Units can be secured for only 75c per dozen.

Now is the time you need this outfit. Ask your dealer today.

C. A. Shaler Co.
1406 Fourth St
Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

Or send us $1.50 and we will ship for [illegible]

MOTORISTS
Write for FREE BOOK, "Care and Repair of Tires"

12 Complete Patch & Heat Units

Six round for punctures and Six oblong for cuts and tears furnished with each outfit.

Price Complete $1.50

*Buy from any accessory dealer or we will ship prepaid, guaranteed, on receipt of price*

**Will You Sell Us 5 Minutes?** You are perhaps too busy to have any "spare time." But there are many 5-minute intervals in your day which you should set to work. *"Time is money."* YOU have the time; WE have the money. Will you sell? Address THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 393 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

# No Carbon!

Keep Your Motor At Its Best. Full of Pep! Free from Carbon!

Cut Repair Bills—Get More Miles Per Gallon—Get More Auto Pleasure—Use

ECON-O-KLEEN

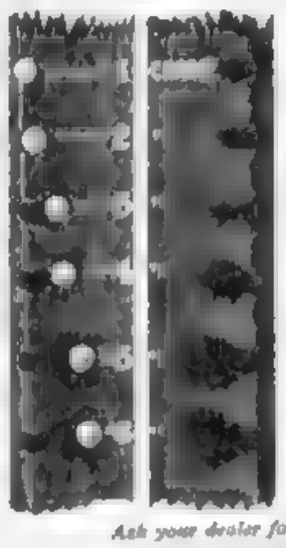
The New Carbon Preventive

[illegible]

Get Our FREE BOOK—Tells how to save repairs. Dealers wanted.

ECON-O-KLEEN FUEL CO.
101 Library Ave. Third River Falls, Minn.

BENJAMIN



Speaking of air rifles, why not buy the best and safest?

Only real pump gun ever invented. It never [illegible] shooting force. It never [illegible] when a cartridge is used as [illegible] and small game hunting.

*This perforated inch block of wood shows the various degrees of shooting force. This is a feat no other air rifle can duplicate.*

Price $3.25
Postpaid in U. S.

*Descriptive folder on request*

*Ask your dealer for demonstration.*

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE & MFG. CO.
613 N. Broadway ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Only Shade Made With a Ventilator

Easily Hung in Five Minutes With New Self-Hanging Device

*New Self-Hanging Vudor Ventilating Porch Shades* give you protection from the sun and also seclusion, and the Ventilator woven in the top of each shade automatically clears the porch of impure hot air.

Let us tell you of many other good things built into VUDOR Porch Shades exclusively, send you illustrations in color and name of dealer.

Hough Shade Corporation, 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.


beside her, pouring forth an avalanche of affectionate protestation. Miss Eldon allowed her to proceed for some while; then looked up, smiling.

"I wasn't crying at all," she said. "I only wanted to make sure that your greeting wasn't real. Oh, Mary, what are you up to? Those silver candlesticks are quite tarnished and I'm sure that isn't a proper paper you were reading."

"No," confessed Mary; "and I have to shut my eyes when I look at it." And then, without taking breath, she launched into a description of her woes and endeavors.

"But was he tired of you, dear?"

"No, auntie, not yet; but soon he's bound to be, and that's why I am learning to be clever."

Miss Eldon shook her head.

"Oh, dear," she said; "I'm sure you are being very wrong. Think how awful it will be if you are!"

"Don't," wailed Mary. "He got tired of someone who was really clever in two years."

"But that doesn't prove anything."

"It might."

"Show me one of the clever things you've learned to do."

"Then promise you won't laugh."

"I promise."

And Mary performed her temple-touching chord-and-elam exit.

"That was very nasty," said Miss Eldon. "Do you do any more?"

"Yes," said Mary ruefully; "but that's the most difficult."

It would be idle to follow so absurd a conversation to its finish. All that was achieved was to shake poor little Miss Eldon's convictions.

"I must just think it over, darling," she said; "and perhaps ask a few people."

So she retired to her room, with a copy of the Times, to review the situation.

In one of the columns was a paragraph dealing with a fashionable divorce case. As a rule, Miss Eldon did not read matter of this kind; but circumstances demanded a wider range of experience. So she put on her spectacles and read, and felt exceedingly wicked. There was nothing, however, in the conventional tale of misconduct to bring enlightenment; but she observed that the name of the solicitors—Messrs. Levis & Levis—recurred in several other more briefly recorded cases.

"They ought to know all about what makes people unhappy," she thought. "I wonder whether they would tell me. At any rate, I can go and see."

With as little disturbance as possible she slipped out of the house and climbed to the top of a bus. Occupying most of the seat beside her sat a navvy of middle age, who sucked at a short clay pipe with that amiable expression of vacuity which a pipe produces.

"It's a lovely day," ventured Miss Eldon.

"Ah!" came the indorsement after a reflecting pause; then, since he saw that the little old lady was of agreeable mien, he generously offered her a larger share of the seat.

"That's very kind of you."

"Don't do me no 'arm, missus."

"I suppose not; but lots of people wouldn't have thought of it. But you're wrong in calling me missus, for I'm not married."

"Ah! Likely enough you'd 'ave a bit more flesh if you 'ad been."

"Is that so? That's very interesting. I wonder why. You are married—yes?"

"Ah!"

"And are you happy?"

"Never thought about it."

"But you're not unhappy?"

"Not that I know of."

"And is your wife always the same?"

"Think I've got 'alf a dozen of 'em, then?"

"I mean, does she alter much?"

"Puts on flesh a bit."

"But in other ways?"

"I dunno."

"But you would know if she did. I mean, suppose she changed her ways—didn't answer when you spoke to her; or behaved oddly, and wouldn't let you kiss her, and that sort of thing—would you like her any better for that?"

The navvy scratched his head and thought slowly.

"I can tell you," he replied with meaning, "that she wouldn't like me none the better if she tried it on."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Mary Eldon's aunt. "And I'm sure, really, that you're tremendously happy—aren't you?"

But he relapsed into vacancy again.

"Never thought about it," he said.

Miss Eldon walked through the sober closes of Lincoln's Inn Fields until she came to the offices of Levis & Levis.

At her entrance a clerk rose and said "Yes?"—with a question mark.

"I want to see Mr. Levis about a divorce," replied Miss Eldon with self-possession.

The clerk eyed her in surprise.

"I'll see if he is disengaged," said he, and went out.

After a while he returned and, asking her name, ushered her into a gloomy inner office, where a comfortable-figured gentleman of past middle age sat before a large writing table.

"Mrs. Eldon," said the clerk.

"Miss!" corrected Mary Eldon's aunt.

"If so," said Mr. Levis as the clerk closed the door, "why do you wish to see me about a divorce?"

"I'm afraid it wasn't quite true; but I wanted to see you and thought that would be the surest way."

Mr. Levis' bushy eyebrows came together.

"If you are a reporter ——" he began; but she reassured him with the words:

"Oh, no; I have come professionally. Indeed, I took the trouble to get together the exact sum of six-and-eightpence for your fee, and then stupidly gave the odd twopence to the bus conductor."

Mr. Levis was, of necessity, a man who judged character at first sight; added to this he possessed a sense of humor. The little lady in black, with her simple sincerity and her six-and-eightpence, impressed him favorably.

"Won't you sit down and tell me how I can be of service?"

"It's difficult," she answered, "and perhaps you'll think my questions very foolish. I want to know what makes people get tired of each other?"

"You are speaking of men and women?"

"Yes; husbands and wives particularly."

"Generally someone else."

Miss Eldon shook her head emphatically. "I am sure that is nonsense," she said. "No one looks at other people's possessions unless they are tired of their own."

"Admitted, my dear lady; but the question can hardly be answered in a general sense. Broadly speaking, one might say that stupidity lies at the root of most unhappy marriages—stupidity and misunderstanding. They discover too late that they have not got what they bargained for, or what they do possess has deteriorated." He placed his fingers together and leaned back in his chair.

"It so often happens that goods do not improve on closer acquaintance. We buy a necktie or a blouse—delightful in the shop window, but disappointing when the wrappings are removed in our own homes. The parallel occurs with human beings. We find our choice falls short of our expectations; the very pattern seems to have altered."

"Then what makes a happy marriage?"

"Confidence that we have secured precisely what we hoped to secure. I am speaking from the man's point of view, and more men are alike in this respect. At only one part of his life is a man very clear as to the exact qualities he desires in a woman, and that is before marriage. After marriage he is worried as to whether or not he has obtained them."

"Oh, you darling!" said Miss Eldon irrepressibly. "Then a man isn't always on the lookout for his wife to be suddenly clever and difficult and brilliant?"

"Not unless he took her on those conditions."

"I was sure of that! Men don't like clever women—do they?"

"Indeed, yes, my dear lady; for it takes a very clever woman to realize her husband's ideals."

"By clever I meant difficult to understand—moody, and —— Oh, you know!"

Mr. Levis nodded.

"I know," he said. "And very few men desire the neurotic, highly strung, supersensitive being; not because there is any great harm in those qualities, and not because there is no good in them, but simply because the average man is too lazy and too stupid to bother with anything problematical. It is so easy for a woman to be cleverer than her husband, and so clever of her if she isn't."

"Oh, I must remember that," said Miss Eldon; "for it seems to cover everything. You have been kind to tell me."

(Continued on Page 69)

# Standard Oil Uses Star Blades

Among the world's great organizations, Standard Oil stands very near the top.

It goes without saying that the Standard Oil Company use Star Hack Saw Blades in their metal fabricating because they have found them more efficient blades. For it is recognized that no company in the world goes more deeply into analyzing the efficiency facts.

What better guide could you have in buying hack saws than to follow the examples of such concerns as Standard Oil, Bethlehem Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad, Baldwin Locomotive, Eastman Kodak, Cramp Ship Yards, Armour & Co., National Lamp Works, Burroughs Adding Machine, Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Curtiss Aeroplane, Canadian Pacific Railway and thousands of other concerns the country over that are using Star Blades?

## STAR HACK SAW BLADES

**made of Tungsten Steel**

## Machine and Hand  Flexible and All Hard

These plants with millions of production at stake make sure that every item of their production cost is kept at the lowest point. And they know that Star Blades give them the lowest cutting cost as one item in that production.

Whatever the size of your shop you can't afford to have a higher cutting cost than your competitors.

Cash in on the experience of the industrial leaders and use Star Blades or, better still, make your own tests and find out for yourself.

Our new free book on "Hack Saw Efficiency" and the test blanks we furnish make it easy.

**Send today for our "Hack Saw Efficiency" handbook. It contains more vital information about hack saws and their use than was ever put into a book before. Free on request to every hack saw user.**

The faster cutting of Star Blades is the result of our thirty years' experience in hack saw making. It comes from the special Tungsten Steel mixture of which the blades are made—the special heat treatment they undergo—and the unique shape of teeth made possible by our special toothing machine that is made and controlled entirely by us. As a result, the Star Blade not only cuts faster at first, but keeps on cutting long after other blades have been hopelessly dulled and thrown away.

The Star line has a saw for every kind of machine or hand sawing.

Includes flexible as well as all hard blades.

Our thirty years' experience in hack sawing efficiency is at your service for the asking. If you have a hack saw problem that puzzles you, put it up to our Engineering Department at Millers Falls.

Manufactured By
**CLEMSON BROS. INC.**
MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

Sole Distributors
**MILLERS FALLS CO.**
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

CHALMERS
Porosknit

LETS THE
BODY BREATHE

# Now for Cool summer months!

CHALMERS
Inrox

MADE IN SHEER
SUMMER WEIGHT

"Good-by June, hottest month of the summer! I've changed to Chalmers air-cooled fabric underwear! I confess you made it *hot for me* as long as I stuck to my old idea of summer underwear.

"Just one hour's trial proved to me that underwear must absorb perspiration to be cool, and then it must let the air flow *freely* through the fabric. That's what evaporates the moisture and keeps the body cool. Wear Chalmers and you'll understand."

# CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

*Made of Air-Cooled Fabrics*

MILLS AT
AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 66)

"Won't you repay the kindness by explaining why you wished to know?"

This Miss Eldon very readily did.

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Levis. "And any other husband would love her for it, but not her own. You understand that?"

"Yes; I have all along, but I wanted to be quite sure."

"It will be difficult to stop her now—after all the pains she has taken."

"I shan't try; but I'll manage somehow." She rose and began to fumble in her bag. "Thank you so very much. And are you quite sure that six and eightpence is your fee?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Levis very seriously. "That will be one shilling."

"Oh—surely?"

"Believe me, I have never charged more for an interview of this kind."

"Well, if you say so." She took out some coins. "There! I have nothing but a shilling with a hole in it."

"It is the only kind I ever accept."

"I believe you are laughing at me."

"Not at all; for the shilling with a hole in it is the real currency of friendship. Good-by!"

Miss Eldon returned to Mary with a great resolve. Very deliberately she fostered the clever movement; and, just as she had taught Mary the simple little waltzes, she put her through the paces of her new moods. And poor Mary would perform the silly travesty with improving artistry, but increasing discontent.

Then one day Miss Eldon noticed a light in her eyes that comes to a woman at only certain wonderful times. It was a light no real woman can misread.

"You never told me!" she said.

"No; but it's why I can't—can't—can't let him be tired of me."

Miss Eldon took Mary by both hands and drew her to the rug beside her chair.

"Listen!" she said. "If by any tiny means you can see that Frank would love you better just as you were, then forget—forget in an instant all this silliness. What's going to happen is a real cord that binds together two people's happiness for all time. Don't take any risks, dear. Throw all the rest away—this is what matters. Promise!"

"I promise; but first I must let him see I'm not really silly."

Two days later Mary had a wireless.

"He'll be at Southampton to-morrow night, auntie," she gasped. "I've a lovely new frock, and we'll go down and stand on the end of the pier and wave our hankies and shout 'Hurray!'"

"Nothing of the kind!" replied the little old lady. "That would spoil everything. You mustn't meet the ship; you mustn't think of such a thing. You will stop quietly at home until he arrives."

"Oh, but, auntie ——"

"What would be the use of all these preparations if you show him you are really pleased that he has returned?"

"Mayn't I even go to the station?"

"Perhaps you might go to the station if you say you happened to be in the neighborhood."

"You'll come, too, then—just in case he's cross?"

"Certainly not; I'm going back to the country to-morrow morning."

"But suppose I can't do it properly ——"

"You have got to do it properly. Everything depends on doing it properly. Everything depends on the first impression."

Mary's face screwed itself up into a very small shape.

"I wish—I wish I didn't have to do it," she said.

"There! Don't worry, dear. Perhaps you won't have to do it for long, after all."

"But won't you stop and help me just a little while?"

"No. It would spoil it all if I didn't go away. Now off to bed with you! You won't look the part if you have dark rings round your eyes."

"You're coming too?"

"Soon," said little Miss Eldon.

But it was a long time before she climbed the stairs.

She spread a newspaper on the dining-room table and, collecting all the silver from different parts of the house, gave it a thorough cleaning.

"That's more like!" she said. She rubbed her small nose reflectively. "Now I'll just do the stair treads and—oh, of course!" "Oh, of course!" was the death knell of Mary's smart papers. Several expensive periodicals went up the chimney in flames. The air seemed clearer after they had been consumed. "Now it won't do any harm to have clean curtains all over the house."

This was something of an undertaking, but the results justified the labor; and when, at last, the little old lady retired she was feeling happier than she had felt for a long while.

"At any rate, he will see that the change is only a superficial one," she thought.

At breakfast next morning she forbade Mary to come and see her off.

"It will be good practice for you," she said. "So, when I've finished my cup of coffee, I shall slip quietly away. Don't forget all you've learned, dear; and don't forget your promise!"

Without waiting long enough for a scene to develop, Miss Eldon lowered her veil and, gripping the pilgrim basket, passed hastily from the house. She did not alight at the small country station in Hampshire, however, but remained in the train until it reached Southampton.

At Southampton she purchased a spray of pink roses and tucked them in the belt of her dress.

"If he saw me all alone on the quay, and in black, the poor boy might think things!" she reflected.

She picketed the extreme point of the jetty, and her kerchief was the liveliest of all when the big liner drew alongside.

Frank was one of the first passengers to come ashore; and, though he smiled, there was a note of anxiety in his expression.

"Where's little Thingummy?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't let her come."

"Is she ill?"

"Of course not! But she is building her nest, and people mustn't travel when they are building nests."

"You old glory!" exclaimed Frank. "Is it true?"

"Of course! Now there's three-quarters of an hour before the train starts. Will you take me to lunch, please? For I have lots and lots to say."

"Is she very happy?"

"I'll tell you everything at lunch."

They found a quiet corner in an old hotel and little Miss Eldon spoke the story in gentle, even tones.

"Bless her heart!" said Frank.

"But you mustn't," came the warning; "for that is what you would say to a child."

"And isn't it just a child she is?"

"No; for a child tries to be clever to show off. She is trying for a grander motive, and that's what makes the little effort so pathetic. Frank, have you ever told her she is clever?"

"Why, no."

"Then do—do! For isn't hers the sweetest cleverness of all—that knows how to make others happy? If you had married the girl who wrote the book, wouldn't you have done your best to find the way to her inner thoughts for the sake of making life sweeter?"

"I suppose I should; but life is so sweet as it is."

"Then—then, for God's sake, don't take it for granted. There! I have never used language like that before; but it is so frightfully important; so much better to know the hearts of simple things than of difficult. Don't be lazy because happiness has come easily. And remember what she is doing now as an effort—an unreal effort—might happen again as a reality."

"I shan't forget," said Frank. "You're rather a wonder—aren't you?"

"I've just taken care of the things I know—that's all. Once, years ago, I smashed a beautiful little piece of china because I didn't hold it tight enough. I shall never break another for the same reason. Now you must hurry or you'll miss the train."

"You're not coming?"

"Of course not! Why, I didn't even come to meet you."

"I see," he said. "Of course you didn't! But how am I to act?"

"You must decide that," she said. "All I know is that you must let her see you are grateful for what she is doing."

"I'll manage," he said. "God bless you!"

Just as the train moved from the station he said:

"If I break my beautiful piece of china it will be because I held it too tight. Good-by!"

She stood long after the last carriage had vanished to a pin point of dust—a quaint little figure, with a pilgrim basket and a very glorious understanding.

"I think it will be all right," she murmured, to the great surprise of a porter.

# FLavo
## America's Community
# FLour

## Serving the Nation

FLavo FLour mills (more than 1300 in number), throughout this country, are relieving the railroads of an unnecessary burden of no less than twenty-four trains of thirty-one cars each, daily, by the community milling of home-grown wheat. These mills eliminate needless shipping of wheat to far away mills and the return haulage of flour to the people who grew the grain.

Hundreds of other small local mills, where FLavo FLour is not yet made, are performing a similar national service.

## Serving the Community

You, too, can contribute to the war on waste and, at the same time, serve your local community. When you *do* use wheat products, use flour and feed made from wheat grown at home, milled at home and sold at home to home people.

Thus you will help reduce a traffic congestion that hinders the winning of the war. You will comply with the Food Administration's request that you buy home produced goods.

## Serving Yourself

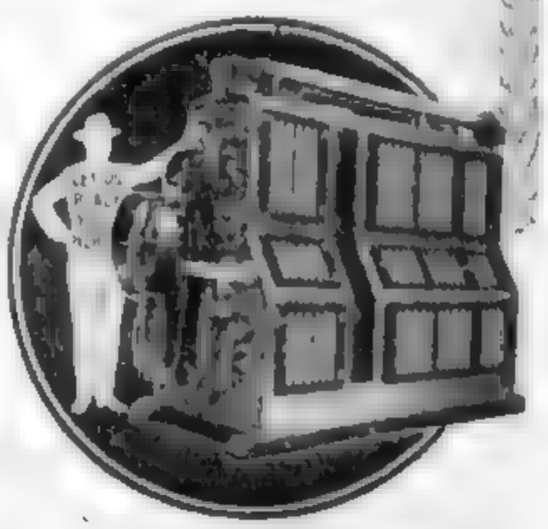
The needs of the war require that you use wheat substitutes wherever possible. But in using the necessary wheat flour, be sure you use "FLavo FLour."

Made by a new process of milling, it retains the essential oils containing the rich, nut-like flavor of the wheat berry. "FLavo" is more nutritious than other flours. Used with substitutes, its flavor predominates and will please you.

If FLavo FLour cannot be obtained in your community, then ask for the *best* local brand—

*"Help Win the War"*

*During the period of the War, we will not sell an American (Midget) Marvel Mill unless its purpose is to supply the local needs of a community, as our Government, with flour and feed.*



## The New Milling Process

It is the wonderful American (Midget) Marvel, the self-contained single unit, roller flour mill that is bringing the milling industry back to the communities in which the wheat is grown. It requires no previous milling experience to successfully operate. It will produce more pure white, nutritious flour per bushel of clean wheat than any other process of milling. Guaranteed yield better than the Government's requirements, and sold on 30 days' free trial.

The American (Midget) Marvel Mill requires one-half less power and labor than any other process producing its equivalent in flour and yield.

If "FLavo" FLour is not yet made in your community, it would be both patriotic and profitable for you to look into this opportunity. This splendid and dignified business, in many communities, awaits the right man. Write for full information.

**The Anglo-American Mill Company**

**150 Central Trust Building** **Owensboro, Kentucky**

(288)

Raymond Starr
$100 a week

# What Is Your Age?

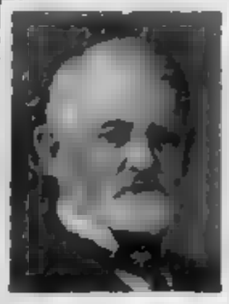
W. H. Guscott
$90 extra a month

It doesn't matter whether you are this side of twenty or beyond fifty, you can make money as a representative of this Company. If you want a spare-time opportunity, our proposition offers you a chance to make *a dollar an hour.* If you want a regular salaried job, we have one waiting with fifty or sixty dollars a week, *besides commission,* as the reward.

*The men you see here, and hundreds like them, have made good with us. Why not you too?*

This Summer and Fall about three-quarters of a million orders for our three publications will be placed. You can share in this business—and in the profits! Whatever your age or position, if you want more money let us tell you how to make it.

*Clip off the Coupon and mail it now*



A. B. Arment
$125 a month

The Curtis Publishing Company
396 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:
Please tell me how I can make money by your plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Edwin Kohl
$500 a month

INSURE BY MAIL; SAVE 9½%
Protect yourself and family by taking out a policy in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. You can do it by corresponding directly with the Company which many find more satisfactory than dealing through an agent.
You save money too, and get advantages and benefits that other companies do not or can not give.
In the past twelve years 15 000 people have taken insurance by the Postal's direct method (without agents) and the Company has distributed over $10 000,000—all by mail—and has received many more millions in premiums through the mail.
The Postal way is the best way. Write today, mentioning SAT. EVE. POST for June 29th, with date of birth and occupation.
POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. B. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue, New York
Resources, $9,500 000
Insurance in force, $40,000,000
Our Health Bureau Safeguards the Health of Policyholders


Mary was waiting on the platform at Waterloo. She held a Pekingese in the crook of her arm and a copy of Stones of Venice.

As Frank jumped from the train she moved impulsively toward him; then checked herself and extended a limp gloved hand.

"How late you are, Frank! It was such a bore waiting."

And then a most amazing thing happened. Frank just nodded and smiled over her shoulder to a liner acquaintance who was lifting his hand luggage from the train.

"Ah—Mary!" he said. "Excuse me a minute. There's a man over there ——"

And, without waiting for her reply, he passed on and began speaking to his friend. The shock of his indifference was so tremendous that Mary stood where she was, her hand still outstretched. Presently Frank returned.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said; "but, really, you shouldn't have bothered to come. I shall have to see to my kit, and I ought really to go round by the city before coming home."

The cold douche of his words in some measure revived her activities. She floundered for an answer and produced:

"I shall have tea at my bridge club, then."

"Good idea!" he answered. "I'm pretty sure to be in for dinner. This your taxi? Right! Good-by for the present. Where shall I tell him to drive?"

"My bridge club," faltered Mary.

"The Ladies' Bridge Club," said Frank.

"I don't know where that is, no more'n death," observed the driver.

"Nor do I," replied Frank; "but drive on all the same. It doesn't matter."

Outside the station yard, and speaking with prodigious self-control, Mary gave the driver an address. As a man of experience he considered the district named a trifle residential for a club.

Five minutes later, with his luggage beside him, Frank was driving homeward. He deposited the bags in the hall and marched upstairs to the drawing-room. As he approached the door he heard the unmistakable sound of a sob. He cleared his throat noisily and delayed entering the room to give her leisure to compose herself. Mary was standing with her back toward him when he came in.

"Had a good game?" he cheerfully inquired.

"Yes, very; no—that is, how did you like the city?"

"Oh, very much!" he gravely replied. "I felt the freedom of it—a sense of welcome. Well, here I am back to the old gray life again!"

Mary picked up his words.

"Gray life?" she said.

Frank nodded.

"Yes; for, after all, there was the sunshine out there and the broad expanses of Nature. For companionship one had a horse to ride—and not a bad companion, either. After all, a horse gives a whinny of welcome when you visit his stall in the morning. There's comfort in that, you know.

"Sometimes I'm disposed to agree with men who hold that a dumb animal is more constant in his affections than a human being. Generally speaking, what does the life of two married people consist of? Merely existence under a single roof. If they seek entertainment, usually they seek it elsewhere and apart. The return of a husband who has been away for weeks is not of sufficient importance to postpone a game of bridge to celebrate. Rather sad and rather futile in its way!"

"I—I didn't go and play bridge," faltered Mary; then, suddenly realizing that she had given ground, she turned about and raised the lid of the piano, and said "I couldn't be bothered."

"I make no accusations. After all, you and I are sufficiently married to have no illusions about these matters—are we not?"

"Y-yes. How tedious you are!"

"So glad you agree! We are in the enchanting position of being able to do as we like with each other, and say what we like. Isn't that so?"

"Y-yes."

"Don't say so if you don't agree."

"I d-do agree."

"Capital! Can't I persuade you to contribute a few sentiments toward the discussion?"

"T-too much of a bore!"

"Well—er—won't you play a little something?"

"No; thank you."

"Just as you like. Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Do, by all means."

Her back was still toward him. Frank never took his eyes from her as he produced a cigarette and lit it.

"Do you mind if I sit down?"

She gave a slight movement of assent. He took a chair, his eyes still resting upon her. Presently he said:

"Do you mind if I yawn?"

"No; you may yawn!" said Mary fiercely. "You may yawn as much as you like."

She struck a mad chord of music, slammed down the piano cover, and threw up her head. There was solid reality in her actions. Then she swung round and made for the door. But as she moved her toe caught in a rug and she pitched forward, and Frank caught her in his arms.

"Oh, marvelous being!" he exclaimed. "How wonderful of you to show me how dreadful life might be!"

She flashed a look at him and the newborn resentment in her heart died in an instant.

"D'you know that I never realized before how gloriously lucky I was until you met me as some wives might meet their husbands? For that's what you were doing, wasn't it?" He assumed an expression of huge anxiety. "You were just playing a part, weren't you?"

"Yes," she nodded. "But you?"

"I was playing a part too."

"Oh, Frank, I am glad! But I couldn't have played my part very well if you guessed so soon."

"You played it wonderfully; but I just know you are too beautiful all through to be really like that. Oh, little Thingummy, you don't know how I've longed for the same old you."

"Have you?" She snuggled against him, her head all tucked in his shoulder. "And you wouldn't love me better if I were clever?"

"You are clever!"

"I mean clever enough to write a book."

"I should hate it. It is much cleverer to fill the hours with yourself than put a lot of old words upon a page."

"Then I must always be as I am?"

"Forever and ever. Amen!"

"And I mustn't change at all?"

"Never the smallest scrap."

"S'pose I can't help changing—just a tiddy wee bit?"

"Be kind, then, and change gradually; for I am only a silly person and I might not understand."

"I think you would—at least you ought to." And she whispered a secret in her tiniest voice.

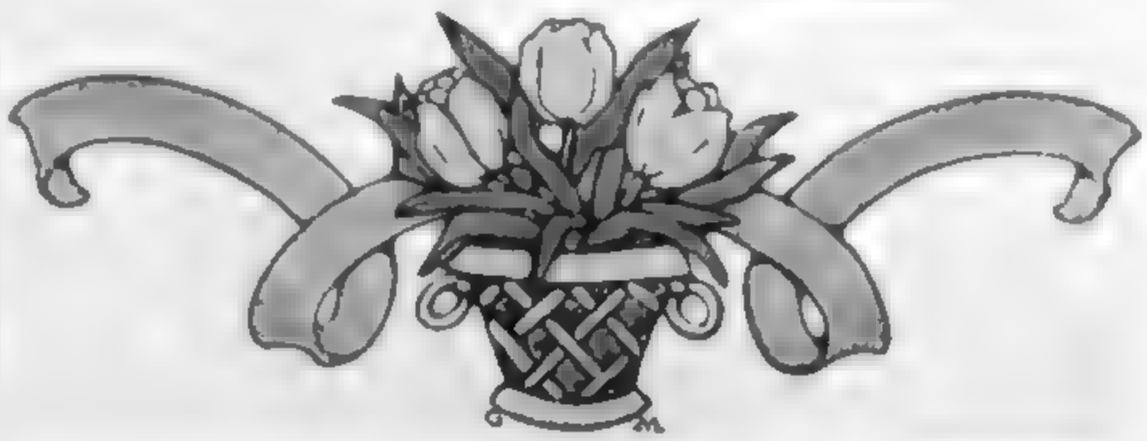
"Oh, you clever, clever darling!" he whispered back, just as surprised as if he hadn't known.

"Is that being clever?"

"The cleverest thing in the world!"

"Then," said Mary, "it's a lovely easy way; and I don't see why, in time, I couldn't become very, very clever indeed."

And a very nice little sentiment, too, when you come to consider it.



WHEN IT'S SWELTERING HOT! When there isn't a breath of air stirring. When the perspiration is oozing from every pore and you're nearly dead with the heat—then Polar Cub comes to your rescue. You turn on the breeze and—*Oh Joy!*

Polar Cub has made an Electric Fan an every-day convenience for anybody, anywhere. He costs but $5.85. Think of it—$5.85 for as busy a little, sturdy a little Electric Fan as ever stirred up a breeze. Why, anybody can afford Polar Cub.

But more than that, Polar Cub leaves hardly a footprint on your electric meter. His wonderful little motor spins along at an average cost for current, taking the country over, of a penny—one cent—the hundredth part of a dollar—for six long hours.

Why spend a sleepless night from heat? Why eat in a hot dining room? Why work in a stuffy office? Why pass an uncomfortable, sticky day or night anywhere when Polar Cub will give you six nice cool hours of Paradise for a penny?

Polar Cub is *the* individual fan. He has two speeds and stop. At high speed his 6-inch blades spin around at 3400 revolutions per minute. When you wish a milder breeze, you can moderate it by moving the control lever to second speed.

And he'll give you a breeze in any direction you wish—motor can be adjusted to any angle. He stands just 8 inches high with 6 inch blades; weighs only 3 pounds 8 ounces; and comes fully equipped with cord and plug ready for instant use.

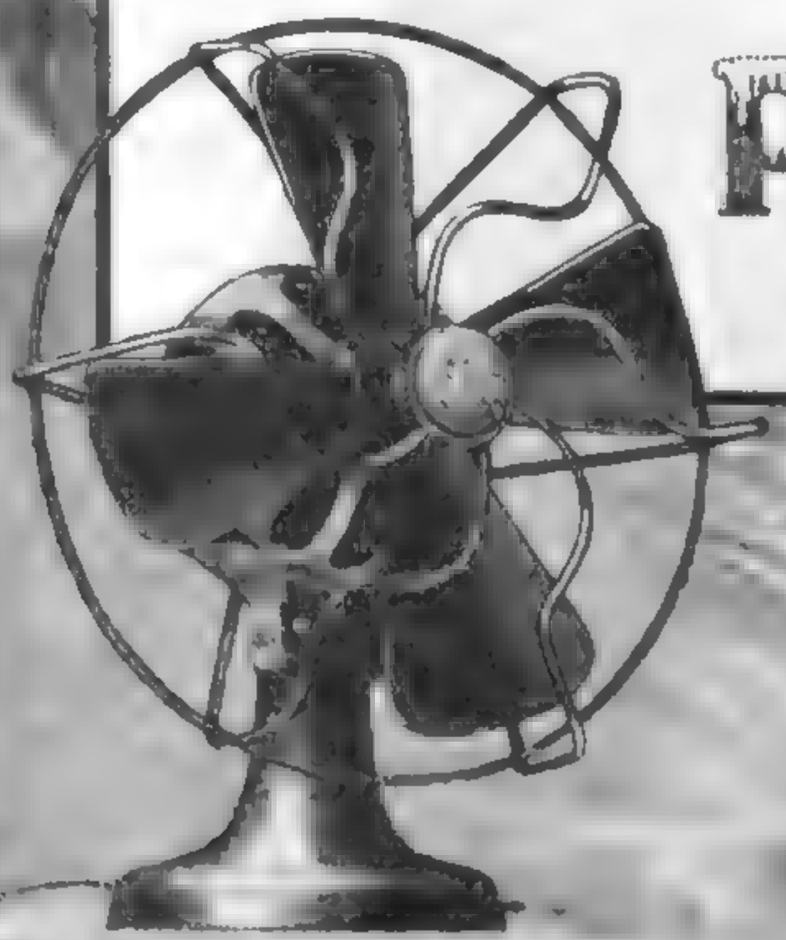
He is so distinctive looking too! His motor is beautifully nickel plated—blades, guard and base finished in rich velvet black enamel. A delightful combination suitable for the most exclusive surroundings.

Guaranteed for a cool, refreshing summer.

Banish hot weather discomforts. Stop in at your dealer's today and exchange $5.85 (Canada $8.50) for Polar Cub—the biggest of all fan values. If your electrical or hardware dealer hasn't it, write us; we will refer you to a dealer who has.

**The A. C. Gilbert Company,** 320 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada—The A. C. Gilbert-Menzies Co., Limited, 439 W. King St., Toronto

# Polar Cub $5.85
## Electric Fan



**FEDERAL CORD TIRES**
**DOUBLE CABLE BASE**

# Why Federal Cords?

BECAUSE they mean highest tire efficiency. And highest tire efficiency means real motoring comfort. The *double layers* of loose cords insure exceptional flexibility. They make easy riding and save wear and tear. Impregnation of these double layers of loose cords with live rubber gives greatest resiliency and protects the tire carcass from the frictional heat of heavy service. This exceptional construction, with our exclusive double cable base features, makes Federal Cord non-skid tires an attractive proposition for any motorist.

In addition to our black tread Cord tire, we are manufacturers of the well-known "Rugged" white tread and "Traffik" black tread non-skid tires with Double Cable Base construction.

Ask your dealer.

**THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY OF ILLINOIS**

**Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin**

**Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods**

# FATHERLAND ABOVE PARTY

(Continued from Page 12)

for the advancement of policies more European than American.

Not until the sinking of the Lusitania, in 1915, did the Americans of German descent at the head of the National German-American Alliance show their hand. They had been delving in state and city elections through the local societies for the perpetuation of things German, but they never took serious issue with the Government of the United States. Yet the record shows that immediately after the news of the destruction of the Lusitania and the loss of more than a thousand men, women and children without warning and without a chance, President Charles J. Hexamer, of the National German-American Alliance, telegraphed to the presidents of the forty-eight state alliances as follows:

"Telegraph to President Wilson that your members and an overwhelming majority of the citizens of your state do not approve of any drastic measures against Germany, since they are unjustified, and cause all your branch societies likewise to send in telegraphic protests."

Not a word of denunciation of the German Government, that had ordered the crime, not a plea for the preservation of friendly relations for sentimental reasons, not a word of sorrow or regret that American lives had been lost, but promptly a protest against "drastic measures against Germany, since they are unjustified."

The telegrams came—and in that form—by the thousands; not merely, however, to the White House but to members of the Senate and House of Representatives in Washington. It was the beginning of a contest that was to trouble the consciences of those legislators who worried more about their political future and what the German voter would do to them in the next election than about the policy their Government should pursue.

### Mr. Wilson Attacked

All over the country about the same time protest meetings were held against the exportation of arms and ammunition to Great Britain; these gatherings took place in Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Wilmington, Portland, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Indianapolis. On almost every occasion resolutions were adopted and telegrams sent to members of Congress. Usually influential citizens, in the states and districts of senators and representatives respectively, were sought and especial efforts made to get signatures that did not immediately betray the German sympathizer. Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, who knew, as did the German Government, that the export of munitions was legal, wrote a protest to our Government just about the same time, and the Department of State returned a firm and comprehensive answer.

Then the official organ of the National German-American Alliance, speaking of America's reply, said:

"The answer is framed in disgustingly bombastic style and does not present a single sentence which is logical or worthy of consideration as proof. . . .

"Professor Wilson will again be a candidate for the Presidency. All friends of true neutrality would be guilty of a capital folly if they again intrusted the fate of the States to him. The only answer which they can give to the weapon-peddling firm of Wilson & Bryan will be given at the ballot box. The writing on the wall should be apparent to President Wilson himself."

Germany fully expected her offspring in America to use political coercion to help offset England's advantages. For in a book entitled The Greater Germany, published in 1915, for example, we find this confident assumption, typical of many others of similar purport:

"The reproach often brought against the German-American that as soon as he goes to America he becomes a citizen is unjustified. For if the German who intends to remain there does not become a citizen he has no vote at the elections, no influence of any kind on the conduct of the nation's political affairs. He must become an American; he is permitted, however, and can and ought in heart, thought, nature and act, to remain a German."

How true those words were one can judge by examining the appeal and invitation sent out in May, 1916, to all German societies for the formation of a National German-American Conference Committee. It was issued and signed by John B. Mayer and Adolph Timm, president and secretary respectively of the executive committee of the German-American Central Bund of Pennsylvania, and is amazing in its boldness. As printed in the official bulletin of the organization it reads:

"To the executive committee of the State Alliances of the National German-American Alliance; to the societies of Germans from similar districts in Germany; to German orders; to veterans and soldiers; to alliances of singers, of turners, of gun societies; to societies of men of all confessions, and to the representatives of the German-American press:

"German-Americans: In the firm conviction that a united and common forward march is necessary in order to give expression to the united opinion of the American citizens of German descent and birth with reference to certain presidential candidates, and in order to give that opinion expression and weight, the executive committee of the German-American Central Bund of Pennsylvania herewith issues an appeal and an invitation to the formation of a national German-American Conference Committee in order that through representatives chosen by this committee the wishes of German-Americanism can be expressed clearly and unmistakably to the powers that be, either before or on the day of meetings of the conventions of both political parties, so that they may understand that they have to deal with a united German-American vote which will not permit itself in the various states to be disintegrated by political tricks and schemes.

"For the purpose of organizing a conference meeting there will be held on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of May, and on Monday, the twenty-ninth of May, 1916, in the Kaiserhof Hotel, near Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, a meeting. . . . The above-named committees of the above-named societies are heartily invited to send representatives to this meeting. Alliances which do not find it possible to be represented are requested to give their concurrence in writing. . . .

"The idea of the formation of a conference committee of all German-American alliances is not new. For years prominent German-Americans have regarded the creation of such a neutral ground as the only possibility. Never was this working together so necessary as in this very serious time. These men who have for a long time had the idea of a conference committee are requested to give their coöperation and their presence."

### Germanism Through Politics

"Come, all of you, you presidents of the many great alliances, you mighty warriors of the pulpit and the pen, in order that that thing which glows in the heart of every German-American can finally be brought to expression in united action and in a manner which will impress the political powers that be, who have respect only for a firm, closely locked organization. Let us take an example from the German people. Let the barriers fall, and come. If we are united, victory is ours."

True enough the idea of political unity of Germans irrespective of American political party principles was not new. Indeed, the Chicago City Alliance in March of the same year had already organized politically and recorded its act in the official bulletin of the national body with this comment:

"German ideals can be realized only when we have become a political power; and has there ever been a time when there has been more need for us to be united politically than at the present time? Are we not surrounded everywhere by enemies? . . .

"We must above all things tear ourselves away from every party yoke so that we may be in a position to give our votes in the next election without reference to the past."

In other words, never mind whether you were a Republican or a Democrat before, but put the Fatherland above party. These words were used as the appeal sent out by the State Alliance of Germans in Illinois and published in the official record in May, 1916:

"To the branch alliances and vereins: The State Alliance of Illinois in the National German-American Alliance resolved at its annual convention in Peru, Illinois, to take part in the future in national politics also. But the chief and most important part of this political activity consists above all else in this: That under all circumstances with the exertion of all our strength we shall aim to prevent the nomination at the national conventions in June of the candidates mentioned.

"Our slogan must be: 'Against Wilson and Roosevelt.'

"To enumerate all the reasons why we German-Americans must take our stand against Wilson and Roosevelt is unnecessary. Only the chief reason shall be expressly stated here: We are against Wilson and Roosevelt because in their whole conduct they have proved themselves to be so un-American. We wish an American President, no tool of perfidious English politics. . . .

"The task to-day as in the past is to free America from the English yoke! And so the cry resounds again: 'Germans to the front.'

"We must act. . . . As is well known the German vote is divided almost equally between the two great parties. It forms in a sense the tongue of the wagon. If the German vote swings to one side the other is lost beyond hope, as has been proved in earlier elections."

### Teutonic Congratulations

"Now is the time. The parties will nominate their candidates in June. If the German-Americans now begin a powerful agitation it may be expected that at least one of the parties will see the handwriting on the wall and nominate a truly American candidate. The other party would have to take the consequences. Therefore you German-Americans: Away with all party wrangling at this grave hour. *The Fatherland above party.*"

In such an atmosphere did the self-styled leaders of the German element in this country forgather to "punish" Colonel Roosevelt at the Republican National Convention and President Wilson at the Democratic National Convention. Not only were repeated efforts made to stir up trouble in both parties, but the following letter was sent to all the Republican delegates at the Chicago convention in June, 1916:

"In accordance with the resolution adopted by the German-American Alliance of Chicago and of the state of Illinois, we protest against the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt or Elihu Root for President of the United States and take the liberty of bringing this to your attention."

As for the Democratic convention, the tactics were equally futile, but it is interesting to observe that this foreign group carried them on nevertheless; and when Robert Emmet Burke stood out alone and prevented the renomination of President Wilson from being unanimous he received the following telegram from a Chicago branch of the German-American Alliance:

"We congratulate you on the stand you have taken in opposing the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. You have proved true to the people who elected you as a delegate to the Democratic convention. Assuring you of a continuation of our support,

"G. F. HUMMEL, *President*,

"THOMAS P. BONFIELD, *Secretary*."

Just what took place at the Chicago conference, where it was determined to use the German vote to punish those who had stood for a neutrality that was not sufficiently biased in favor of Germany to suit the German sympathizers in this country, is indicated by an official report made by John B. Mayer, president of the Pennsylvania Alliance, who issued the call for the conference. Said Mr. Mayer at the state convention at Erie, Pennsylvania, on August 5, 1916:

"When at the proposal of our legislative committee your president called a meeting of the country's German-Americans in Chicago on May twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of this year, it was scarcely to be wondered at that representatives of forty-two states attended, men who represented religious corporations, singing societies, turn societies, military societies, state branches of the national alliance, et cetera, and who there unanimously resolved to oppose unjust attacks and defeat them. It was one of the most memorable meetings ever held by German-Americans."

Publicity committees were appointed and the state alliances took the initiative. That was because the National German-American Alliance had a Federal charter and had promised not to participate in politics. In fact when the request for a charter was pending in Congress, in 1903, the secretary of the organization wrote Representative H. W. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, stating the aims of the national alliance in part as follows:

"It is a purely patriotic organization. Party politics and religion are strictly excluded."

So the national organization got round this barrier by having the state alliances do all the work—or, more naively, by making the subject a "personal" and not an "official" question, as witness the following letter written on October 12, 1916, and sent out broadcast to American voters of German descent by Charles J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance—the man who was decorated by the Kaiser:

"*Dear Sir:* Since our National Alliance is not permitted to spend a cent for the election of a Federal official, without its president and its board of directors being liable, according to Paragraphs 88 and 37 of the United States Penal Code, to imprisonment and fine, I am using for this letter my private business paper. The contents of the inclosed letter explains itself. The time has come now when German-Americans must come out openly and fearlessly for Hughes and Fairbanks. If Wilson is elected our political impotence will be accomplished and we shall be made powerless for a long time."

As stated at the outset, nobody for a moment believes that Mr. Hughes would have been any more pleasant for the Germans than Mr. Wilson; but Mr. Hexamer and his following wanted to demonstrate their punitive power and particularly use it as a club in Congress, where legislation important to the aid or detriment of Germany was sure to come up in the future.

Alliances in all parts of the country appealed to the national heads for advice, and by examining the official bulletin of the National German-American Alliance for 1916 one can pick out almost at random the various states in which the German voter was being canvassed to help punish the Administration. Here is the official report of the annual meeting of the German-American State Alliance of New Jersey:

"Certainly the most important convention which the New Jersey State Alliance has held since it existed was the one which took place in the Turn Halle of the Vorwaerts Club, Elizabeth, N. J., on April 2nd. The climax was reached through the adoption by an overwhelming majority of the resolution of the Central Alliance of Essex County: 'Against Wilson, Roosevelt and Root.'"

### A Request for Orders

The Sacramento, California, organization among others addressed itself to the National German-American Alliance headquarters in Philadelphia to know what presidential candidate it should support. That appeared in the official bulletin, and in the same issue the purpose of the nation-wide political agitation was thus expressed:

"In these hours that are so dark for Germanism, we must use our votes to the best of our ability. We must, without regard to previous intimations and desires, vote only for those who are the friends of Germanism."

These very same phrases appear time and again in resolutions adopted throughout the country by local societies; and it is interesting to observe that ex-Congressman Richard Bartholdt, addressing the German societies of St. Louis, said early in 1916:

"We must now forget our party and without consideration for our previous inclinations and wishes vote only for those who are the friends of Germanism. We must remind ourselves of our political rights, and exercise them. I give this warning to all who are assembled here to-day, with the hope that they will take this warning to heart."

Other typical extracts from official proceedings show how well the political leaven worked:

"The president of the Indiana Alliance, Joseph Keller, urged the members of the

Alliance to united procedure politically on questions affecting the welfare of the land, or Germanism. . . . "

"The Michigan State Alliance sent word to all German-American voters and urgently requested them at the coming election to lay more importance than ever before that absolutely liberal men for Congress, legislature and administrative offices, and if possible only Germans, be elected. . . ."

"A brilliant victory is won by the National German-American Alliance of Pennsylvania. The Alliance's secretary, Adolph Timm, acted as campaign manager. . . . Two hundred and seven representatives were up for election to the State legislature. Only 39 who had received the indorsement of the legislative committee failed of election."

On every side there was indeed political activity, but not with uniform success. Confused counsels, however, inside the German group, and not any substantial resistance by native Americans against Teutonic intrigue, can be held responsible for the erratic impulses and judgments that so often governed these conferences. Take for instance the original plan, known as the "Wisconsin Idea," by which it was thought control of both Republican and Democratic national conventions in 1916 could be easily obtained through the simple process of having German-Americans elected as a majority of the delegations of pivotal states. Leo Stern, president of the German-American Alliance of Wisconsin, was the author of it, and he tried to secure its adoption by other state alliances. He wrote a confidential letter in the early part of 1916 to other state executives, which is in part as follows:

"In conjunction with the presence in Milwaukee of Dr. Hexamer, president of the German-American National Alliance, the question was brought up of the position of German-Americans in the coming presidential election and of those persons favorable to our cause. After considerable discussion we have decided to act in the following manner, and believe the interests of the German-Americans generally will be served in that manner. In giving you the plan, I am doing so with the request to keep this matter strictly confidential, and with the hope that the Wisconsin Idea will meet with your approval and also be put to work.

"The Wisconsin Idea is as follows: It is known to us that the present President of the United States will be nominated by acclamation; that all opposition candidates have withdrawn from the nominations and that even those Republicans who are of an anti-German frame of mind will be appealed to to vote for the Democratic candidate so that the past policy of the Administration, and particularly its attitude to Germany and its allies, will be carried out."

### Ten Out of Twenty-Six

"A Republican victory under these conditions is only possible if a candidate is set up who is conservative in his principles, who shows and sanctions only real neutral views, and who shall express neither pro-British nor pro-German, but solely and only pro-American tendencies.

"To secure the nomination of such a Republican candidate, it is necessary that such delegates shall be sent out of each state to the Republican national convention who shall in their entirety guarantee that they will vote only for a candidate who represents such truly American ideas. To do this it is necessary that a portion of the delegates to the Republican national convention—a quarter to a third—shall consist of approved, distinguished German-Americans.

"With this end in view an interview with the chairman of the Republican state committee is necessary. I personally have done this here, and out of 26 delegates to the national convention we have been conceded 10. I believe that equal representations should be secured in every other State, and if in a majority of the States this number could be secured only such a candidate would be nominated as represents the neutral American situation desired by us.

"We here in Wisconsin have in view, after we have settled with the Republican state committee as to the number and names of delegates, to acquire the cooperation of the Associated Societies [the National Alliance] in order to deliver not only a practically unanimous vote [Republican] but also the Democratic vote of these organizations. Of course, it is necessary that the support of the German press be secured.

"I am turning this proposed plan of Dr. Hexamer over to you for consideration and approbation, and hope that it meets with your approval. Of course, conditions in various states are different, and it is left to you to use your judgment as to just how far you are to go.

"I will be pleased to receive an acknowledgment of this letter and your opinion of the same. "With friendly regards

"I am,

"LEO STERN."

Mr. Stern is assistant superintendent of German in the Milwaukee schools, and until recently was vice president of the National German-American Alliance. The plan was not carried out. Ex-Congressman Richard Bartholdt and others objected to it as impractical, and Mr. Stern himself later admitted that by the time delegates were about to be chosen conditions "had changed."

What probably happened was that the more cautious members of the National Alliance began to advise discretion and no definite commitment to either side so as to be better able to dangle before the eyes of both parties the prospect of the solid German vote. This appears to have been the idea of Henry Weismann, president of the New York State Alliance, who warned his compatriots against arraying themselves definitely against Wilson and Roosevelt because they "might get someone worse than either of those gentlemen."

### From the Official Record

Mr. Weismann frankly outlined the situation thus in the official record of the Alliance:

"It is plain that the newest change in the President's position, after it was assumed that the difference with Germany had been settled, was due to the extreme anti-German jingo talk on the part of the Republican leader, Senator Root, and the position of the English-language Republican party press which adopted the position of Senator Root. Although I am under normal political conditions a Republican, I must admit that the Republicans in and outside of Congress, especially those of the eastern states, have the appearance of being under an even greater servility to the munitions and finance kings, and that they have proved this in the past and also prove it at the present time that they take this extreme position even more than the Democrats, including the President.

"Upon this party, namely the Republican party, as it is constituted to-day, and its leaders there can be no reliance whatever for the cause of true American neutrality. For what concerns the threat to our peace and our national jingoism is more to be feared from the element that holds the whip hand in the Republican party than in the Democratic.

"The German-American element in its political activity, which, thank God, it has now entered upon, should not on account of this opposition to the unneutrality of President Wilson be misled and obtain for itself the impression that under all circumstances it is against Mr. Wilson as a presidential candidate. All the signs indicate that if there is no change we would come out of the rain into the shower by going into the Republican party. . . .

"This attitude of taking a definite position now injures not only the present situation of affairs in Washington, but on the contrary is injurious to a better control of political conditions for our Germanism in the future."

That was in April, 1916, and whatever idea the German sympathizers had of friendliness by President Wilson to them was promptly dispelled by that individual in a message to the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis in June, demanding a plank in the platform which should denounce in unmistakable terms the hyphen. Some of the politically minded Democrats who showed that they cared a little after all about the German vote begged for language much less severe, but the President himself in his speech of acceptance made it very clear that he did "not seek the favor or fear of wrath" of any alien element in the United States, and went to the country on that principle.

So it happened that from an inclination to support President Wilson the leaders of the German vote became angered, and though they had no reason to suppose Mr. Hughes would be sympathetic with them, nevertheless the desire to punish Mr. Wilson was strong and the movement to help elect the Republican candidate, especially in the so-called doubtful states, took on the aspect of an unsponsored but nevertheless widespread and well-organized campaign.

When the Rev. S. G. von Bosse, the last president of the National German-American Alliance, was testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee a few weeks ago, Senator Wolcott, of Delaware, asked this question:

"You were aware of a rather large movement, were you not, to get the German-American Alliance not only to vote against Mr. Wilson but to vote for Mr. Hughes?"

"There was a spontaneous movement that I was aware of," replied Mr. von Bosse, and then added after a pause: "I will correct myself; yes, there was a movement."

"In the German-American circles?"

"In favor of Mr. Hughes."

"Is it not true that the German-American Alliance officials, national and state, participated in that movement?"

"Partly; Doctor Hexamer sent out letters as an individual on his private stationery, announcing the fact that he was sending these letters out as an individual and paying for them out of his own pocket."

"Did not the official organ of the Alliance give publicity to what was going on in connection with the movement?"

### Testimony Galore

"I will not deny that the national officers countenanced the movement in that way; but I know that Doctor Hexamer always said that it would be a policy of hands off for the national body."

Here it was that Senator King, of Utah, interrupted to ask Mr. von Bosse if the state organizations took the matter up.

"Some of them did," was the reply.

"But most of the state organizations and most of the local organizations," persisted Senator King, "following up the instructions from the state organizations, took the matter up?"

"So far as I recollect, yes—a large part of them," Mr. von Bosse answered.

"And they have done that from time to time in political matters, such as school matters and prohibition?"

"Yes."

"And other matters arising within the states?"

"Yes."

There is testimony galore to prove that the National German-American Alliance engaged in politics and thus violated the purpose for which it was granted a charter by Congress. But more than that, it proves that hundreds of thousands of voters were under the domination of German societies.

Just what membership the Alliance controlled no one knows definitely, though it boasted 2,000,000. And it is only fair to say that the great majority of them had no intention of being un-American; indeed a large number refused to take orders. The propaganda in the German-language press, however, misled thousands.

All the witnesses who testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee in exposing the political intrigue of the National German-American Alliance unhesitatingly expressed their confidence in the loyalty of the majority of Americans of German descent. Since the United States entered the war the official publication of the Alliance has not been particularly vociferous in condemning Germany, but there came at last, in November, 1917, in the bulletin of the organization something that is unequivocal and clear:

"We are citizens of a republic, and know no other allegiance. America is our country, and any disaster to America would be our disaster. Whatever our language we have the same flag. Whatever blood runs in our veins there is but one loyalty in our hearts. The victory of American ideals in this war means for the German people the realization of the hopes and dreams of the Revolution of 1848. America, now and forever."

### Politicians to Blame

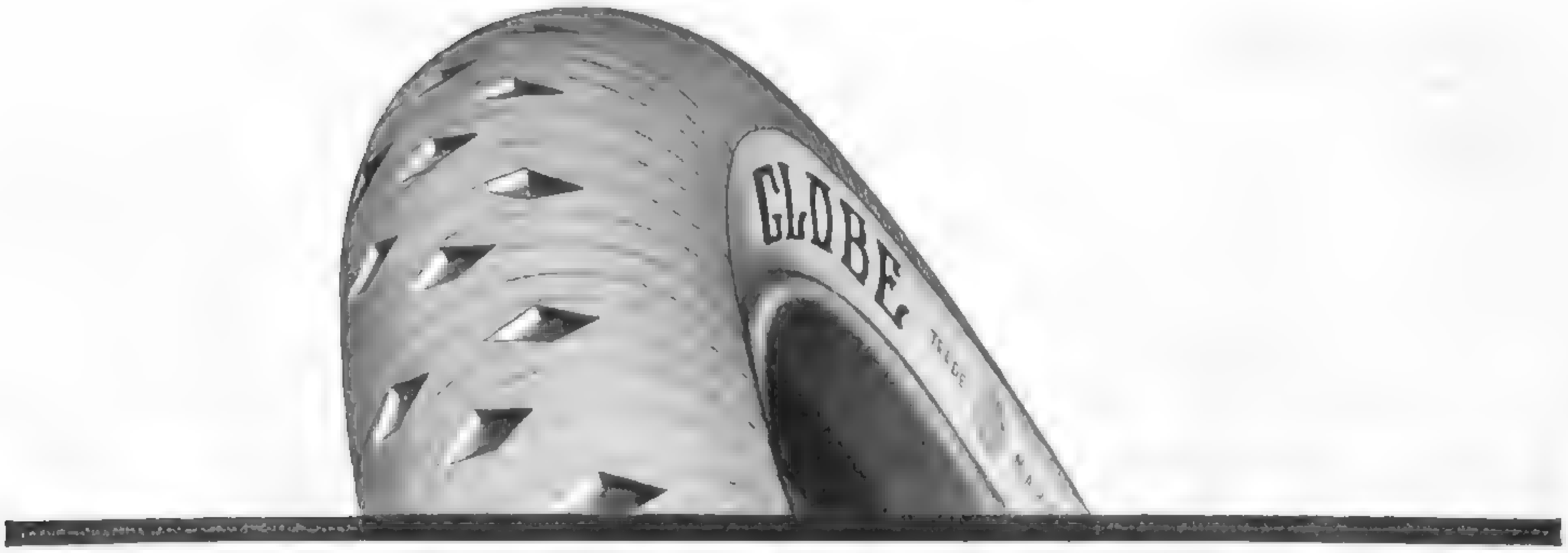
There is a lesson in that disillusionment. Not even the organized votes of those who sympathized with the European nation of their birth were sufficient to alter the policies of the United States Government in either the executive or legislative branches; and the majority of the Americans of German descent made at the crucial moment the choice they always claimed they would make—a choice in favor of their adopted country.

But if there are embarrasements and inconveniences and suspicion now it is, after all, the fault almost entirely of those Americans of German descent who pretended to speak for the rank and file of the German societies and local organizations.

There is a lesson in this also for the foreign-born who have come to America from countries other than Germany. The truth is we have been trying a great experiment in America, only we have not been conscious of it. Can we gather together people of different races, languages, creeds, conditions and aspirations and merge them into one? Can we produce out of the component parts of other nations a new nation, distinctive and cohesive?

We never had a real test until the European War came. With the exception of the episode with Spain, we have lived in peace with Europe for more than a hundred years and have received immigrants in unlimited numbers. We took only a perfunctory interest in the naturalization of foreigners. It made little difference to us for what purpose the organizations of the foreign-born were banded together—political ends or anything else. Our politicians insisted on writing into our party platforms planks pleasing to these alien groups. Had there been discrimination against the foreign-born it might have been comprehensible. Then it might have been truly American to denounce discrimination. But what the politicians have done is to create discrimination by paying particular attention in their campaigns to the organized bodies of foreign voters. This makes it easy for the foreign-language press to keep them united and easy for demagogues to continue their un-American hypocrisies.

We can make a homogeneous nation in these United States. The war has so proved. But the results will not be permanent unless we effectually squelch on every occasion, large or small, the sycophantic politician, and at the same time, through improved processes of education, teach the Americanism that embraces true liberty for the individual, and the meaning of the American state in terms of the average man—his opportunity in free America. Such an Americanism must grow out of this war as will make of us, indeed, a nation "one and indivisible," always ready where foreign policies are concerned to rise above political parties and the whole geographical roster of fatherlands.




# Globe Tire Sales jump 101.9 per cent in a year

The steady trend of motorists and dealers toward Globe Tires is so marked as to be actual news in accessory circles today.

It takes a good tire to hold its own under any conditions. It takes a better tire to score 10, 15, or 25 per cent increase in sales. But it took this hand-made wrapped tread sinew of mileage to roll up the amazing gain of 101.9 per cent in a war-time year.

Purchasers of this longest-mileage hand-made wrapped tread tire are repeaters. They don't flit from tire to tire. They are through gambling with the short-mileage, short-guaranteed tire.

One of the big packing companies ships Globe Tires to all branches by express. This is not as spectacular a tribute as some, but it is a dollars and cents, business-like endorsement of the prolonged mileage and tremendous worth of an automobile tire.

Motorists are yearly learning more about driving economy and are no longer deceived by vague promises in place of a definite long-mileage guarantee.

Globe Tire sales in New York City jumped more than 200 per cent in a year.

If you're a motorist, it will cost you less to run on this 6000-mile-guaranteed tire; and you will have the added satisfaction of confidence that tire troubles will be rare indeed.

Exclusive and adequate sales territories now available for properly qualified dealers. Apply now.

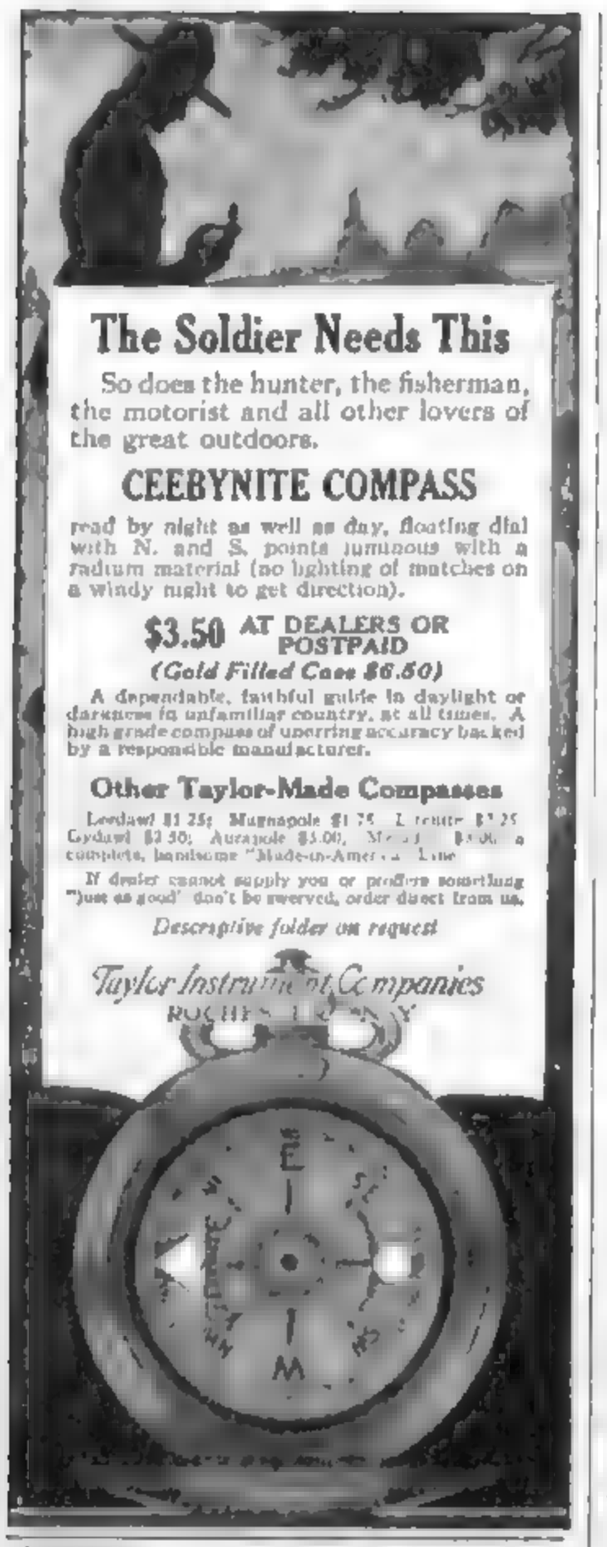
Globe Rubber Tire Manufacturing Company

Executive Offices: 1851 Broadway, New York  Factory: Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

*Branches in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia*

# GLOBE TIRES

**HAND MADE-**
**GUARANTEED**
**6000 MILES**


The Soldier Needs This
So does the hunter, the fisherman, the motorist and all other lovers of the great outdoors.
CEEBYNITE COMPASS
read by night as well as day, floating dial with N. and S. points luminous with a radium material (no lighting of matches on a windy night to get direction).
$3.50 AT DEALERS OR POSTPAID
(Gold Filled Case $6.50)
A dependable, faithful guide in daylight or darkness in unfamiliar country, at all times. A high grade compass of unerring accuracy backed by a responsible manufacturer.
Other Taylor-Made Compasses
If dealer cannot supply you or prefers something "just as good" don't be swerved, order direct from us.
Descriptive folder on request
Taylor Instrument Companies

Put Your Boy Right
$1.50 a year
The Sprague Pub. Co.
945 American Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.
THE AMERICAN BOY
"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"

ECONOMY
renewable FUSES
cut annual fuse maintenance costs 60% in many of our leading industries.
ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Kinzie and Orleans Sts. Chicago, U. S. A.

# THE FIRE FLINGERS

(Continued from Page 17)

But Richard hastily stopped him.

"I'll see you to-night," he said, and hung up the receiver.

For he did not wish to discuss matters so intimate as men's clothes over a public telephone wire.

XII

RICHARD HATTON was indeed a sentimentalist, he told himself—a quixotic sentimentalist. What was Mrs. Olwell to him? What did he care that she had been driven from her own house by a man who was now dead, and could not return because she did not know he was dead?

He did care, however.

"If I picked a splinter from a dog's paw he'd be grateful to me for the rest of his life. That beautiful woman lifted us up when we were down. Whatever happens, she must not be made to suffer."

It began to look as if she would be the first to suffer, whatever happened.

Several plans for making her position happier had suggested themselves. The more practicable of these involved his instant disappearance. As Olwell he would invite her to return to the house, and before she arrived he would have gone. The unwillingness of Chris to make his escape alone as they had planned rendered such a disappearance difficult if not flatly impossible.

Unless of course he should disappear into a cell in the jail.

"A sentimentalist ought to be proud to go to jail rather than cause a woman anguish. But if I were to go to jail wouldn't that cause her as much anguish as these few hours of deceit? It's six of one and twice three of the other. She loses, any direction I look."

Nevertheless, he could do something for her. Since he could not leave he would remain; but Mrs. Olwell must return to her home. He could remain in his rooms and not see her. She could know that such was his intention. The situation need not last long—possibly a day or two; not longer than three or four days at the outside.

"Under a gentleman's agreement with myself."

But he was not a gentleman; he was an ex-convict, formerly an actor, now only playing the part of a gentleman—a gentleman who had beaten his wife.

"Under an ex-convict's agreement with myself," he substituted.

Thoughts of Mrs. Olwell obtruded themselves thus upon his mind all the morning. After luncheon they became more insistent. At three o'clock he threw down his book and rang for Ellen.

"Has Mrs. Olwell returned?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Do you know why she is remaining away?"

"I think she is doing some work for her cousin."

"When are you expecting her back?"

"I think she isn't intending to return, sir."

"That doesn't seem reasonable, Ellen. Isn't this her home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it something I said last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't remember speaking to her harshly. If I did I am very sorry. I wonder if you could tell her so."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her that I did not mean to disturb her usual habits. Tell her that she is to use the house as before, of course. Tell her that I am remaining in my rooms upstairs, and not to mind me. Do you think you can find her and tell her all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Better do it at once."

A little later he saw Mrs. Olwell and Ellen enter the gate and pass up the front walk to the house. Mrs. Olwell carried her own rattan suitcase. Ellen was weighted down under two large, heavy parcels bound with rope. After that his mind did not wander so much and he was able to give more attention to his reading.

Richard Hatton, playing the part of a dead man, found himself unexpectedly face to face with the dead man's wife. The situation was unlike any he had ever known. His feelings were not in the least those he had imputed to Menæchmus Sosicles when confronted by the wife of Menæchmus of Epidamnus. Life is a stage—and also it is not a stage. In real life one's emotions are as new to oneself as they are to others. They are not foreordained. They spring from one knows not what and lead one knows not where. The actor has the outcome of the play at all times in his mind. The man from real life whom he imitates does not learn the outcome until the final curtain, and even then he cannot be sure he has learned it.

Winifred had called, she said, to inquire about his injury. Was there anything she could do for him? He fancied he could read a shrinking from her errand in the tones of her voice.

"No, thank you," he replied, embarrassed.

He had not realized how exquisitely small and young she was. He had seen her standing near Ellen in the dining room the evening before. She had not looked so small then, perhaps because Ellen herself was only a slender slip of a girl. But now as he faced her he saw that the top of her head barely reached his chin. She seemed almost like a child. She could not have been older than twenty-two at the outside, he thought, and looked nearer eighteen. She was, in fact, twenty-five.

Winifred tarried for a moment, seeking for a personal word, however casual, that she might speak.

"I hardly knew you without your beard," she said. "You look almost like a stranger."

"I feel entirely like one."

And he did, in both senses. At that moment he despised himself for a cheat and a coward.

"I think I should have known you, though."

"Am I as changed as that?"

"You're greatly changed in appearance, Richard. You're changed more than you realize—in appearance, and in other ways too. It's your manner of speech, I think. One's appearance sometimes affects one's speech and actions. My appearance affects my actions, I know. When I'm looking cross I always act cross."

Richard had the strongest desire to tell her that he could not imagine her looking cross or acting cross, but he managed not to commit that folly.

"I'm not so sure. Anyhow I'm glad my manner of speech hasn't wholly betrayed me."

He thought she seemed surprised at the remark.

"How is your injury? Sometime when you are stronger I'd like to go over matters with you."

"Matters? I don't believe I understand."

"About our separation."

"I see."

"I arranged with my lawyer this morning to file papers. I think I ought to tell you. Of course you have known for years that I intended giving you your freedom ultimately."

Now Richard, who was playing the part of Olwell, knew Olwell well enough to know what he would have said. Olwell would have said that he was damned glad she saw the point at last. Winifred would have looked hurt and taken herself off. The case would eventually have come to trial and no harm done. But instead of this natural sentiment, what Richard said was merely what Olwell ought to have said.

"It's too bad we haven't been able to hit it off better."

Again he noticed that Winifred seemed surprised; but she met the remark very sweetly.

"It is too bad, isn't it?"

"If there is anything I can do ——"

"Oh, no! I'll try to be reasonable about a settlement. Beyond that there is nothing to be done for the present."

"I'll try not to frighten you again as I did last night. I'm sorry about that."

They were standing at the door; Richard inside, Winifred outside in the hall. Richard was wondering whether he ought to ask her into the library, but had not done so, when she continued as if in reply to the thought:

"I can't stay. I was merely meaning to ask about the injury. It isn't serious, I hope. You didn't say."

"Not serious."

He smiled whimsically.

"I shall have to remain indoors for a few days, so that when I lose my soul I shall know where to look for it—or Ellen will."

"I don't believe Ellen knows much about a man's soul."

"She'll know mine."

Winifred seemed puzzled by his mood, and reverted to the subject of the injury.

"I blame myself for asking the men into the house. I've been wanting to tell you so, Richard. I didn't dream they would attack you. How did it happen?"

"I hardly know myself." He was careful to speak the literal truth—and knew that as she understood him it was the blackest of falsehoods. "I remember there was an attack by a tall man wearing a beard, and a grappling, and a fall. The next thing I saw was the man who attacked me lying motionless on the floor."

"He must have struck you a very severe blow."

"I don't remember his striking me."

"Did you have the wound dressed properly?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Doctor Bryan?"

"No. Another man."

"You should have had a doctor dress it. There might have been a fracture."

"Nothing like that."

"I'm glad there wasn't, and that you came off so well. If there's anything I can do for you at any time you must let me know."

"You are very kind."

"It isn't kindness, but selfishness. I think people are only happy when they can do something for others. If I were a philanthropist trying to do good I think I should roam up and down the world looking for people who have no one to do anything for. I think I should get them all to do something for me, just to make them happy. I think perhaps I should even wear glasses, so that I could drop them and have them picked up for me by the poor in spirit. I think I should."

"I should be the first to pick them up for you."

"You, Richard!"

"The poor in spirit."

Again she seemed puzzled by his mood.

"You make me ashamed of my worldly philosophy," he added.

"What philosophy would that be?"

"Save yourself, no matter who else suffers."

The bitterness of his tone was not lost upon her.

"You are unfair—otherwise you would be saving yourself now, and you are not. I think I've never known anyone who has had any such philosophy. I understand well that in a panic men will sometimes fight to save themselves against the weaker, but that is mere fright. Brave men are sometimes overcome by fright."

"That is my philosophy. Save yourself, no matter who else suffers."

"No, Richard."

"Some day you will see that I am wholly selfish."

"The only way you could prove it would be by stealing bread from a woman."

"Or money."

"Possibly."

"Or her knowledge of the truth."

"I don't understand."

"Or her social status."

"If you mean ——"

"I mean nothing."

She thought the reference was to her impending suit for divorce and looked grieved.

But if she was pained Richard was more deeply pained by the thoughts she had aroused.

As he closed the door upon the woman who thought she was his wife his revulsion of feeling almost led him to call her back and tell her the whole truth. His position was rapidly becoming impossible. Winifred's complete acceptance of him as Richard Olwell, the legal steps she was taking to free herself of him, her talk of a settlement—it was all unnecessary and wrong. And he and Chris had hoped that they were honest!

Even after they had told her that they were former convicts she had taken them into her dining room and fed them. He remembered her words of cheer. Honest!

"Save yourself, no matter who else suffers."

Then he began defending their actions.

"It's only for a day or two," he told himself. "And anyhow we're more honest than Olwell was. Where would she have

been if it hadn't been for us? The day or two that we shall keep her out of what is hers will more than be repaid in the settlement—that is, unless Olwell left a will cutting her off."

And even then. For if he was Olwell, Olwell was not dead, and such a will could not be probated.

### XIII

THE summons was received by telephone late in the afternoon. Richard found the coroner in his office, after which they walked down the street to the undertaker's. He noticed the people he passed as a mere matter of instinctive self-defense, even to the extent of returning their salutations. It did not occur to him as ironical that he should thus be spoken to. He was a trained actor playing his part. Had he thought of the matter he might have been puzzled, considering how little he really resembled Olwell. The explanation was that Borealis had by this time heard of his changed appearance and was prepared for it. Besides, the bandage helped identify him.

He followed the coroner through the front rooms to the morgue behind.

Richard realized the mistake he had made the moment he saw the coffin. He and Chris had left the dead man with his beard partly hacked away and clad in cheap threadbare clothing. They had counted upon his rough appearance thus groomed and dressed, and upon the papers in his pocket, to mislead the police into supposing him the ex-convict Hatton. Then he, the real Richard Hatton, of sane mind and presumably intelligent, had asked the police to employ an undertaker to undo all their work.

The man in the casket before him was clean-shaven and had been supplied with new linen. He no longer looked like a tramp. He looked more like Olwell than Richard Hatton did.

"Is that the man who attacked you?" asked the coroner.

Richard had set himself and did not falter.

"That's the man."

"You positively recognize him?"

"I do."

"The attack was made in the house, you say?"

"It was."

"He struck you first and then you struck him?"

"He tried to strike me."

"But you succeeded in striking him."

"I don't remember striking him."

"He didn't rob you?"

"No."

"No matter. He undoubtedly would have robbed you. You had a very lucky escape, sir."

"If you can call it so," said Richard.

"I can, indeed. He might have killed you. Very clearly self-defense, sir. I congratulate you on your courage."

It was plain that even the grooming and clean linen had suggested no doubts to the coroner. But the man he congratulated could only press his hand to his forehead in a daze.

At about the time Richard was leaving the city hall with the coroner, Miss Maggie Driver, with time on her pretty hands, was walking aimlessly along the street toward her room. She had finally decided to use her Los Angeles ticket and had had it redated and another Pullman reservation wired for; there was now nothing except the lack of an immediate train to keep her in Borealis.

As she sauntered thus aimlessly along she all but came face to face with Olwell, as she thought, in the company of a stranger. She instantly found herself interested. She owed Richard Olwell a life-size grudge. She thereupon followed them at a discreet distance to see where they were going. Then when they disappeared in Baird's undertaking parlors she took a position in a doorway across the street and waited to see what would happen next.

The thing that happened next was Richard Hatton, called Olwell, emerging alone and seemingly in a daze, his hand to the bandage about his head.

Now Maggie had read the papers. She knew that Richard had been attacked by a thug lying in wait for him, felled by a blow on the head, and then rescued. He was wearing the bandage because of the blow. But why was he looking dazed? Why was he holding his hand to his head? He had not seemed distressed especially when she saw him with the stranger.

Another question, not unconnected with the others, occurred to her as she watched him. What had taken him into Baird's undertaking shop? What had he seen inside? She had indeed read that the thug who attacked him had been cornered and killed. It did not occur to her however that he had seen this man's body at Baird's.

The daring thought came to her to stop him upon the crowded street and ask him.

Richard stood for a moment in front of Baird's; then, seeming to recover his poise, he began crossing the street toward her.

Maggie, who was not in concealment, saw him approach. She saw him look at her coldly. She saw him stride past as if she had been a stranger.

That decided her. Miss Driver, piqued at what she thought was a snub, decided that she would make Mr. Olwell pay for his rudeness. Leaving her doorway, she started up the sidewalk after him.

"Dick!" she called, when she was near enough.

There was no mistaking the person intended, and he turned. His hand automatically went to his hat. When he recognized her he flushed.

"Where are you going?" asked Maggie.

"I don't believe I know you," he said.

"Yes, you do!"

"Suppose we put it that way. I'm sorry, but I haven't time to discuss the matter."

With the words he abruptly changed his direction.

He had several reasons for refusing to continue his acquaintance with Maggie. One was, he did not wish to be seen with her in broad daylight on a public street. An ex-convict cannot be too careful of the company he keeps. Another reason was that she bored him. Still another was, her acquaintance was dangerous. And if an additional reason were needed, the fact that Mrs. Olwell might hear of the episode would in itself have been sufficient to cause him to shun her.

Maggie, however, was not to be shaken off thus. She had intended paying him for a rude snub. This second snub merely served to quicken her anger toward him. She likewise turned, and in a moment was again at his side.

"Who do you think you are, anyhow?" she demanded.

"I don't want to walk with you, Maggie," he said. "Haven't you any sense?"

"I've got a lot of sense. I've got sense enough not to take a turn-down like what you handed me. I didn't ask you whether you wanted to walk with me. I asked you who you thought you were?"

Richard quickened his pace; he was tall and rangy, and his forceful strides carried him forward at a rate difficult to keep up with. But Maggie trotted along beside him, increasing her speed as he increased his, so that there was no getting rid of her in that way. Besides, they were now attracting attention—far more attention than if he had accepted the situation and walked with her at a reasonable pace.

When he saw that, he began walking more slowly.

By this time they had passed out of the more crowded blocks into the older section of town, where the buildings were weather-beaten and the shops smaller and poorer. The street was one that Richard did not know. In a general way he knew he was headed for his house, but not by direct road.

And then he saw Mrs. Olwell.

Winifred was coming down the street a little more than a block away. In something under fifty seconds they would meet. She was reading a letter and had not as yet seen him.

There was only one thing for him to do, and he did it. Without so much as a second's hesitation he plunged into the nearest doorway, leaving Maggie gasping on the sidewalk.

But only for a moment. Quickly recovering herself Maggie darted into the doorway after him, perhaps with some wild thought of catching him by the coat tails and dragging him forth.

The door which Richard had so hastily opened and slammed behind him proved to lead into an abandoned hallway of some kind. This hallway seemed to have no uses except as an entrance to the floors above; at least Richard saw neither windows nor doors in the darkness beyond. A flight of stairs, however, was in evidence; and because he felt sure that Maggie would not allow her sun to set thus abruptly without snatching for it, he ran up these stairs two at a time.

The stairs led to a small landing above, from which three doors opened off. Here Richard paused to listen. As he had feared, Maggie was following him. He heard her open the door below, heard her little gasp of dismay at the littered condition of the floor, heard her steps as she proceeded along the hall. He waited until she returned and began climbing the stairs; then moving as softly as possible he opened the nearest door and slipped inside it, closing it behind him.

"Man pursued by woman has three doors of escape," he mused. "Three, and three only. One is the door of blinding light; one is the door of darkness; and one is the door of the other woman. I think I must have found the second."

The room in which he was standing was almost as dark as the hall. He could see, however, that it was empty and none too clean, that the windows had been boarded up, and that it opened into other rooms beyond that seemed equally dark and abandoned. And since he knew that Maggie would eventually open his door he decided to retreat toward the rear. He had hopes of finding a back stairway down which he could make his escape.

He discovered that his surmise was correct; there was such a stairway in the rear, with undoubtedly a door at the foot of it through which he could pass out. The darkness of the rooms, or even of the hall outside, was like the glare of the sun, however, compared with the blackness of this back stairway. But it had a landing at the top, and a railing, and he reflected that every ladder must have a bottom rung.

He would better have retraced his steps and sought the door of blinding light.

He began the descent of the stairs with caution and in silence. He was not disturbed by his pursuer. Maggie had evidently decided that he would not choose the first door he came to, but either the second or the third; at any rate she did not open his door at this time.

Had he been guided by so much as a glowworm he would have descended with still greater caution; for the stairs were so old they would not have borne the weight of a cat.

He had begun upon the cautious descent of the dark stairs, feeling his way step by step, and was halfway down them, or nearly so, by his estimate, when the entire structure suddenly seemed to give way under his feet. He made a frantic clutch at the air for support. And that was all he knew until he came to his senses a half hour later.

Richard returned to consciousness by degrees. After a little he remembered who he was, where he was, and something of why he was where he was. Then he began examining himself for damage. He found at once that he had no broken bones. He found also, and was grimly amused by the discovery, that this time he had received a genuine blow on the head sufficient to supply him with any excuses for remaining indoors that he needed. The decrepit stairway had evidently pitched him upon his head against a beam. He was bruised and sore and weak, but after recovering his hat he managed to pick his way past the collapsed stairway to the door.

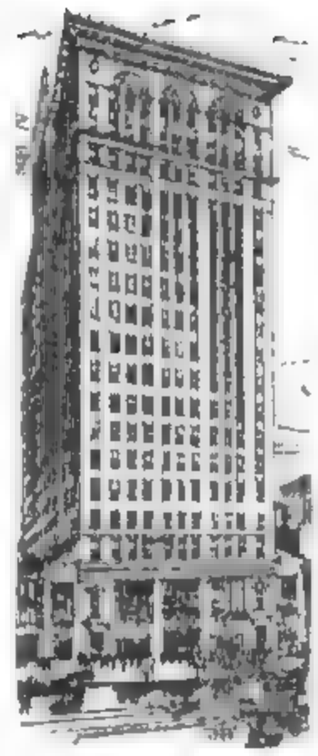
Once outside he brushed his clothing, washed his hands and face at a hydrant, removed his make-believe bandage from his head, cleansed the not-make-believe wound as well as he could, and bandaged it. He was obliged to climb fences and cross back yards, but after a little he reached the street, and eventually his bedroom. Here he gave himself a bath and a complete change of clothes. The wound on his head he then washed out carefully and dressed, using an odorless wash rather than the iodine or carbolic-acid solution available.

Then he rang for Ellen; he wished to have his dinner served in the library.

### XIV

ELLEN had carried away the tray, washed the dishes and left the house for the evening before Richard Hatton, late of California, remembered that he had forgotten to make certain necessary purchases—a toothbrush, hairbrush, shaving brush, razor, mug and soap. He could not of course use Olwell's toothbrush. Chris had the shaving articles. He would need all of them in the morning, and badly. As his head ached a little he thought he would send Ellen for the articles, and rang. When she did not appear he rang again.

Winifred heard the bell when it first rang. Then came the second ring, and she decided

YMCA HOTEL CHICAGO

HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y. M. C. A. to come.

822 South Wabash Ave., Chicago

1800 Rooms

*Rates 30 to 60c a day*

*Booklet on request*

Freedom from Tire Trouble

Test the air pressure in your tires daily with a
TWITCHELL AIR GAUGE
and you will not have premature blow-outs or rim cuts.
Tire Insurance for $1.25
THE TWITCHELL GAUGE CO.
1516A So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

SAVE by Repairing

little things yourself with the handiest of tools—a pair of

UTICA the finest PLIERS

Leaky water faucets, gas jets, kitchen utensils, sewing machines, carpet sweepers, furniture—a thousand things can be easily and permanently repaired if you have a Utica Plier. It will do quickly what your fingers alone can not. The handiest tool in home or office. Ask your dealer to show you different styles of Utica Pliers. *Plier Pointers Free*

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.
Dept. A, Utica, N. Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED

Send sketch for actual search and report. 1918 Edition 90-page Patent Book Free.

GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 22-F5 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

to inquire whether she herself could render assistance to the invalid. She thereupon knocked at the door of the library.

Richard, thinking it was Ellen, called for her to enter.

When he looked up from his book he saw her. She was standing inside the door, a faint flush in her cheeks, hesitant yet kindly, eager to be of service and yet diffident about offering her aid.

"Oh, Mrs. Olwell!" he cried, forgetting in his surprise that he was not addressing her as Olwell would have done.

Winifred noticed the form of his address and her flush deepened. Her kindly intention, however, did not change.

"Ellen is off for the evening," she explained. "I thought you might not know. If there is anything I can do for you ——"

Richard upon seeing her had sprung to his feet—another action Olwell would not have been guilty of.

"No, really ——"

He stopped, embarrassed. He could not permit Mrs. Olwell to go and buy him a toothbrush and safety razor. He could not even explain to her what he had done with those he had been using.

"I'm trying to guess what it is you want," said Winifred. "You needn't be afraid to tell me. Is it a tray, and a bowl of cracked ice, and something from the sideboard, and a glass?"

"Not that. Nothing of importance."

"I can think of nothing of less importance."

Richard found himself laughing at the unexpected jibe, and Winifred found herself joining him. Neither of them intended the thing and yet there they were dividing an apple from the tree of wit as if they had just met each other and were not an old married couple about to obtain a divorce.

"We haven't laughed together like that in five years," said Winifred. "I'm not sure that I've heard you laugh even alone in five years."

"Not in five years and a half," replied Richard, suddenly grave. "Perhaps that's what has been the trouble with our marriage."

Richard felt the ground tremble, but he could not think of anything to say that would put firmer foundation beneath him. It did not occur to him that he was not making even a pretense of acting like Olwell. Olwell would have ordered the whisky, and would have sworn at the woman, wife or no wife, because she was so slow in bringing it.

"Why do you say five years and a half?"

"Because I remember so distinctly the exact time."

"If you won't let me bring you the tray, what then? You rang for something, Richard. Please let me get it for you."

If Olwell would not have spoken to her so, neither would Winifred to him. She could not have done so. The sneer in his eyes would not have permitted it. And yet here she was asking her husband to be permitted to do something for him. And the incongruity of the action did not occur to her.

Richard, when he found himself embarrassed for a reply, made the mistake of trying to invent an evasion.

"I will get it," he said.

"Why not let me?"

"Why should you do my errands that I can do myself?"

"Because you—you're an invalid."

"I'm not bedridden."

"Very well. You may have your way. What is it you are intending to get?"

The evasion led to the necessity of inventing a want.

"I thought I'd like to see the evening paper," replied Richard sheepishly.

It was now Winifred's turn to laugh, and Richard's turn to join her.

"Why," cried Winifred, "the paper's in my room!"

Her room! And he did not know which room was her room.

Laughter is the result of an emotional disturbance, usually a humorous one. It is both a symptom and an expression. People who laugh together have by that act testified that they have shared an emotional experience. As she had said, Winifred had not shared a laugh with her husband in five years. And now he and she had laughed together twice within five minutes.

The bare recognition of that fact gave her another emotional experience that she could not have shared with him had she tried.

"We'll both go for it, Richard," she said, "if you don't mind."

And they did. Richard, clutched by an embarrassment that was not wholly unmixed with pleasure, accompanied Winifred to her room and obtained the newspaper. Then they both returned to the library.

"We both went for it, and we will both bring it back," she said, once more laughing. "Then we will both read it."

She noticed the disturbed look on his face.

"We will both read it," she repeated. "I've already read it. When you read it we shall both have read it. Do you see? Did you think I meant to read it over your shoulder?"

But she had not quite intended saying so much, and the next moment became soberly formal, as at first.

"I'll say good night, Richard. I hope you will be well again in a few days."

"I shall be, I'm sure."

With that the door closed upon her and he was again

*Miss Driver Followed to See Where They Were Going*

alone. But not wholly alone. He had his thoughts for companions. And perhaps his thoughts caused him more discomfort than an equal number of people could have done. For Richard Hatton was thinking of Winifred Olwell, and of his false position in that house as her supposed husband.

He waited until later for his foraging expedition—that is to say, until toward bedtime. Then finding a hat and top coat he slipped out to the nearest drug store, four blocks distant, where he made his purchases without incident.

Richard saw Winifred again the following morning as he came upstairs from breakfast. He had rung for Ellen and asked to have service in the library. Ellen had returned shortly afterward to explain that Mrs. Olwell hoped he could get down to the dining room as usual—he would find it so much more cheerful. He could eat alone quite as conveniently in the dining room as in the library. She did not explain that her mistress had arranged the table with especial care.

Winifred emerged from her room across the hall as he was about to enter his door.

"Can you spare me a moment, Richard?"

He could have spared her anything she asked, except a smiling welcome. He could not have given her that—neither that nor its semblance, actor though he was.

Olwell would not have done so, but he disregarded the fact. He opened the door, stood aside and asked her into the library.

"A moment—all the moments you like!"

She accepted his invitation, seating herself upon an uncomfortable straight-backed chair as though to tell him that her intrusion was merely for the brief time she had asked.

"It's milk and vegetables, mostly," she said. "I'm sorry to bother you about our bills, but the men refuse to deliver to us any longer without payment."

She was asking him for her own money!

"How much do you need to tide you over?" he asked, producing his pocket-book. "Will around forty-five dollars be of any service?"

"Indeed, yes!"

Richard had called himself a quixotic sentimentalist. Had he been anything less, surely he would have counted the amount, and not handed her the entire contents of his bill book, leaving himself with less than a dollar in small change.

"If you can make this do for a couple of days until we can get down to the office ——"

She did not notice his use of the word we.

"It will be a great help."

The readiness with which Richard had given her the money was in such marked contrast to her previous experiences that she remained another moment to show her friendly appreciation. He was standing against the table, facing her. She looked at him almost admiringly. His dark grayish-brown eyes, that were the same color as his hair and yet were not, seemed more luminous than she had remembered them, his brow seemed of a healthier, finer smoothness, his mouth and chin both kinder and firmer. It was almost as if she were making a new acquaintance. But of course she understood, and she knew he also would understand—she had told him about filing the papers.

Had she known the workings of his mind, not to speak of its secrets, she would have left at once.

"I've taken up some outside work," she said lightly. "Did you notice the parcels I brought home with me? Of course you did not. They are some police finger-print records I am to classify for Cousin Benjamin. I think I've never told you, but I've been making a study of finger prints. Some day I may become an expert."

Richard Hatton, six months out of San Quentin, could not have met her eye at that moment if her happiness had depended on it.

"I did not know," he managed to say.

"I suppose I'm interested in the subject because my cousin is chief of police. I haven't at all the police point of view about criminals. I believe police systems are useful, because ordinary men can use them; but beyond that I haven't yet made up my mind. I think I have a good deal of sympathy for criminals, partly because their position is so hopelessly warped. I sometimes wonder if I'm not warped myself; I know you must think I am. If I am, then I might become a criminal too. But not for my own gain, I think. If I could help some one I loved by committing a crime I think I might commit it."

Richard knew that she was utterly unconscious of the significance to him of the words she spoke. He stole a glance at her.

"You will never commit a crime."

"If I do it will not be because I do not know the difference between honesty and dishonesty."

She looked over the room.

"How will you manage to pass the time?"

"I can read and I can think. I'm intending to read some books to-day that I ought to have read before. The books I most need, however, are not here."

She became instantly eager to help him.

"Which books are they? Couldn't I get them for you?"

He forced himself to meet her eye for a moment. Then he looked away.

"You have something on your mind, Richard," she said. "I noticed it last night."

He wished he could tell her what was on his mind.

"I'm pretending to be an honest man, though all the time I know I'm dishonest," he would have said had he dared. "I, too, know the difference between honesty and dishonesty." Or else: "I don't know whether I'm honest or not."

But he did not dare, for she would have recalled the words of Richard Hatton, the ex-convict.

Either way, he did not dare say it.

Suppose, however, he could have said it.

"Of course you're honest, Richard," she would have replied had she not talked with Richard Hatton.

"Why do you think I'm honest? Is it because I've never stolen money—that you know of?"

"No one has ever questioned your honesty."

"You're wrong. I've questioned it."

"No one but an honest man would question his own honesty, I think."

"You can say that, but is it true? If a man steals inky money and leaves finger prints, as you call them, he is a thief. Will he not question his own honesty? And if the money is not inky, but polished through much slipping from hand to hand, will he not safeguard what he has stolen and thus question it? And suppose he doesn't steal money at all, but only a bad man's worthless name—will he still not question it? Is it true that only an honest man will question his own honesty?"

"The fact that he questions it renders him honest."

"Then a man can be a thief and at the same time be honest."

And so it would have gone, sophistries without end.

But she did not know that he was both a thief and an honest man and he did not dare tell her what was on his mind. He preferred to talk to her of other matters.

In order to steady himself he returned to her question about what he did to pass the time.

"I haven't fared so badly so far," he said. "Some of these books are worth rereading every six months. I hadn't reread them in six years, nor in sixteen. I have had them. Then, too, I have been able to make plans for the future, and shall need to make many more."

"Plans for your office?"

"Business plans."

"That is where a man has the advantage."

It occurred to him to talk to her about printing-office problems.

He could not well ask her if she knew this or that about the Olwell Press, for as Olwell he was supposed to know. But by carefully introducing technical allusions he soon found that she knew next to nothing about printing. She had not so much as visited the Olwell Press since the first weeks of her marriage.

When he had sounded her knowledge of the business he tried to tell her, without seeming to, some of the broader facts she ought to know about it.

He became so much interested in his delicate task and Winifred seemed so glad to listen to him that he quite forgot his previous mood of self-accusation.

"We've really had a most interesting talk," she said when she rose at last from her stiff chair.

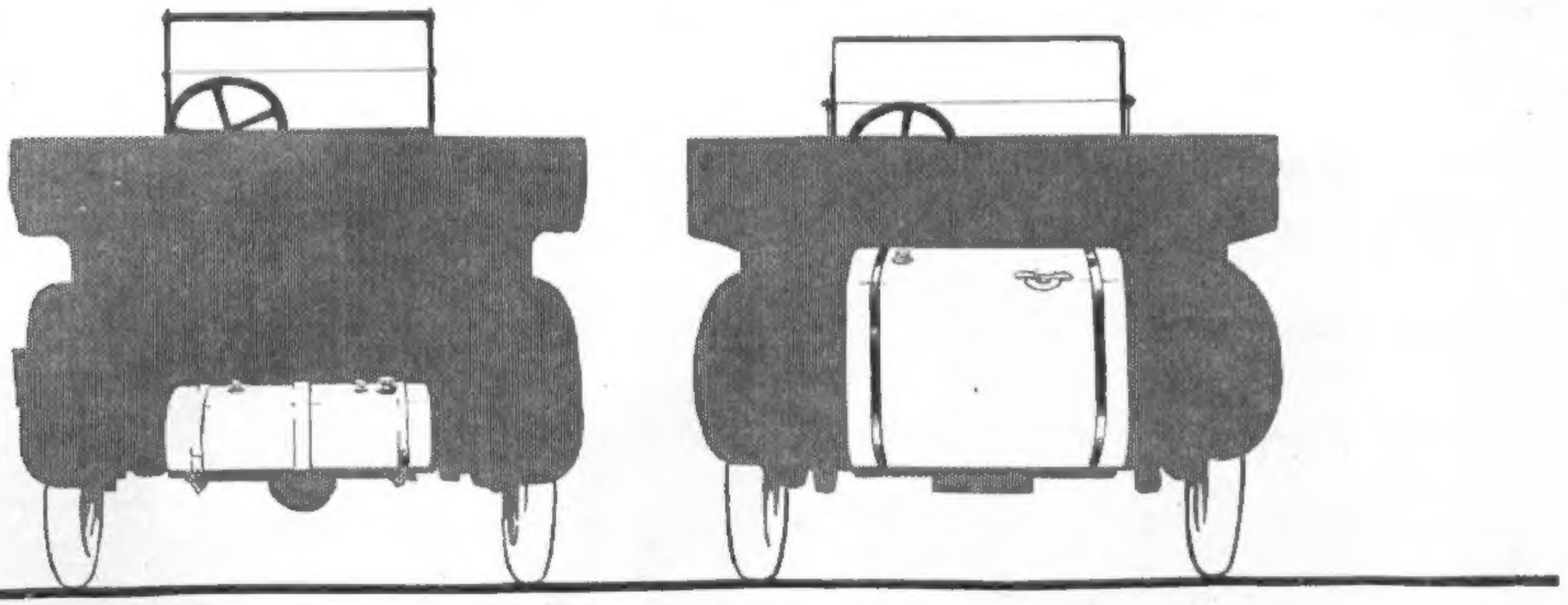
"I'm glad you called."

He could say this with a clean conscience, for he knew that she would remember and profit by some of the points he had made.

"I'm glad, too," she replied simply.

Whether she was or not she had been very fine about a trying interview. He decided when he came to think the matter over that she had probably felt the desire to be remembered kindly. It did not occur to him that her kindness was the spontaneous response to his own courtesy. He thought that if she was more than ordinarily gracious it was from relief that their nominal ties were so soon to be severed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



# How Big Should the Gasoline Tank Be?

## A Motoring Question that Demonstrates Franklin Economy

Suppose you could fill the gasoline tank only once—with 270 miles to go; how big should the tank be?

"It depends on how much gasoline the car burns up"—would naturally be your answer to this question.

Exactly; and your answer leads directly to the reason why the Franklin is the most economical fine car in America.

### The Story Told by the Gasoline Tanks

The Franklin Car (the one on the left in the above picture) because it is scientifically free from unnecessary weight, runs 270 miles on its gasoline tank capacity of 13½ gallons. This is at the rate of 20 miles to the gallon.

The average heavy car (on the right) to run the same distance, would require a cumbersome gasoline tank holding 27 gallons—at the rate of only 10 miles to the gallon.

Why?

Simply because of the mechanical law—as old as the ages—that weight requires power in proportion to move it. And the more power needed, the more gasoline consumed. Wherever there is excessive weight, there is friction, wear and drag—*and it always shows up in the gasoline tank.*

### Weight Means Waste

This question of motor car weight has made people think. The vital national need of the times is economy—in motoring as in everything—and the average heavy and rigid car is handicapped in its attempt to comply with the demand. It is bound to burn up extra fuel in moving its own excessive weight, while the easy rolling, Scientific Light Weight Franklin, with its flexible construction, delivers the maximum force of its fuel into actual mileage.

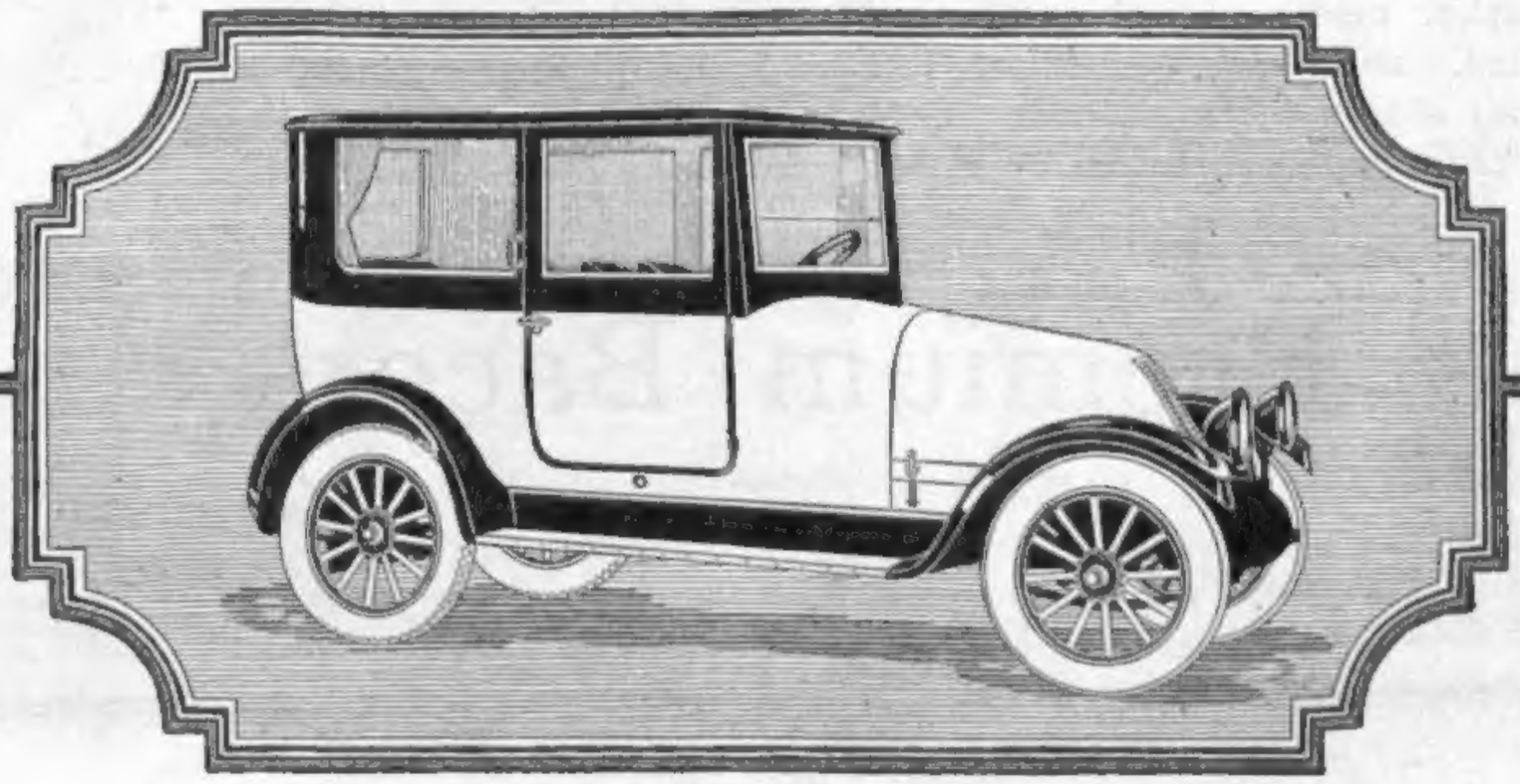
### Light Weight Means Tire Economy

The same fundamentals of construction decide tire-results. Heavy weight and rigidity pound out tires before their time. Franklin Light Weight and Flexibility give them every opportunity to deliver the full mileage that is in them.

Motorists are no longer blind to the handicaps of weight. They are aware that they may be expressed in terms of dollars and cents, and people today are not throwing money away, in the unnecessary upkeep costs of a wasteful motor car. They are demanding motor car efficiency that at least is comparable to the Franklin facts of daily performance—

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10*
*10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



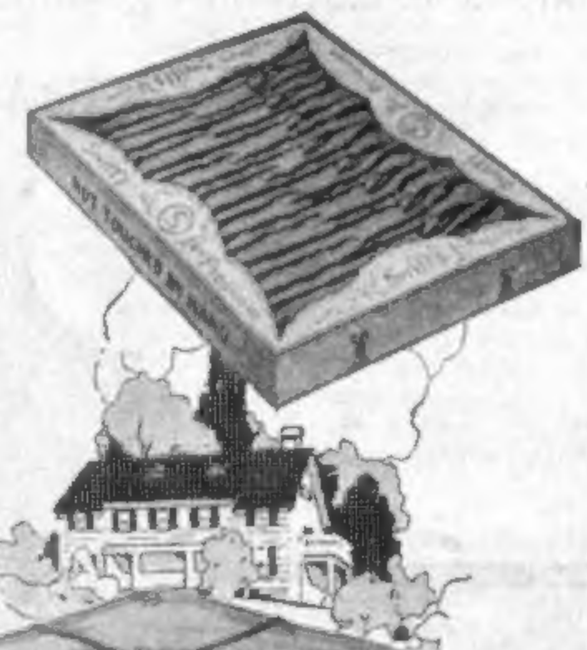
# How he enjoys the home meal again

HOW delighted he is to be home—with his mother and old Mary making so much of him. They give him his favorite meal—the bacon he has loved from boyhood—and beam to see the relish with which he eats it.

It is Swift's Premium Bacon. His mother never served any other kind. She knows that this bacon has always the same even mixture of fat and lean, that cooks into almost-brittle curls of juiciness. She knows that only in Swift's Premium can she get that delicate, mellow flavor. For Swift's Premium Bacon is given a special cure that brings out all its deliciousness—until its very heart is mild, sweet and flavory.

Whenever you buy bacon, always look for the Swift's Premium brand which distinguishes this finer bacon. Ask your dealer to show you the label.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.




## Swift's Premium Bacon

*Comes in three convenient forms: in the strip; sliced in the box; or sliced in glass jars*

# The Season is on!

The Electric Fan is a war-time, summer necessity. Now, more than ever, efficiency counts. With a cool, refreshing breeze from a G-E Fan you can work in comfort on the hottest day. Leading electric shops sell G-E Fans—all types, sizes and prices.

Buy early before stocks are depleted. Don't buy on price alone. Insist on quietness and economy of operation, on substantial design and construction. Look for the handsome, olive-green finish and the electrical and mechanical perfection of the G-E Fan.

Look for this—
*the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture*

## Buy the fan that outsells all others

# G-E Fans

## GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

# *The Day of His Going*

In a million homes, pictures are keeping the story of the war as it touched those homes. John in his first khaki as he proudly marched away, and John, tanned and hardened, as he looked when home on leave.

More than ever the Kodak Album is keeping the home story. To-day that story means history, and more than ever it is important that it be authentic history—that every negative bear a date.

Memory plays strange tricks and one of its favorite vagaries is to fail in the all important matter of dates. But with a Kodak there's no uncertainty. The date—and title, too, if you wish—is written on the autographic film at the time the exposure is made. And it is there permanently. It makes the Kodak story authentic and doubly interesting.

It is all very simple, is the work of an instant and there's no extra charge for autographic film.

Let the Kodak keep the dates.

*Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*